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FOR CHILDREN**

by

Bridget Maginn





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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WORTH REPORTING

SINCE we published a story in July, 1964, about Danish-born author Else Boyes and her book about her life as radio operator on a Swedish freighter, the book has been filmed, and her Australian husband, Ross, has brought her home to live.

In their colonial house at Heathmont, 14 miles from Melbourne, Else showed off their six-month-old son, Nils, and told us about the film of "One Girl and 39 Sailors." The film was shot in Bangkok, and the Danish makers are now giving it "the finishing touches" in Copenhagen.

OUR COVER

It's absolutely the latest in beachwear: the short, sheer cover-up. And it's a Butterick Pattern — No. 3590 — for sizes 1 to 6, requiring $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 yds. 36 or 45 in. material and $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. bias tape. The swimsuit included in the pattern is illustrated in this week's centre liftout, **DRESSMAKING FOR CHILDREN** with Bridget Maginn. How-to-order pattern details are in the booklet.

The book developed from five years on the high seas, when Ross was second mate and Else the ship's "sparks." It has been published in Danish, Norwegian, and German, and Else expects it will be translated into English after the film is released this year.

Ross Boyes is working as a port inspector in Melbourne with the Harbor Trust. Else, between caring for young Nils and the family pet, Sooty, is writing a comical account of Scandinavian living.



• Mrs. Ross Boyes, son Nils, and dog Sooty.

Stamps show in Sydney

ABOUT £50,000 worth of postage stamps is on view at "The Spring Stamp Show 1965," on exhibition from September 20 to 25 at Grace Bros. Chatswood store, Sydney.

The stamps are on loan from 64 collections all over the Commonwealth. The Philatelic Society of N.S.W. is organising and sponsoring the show.

Part of the Willoughby Municipality Centenary Celebrations, the exhibition traces the history of the posts, with letters and covers from some of Australia's pioneer families as separate features.

One particularly unusual section of the show is from Mrs. J. A. Clayton's collection of "Science on Stamps."

Mrs. Clayton has one of the largest collections in Sydney, and she specialises in stamps which commemorate great scientific events, discoveries, and inventors.

In the recently published book of essays, "Time," Professor Julius Sumner Miller borrowed some of Mrs. Clayton's stamps to illustrate his selection of short essays on the work of men of science: "To uncover the orderly Beauty of Nature."

Two-storey house for £10

YOUNG couples scrimping and saving for a house deposit should appreciate, perhaps ironically, this item emphasising the changing times. It is from a BBC talk given by Stephen Pratt, headmaster of Shakespeare's old school.

When the headmaster's house was built in 1427 for the Stratford-on-Avon grammar school, the timber cost 45/-.

"Two sawyers received 7/1 for sawing 500 feet of boards; 15 cartloads of earth and clay for the floor cost 2/6," said Mr. Pratt.

"The whole operation for the sizeable two-storey building cost £10/5/3½."

A GARDEN PLAQUE TO "OUR GLAD"

("Don't you dare say it's in memory of me," she told her admirer. "I'm not dead yet!")

By JENNY IRVINE

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow

● In a corner of a garden in a Sydney suburb a stained-glass plaque sits mounted on a rock. On either side of the plaque, hanging on a trellis, are two antique brass candlesticks. Nearby is a five-tiered marble Florentine fountain.

"I call this the Gladys Moncrieff Amphitheatre," said the owner of the garden, Mr. J. A. Watmore, of Beecroft.

"The rock is the stage. The fountain and candlesticks make the backdrop. The audience —" he gestured to the trees. "And Gladys Moncrieff is depicted in the plaque singing 'On Wings of Song'."

THE plaque was made for Mr. Watmore by a stained-glass artist recently. It stands 22in. high in a bronze frame.

The musical-comedy star who came to be known to generations of theatregoers as "Our Glad" has been his idol for most of his life.

The day a staff photographer and I visited him we took Gladys Moncrieff herself; she lives in retirement with her companion of 30 years, Miss Elsie Wilson, in Rose Bay.

Mr. Watmore told me, "I never missed one of Glad's shows and more often than not saw one show about three times."

"She is a great Australian. She not only has a wonderful voice but a wonderful heart as well — during World War I she raised £29,000 in three months for blind soldiers."

His wife agrees with him about Miss Moncrieff.

"He's always been devoted to Gladys. Over the past four or five years I have come to know her myself as a personal friend and I share Allan's admiration and affection for her. We both love her," Mrs. Watmore said.

The Watmores' home, "Hadley Lodge," reflects their devotion to "Our

Glad." Over the mantelpiece in the living-room is a colored autographed portrait of the singer ("wearing a nasty little hat on my head," said Miss Moncrieff).

And throughout the one-and-a-half-acre garden are china statues, bronze figures, fountains, plaques, and small glades, mostly dedicated to Gladys Moncrieff, depicting facets of her career.

But Mr. Watmore's most-prized possession is the plaque. "I'm thrilled with it," he said.

"The artist copied a photograph I have of Gladys which appeared on the program of the Sydney performance of her ABC celebrity concert in 1940.

"Kept age dark"

"The plaque is perfect in every detail — it even shows the fine tucking on the bodice of the dress she wore, as well as the lace stockings and silver shoes."

"I decided to have it made this year. I think it's a wonderful way to immortalise Gladys."

"Glad" is both thrilled and touched by the plaque.

"But don't you dare say it's in memory of me," she said. "I'm not dead yet!"

Today Miss Moncrieff looks very like the image in the stained glass.

She is a bright-eyed, handsome woman with a wonderful sense of humor and the



THIS PORTRAIT of Miss Moncrieff presides on the mantelpiece of the Watmores' living-room. "I was wearing one of those nasty little hats when the photo was taken," she said. Mr. Watmore told us he hadn't had his own picture taken for years and anxiously asked "Glad" if his hair was all right. "Go on with you," she replied with a laugh. "I'll put a rinse in it if you like."

complexion and figure of someone half her age.

"Well, my nose certainly hasn't changed," she said. "It could still have a few inches lopped off it."

"And I can still honestly say: I have my own hair (not rinsed or dyed), I have my own teeth, I have been married, I have no children, and I am under 100."

Miss Moncrieff is 73. "I kept my age dark for a long, long time," she said.

"You see, for some time I used to be older than my leading men and I didn't want teenagers in the audience thinking, 'Poor man,

having to sing with that old girl.'"

"But there's no point in keeping it a secret any more."

"Glad" certainly doesn't look 73 and Mr. Watmore says she never seems to change. "I should know," he said. "I've been in love with her for years."

Mrs. Watmore smiled. "Allan's always adored Gladys — but then so have I."

"Don't be stupid," Miss Moncrieff interrupted with a twinkle. "You know I'm one of those nasty husband-snatchers."



MUSICAL-COMEDY STAR Gladys Moncrieff admires the plaque Mr. J. A. Watmore, of Beecroft, N.S.W., ordered to be made to "help keep 'Our Glad' immortal." The artist copied a photograph taken not later than 1940; and at 73 she still doesn't look anything like her age. On this visit she wore a mink coat and in Mr. Watmore's garden argued merrily with his alsatian, Poggyswoggy, about the disadvantages of eating the "skunk" she had round her shoulders.



THE STAINED-GLASS PLAQUE, 22in. by 12in., in its bronze frame. It sits in Mr. Watmore's garden on a rock, but is movable and is often kept inside. Miss Moncrieff was born in Bundaberg, Queensland, and had her first important stage role in 1914 in "HMS Pinafore" in Sydney.

● Visitors with varied interests

American owns chain of resort hotels

● "We buy very decorative ashtrays because we want our guests to take them; we put our name on clothes hangers, too — the guests will remember where they got them," said Mr. Maurice Lansburg, who owns a big chain of American resort hotels.



● American hotel-owner Mr. Maurice Lansburg and his wife, who are holidaying in Australia with their daughter Ellen.

WITH eight hotels along Miami Beach's famous Collins Street and another in Las Vegas, Mr. Lansburg has 2900 employees in Miami alone to give luxury service to the 5076 guests that his hotels accommodate there.

In Australia for a brief holiday with his wife, Jean, and his daughter, Ellen, 20, Mr. Lansburg, an exuberant 48, obviously considers his high-powered job a diversion in itself.

"I'm strictly in the resort business," Mr. Lansburg explained. "It is my job and our managers' jobs to know our guests and make them

feel at home. We try to make them feel as if they were guests in our homes.

"We feed them, entertain them, and have them live as luxuriously as they possibly can.

"Normally a guest stays from two to two-and-a-half weeks; that gives us greater opportunity for personal contact than in the kind of hotel where guests come and go more frequently.

By
Jude Ainsworth

"I think we have the finest entertainment in the world. We have a program called 'Cavalcade of Stars' — our guests see them twice weekly in an enormous concert hall."

All this on the American

plan (meals included) costs from 11 dollars (about £5) a day during the eight-month "off-season."

Top talent appears in the Lansburg hotels, and the Eden Roc and the Deauville at Miami Beach are considered two of the major show-rooms in the U.S.

Danny Thomas, Jimmy Durante, Leslie Uggams, Sammy Davis Jr., Mitzi Gaynor, Juliet Prowse, Louis Armstrong, Lionel Hampton, and Della Reese are some of the stars Mr. Lansburg regularly hires.

"We spend about 60 percent of the time at our home in Miami and 40 percent in Las Vegas, where we have an apartment in our hotel, the Flamingo," Mrs. Lansburg said.

"He's a dynamo! He's the

head of every department in all the hotels," Mrs. Lansburg said of her husband.

"Well, you get an extra kiss for that, darling," Mr. Lansburg said with a smile. They have been married 23 years.

Their older son is in the hotel business with his father, in charge of organising package air trips to Las Vegas from different U.S. cities.

Ellen has completed two years of university and is thinking of going into the travel industry. A younger son is still in high school.

"My family was in the

whisky business, and we moved to Florida from Baltimore for my hay fever," said Mr. Lansburg. "The hotel business was the major industry at Miami Beach at the time, and it still is. When in Rome, you know . . . I leased a hotel when I was 24.

More money

"In those days, we could only do business with the so-called 'idle rich' in the three-month winter season. Now everybody has money to spend.

"With today's higher

wages, we pay staff more, but everyone else is making more money and can afford vacations. If we lose money on one side, we pick it up on the other. The ball bounces both ways."

A permanent staff of interior decorators travels between the hotels, refurbishing them.

"This summer we're doing some suites at one hotel and lobbies in two others," Mr. Lansburg said.

The sheer size of the chain simplifies quite a few problems, including food: "We can serve, I think, better food than anybody else in the restaurant business because we are the largest buyer."

And bookings: Offices in 17 U.S. cities handle reservations.

The Lansburgs' waterfront home, which Mrs. Lansburg describes as "five minutes from any hotel," is the scene for three mammoth cocktail parties a year.

At Christmas, Easter, and in February, the Lansburgs invite the guests at all their Miami Beach hotels to a cocktail party.

"Our biggest crowd was 4800 last Christmas," said Mrs. Lansburg. "They come through the house and out into the garden, where we serve drinks and hors-d'oeuvre. I guess that's my part of the business."

"As my husband has to divide his time between all the hotels, it's hard to have dinner at home. When he's getting round to all the hotels it's hard to say, 'I'll be home at seven.'"

She has an enviable problem — whether to dine at the Deauville, the Eden Roc, the Sans Souci, the Saxony, the Versailles, the Crown, the Casa Blanca, or the Sherry Frontenac.

Even when they entertain friends, a cocktail party at home is usually followed by dinner at a hotel.

"I try to walk each dining-room two or three times each evening," said Mr. Lansburg. "We try to meet all the guests. They appreciate this sort of friendliness."

"Do we have a high percentage of returning guests? We know we do. More than 60 percent."

Mademoiselle is a banker

● Parisian Mlle Cecile Valensi, an executive of one of France's largest banks, sees a world trend away from investment on the stock exchange.

SHE said: "People now earn for living, but not for investing. It is the same thing all over the world.

"Young people have no chance of investing money. Living is expensive. Housing is expensive.

"French people are known for their economy, but now the pattern of things is changing.

"Everybody wants to have a house, car, holidays, and go travelling. So there is less money for the stock exchange."

Mlle Cecile Valensi was one of the six French delegates to the recent conference in Brisbane of the International Federation of University Women. She is the President of the International Section of the French Association of University Women.

Her job with the National Bank of Commerce and Industry in France is a special one in the Financial and Loan Department.

She has to know all the time what is happening on the stock exchange and advises the Bank's Investment Committee what shares to buy and what to sell.

Her work involves much research and also keeps her

closely in touch with every phase of French life.

Before she became a banker, Mlle Cecile Valensi was a barrister. She had a degree in Civil Law and also a degree in Chemistry and Physiology—a wise woman of strong personality, happy, voluble, and with a twinkle in her large brown eyes.

Asked if the photographer could take a picture of her, she laughed and said: "If you wish. I am not beautiful to look at, but in pictures I am horrible."

Regrets trend

Mlle Valensi said the rise and fall of stocks depend on many things, some psychological, others political—it was a fascinating and interesting study.

She regretted the trend away from investment.

"Please emphasise," she said earnestly, "that investing is necessary to promote expansion in industry and trade in any nation. Investment means more jobs and more goods.

"Private investment is as necessary as public investment for this. Even women, with their small investments, can help."

France, she said, had no investors' clubs run by

women and office girls, as in Australia, but she is definitely convinced that women, in any country, have a good sense of money, and certainly so in France.

"Women are obliged to have good money sense," she said. "After all, the women have to manage for the house, children, and so on.

"It is not the same thing for men. A man will forget a child needs shoes. A woman will not forget that.

"A man does not forget wilfully—but it is not he who looks at the shoes of the children."

A surprising fact came out in recent statistics given in France. "The statistics showed," said Mlle Valensi, "that women in France are spending less than men on their clothes.

"Some think because Paris is a fashion centre that French women spend a great deal on clothes. This is not true.

"French girls buy from the department stores, then they add their own confection, or trimming.

"French women like to sew" (she pronounced it *sue*). "Many girls and young women make their own dresses.

"They don't like to be the same as one another, and also



● Mlle Cecile Valensi, French banker and former barrister, photographed in Brisbane.

they like to choose their garments themselves.

"They have a good eye for form and pattern, and perhaps the best sometimes begins a fashion.

"Generally French women follow the mode in a very serious way. There are no exaggerations of fashions in the streets. You see some very original things, but French women and girls

adapt fashion to their daily needs."

And then Mlle Valensi added her concluding remark: "French women are really very, very serious women about everything—their daily conduct, house and family, and their spending."

"They are not at all light-minded."

—JEAN BRUCE

Escape from Mrs. Everage



● Actor, satirist, and author Barry Humphries (left), complete with pearls and teacup, as Mrs. Norm Everage, a character he has made famous.

● Barry the family man (right) with his New Zealand-born wife, Rosalind, and their daughters, Tessa and Emily, who are touring Australia with him.



Barry Humphries' London home has Edwardian air

● "In the attic we have a Korean dwarf who makes electricity on a treadmill. He does this for a few grains of rice a day and the occasional glass of creme de menthe."

BARRY HUMPHRIES, Australian actor, satirist, and, more recently, author, was talking about his new house in London.

The way he says it you almost feel it could be true — certainly that he would very much like it to be true.

He is back in Australia for another tour — his visit three years ago was wildly successful.

Beginning on September 20 in Melbourne, this tour will last four months, taking in all capital cities and Newcastle, N.S.W.

Barry Humphries is an extraordinary man.

He wafts from the most normal and admirable ("I want only happiness and security for my children") to the most macabre and grotesque. Off-stage, he finds fun in almost anything his fantastic imagination can create.

His book, "Bizarre," which will be published before Christmas, is, he says, a sort of anthology of horror — the ideal book for "weird aunts" or "precocious school-children."

"It's a collection of writings and facts I have gleaned over the years," he said. "There is a section from the writings of Masoch (from whom we get masochism), who was a very successful Austrian novelist. It's quite horrible."

"There are photographs of freaks and a chapter on monsters, with something about the harems of dwarfs that used to be kept in the

East. And then a few strange facts about decapitation.

"It's morbid, and very peculiar, but terribly funny."

Barry Humphries himself is terribly funny.

He calls himself "an intellectual vacuum-cleaner" and can make you giggle, chortle, then nearly die laughing — at yourself.

On stage and record, he lampoons every aspect of society (particularly suburbia) and hits at everything that is pompous and smug. He has been called "the funniest man this side of hysteria," "a poet," and "satirist supreme."

His best-known characterisations — Mrs. Norm Everage, the suburban globe-trotter, and Sandy Stone — are still part of his act. As well, he has written new material and created new characters.

Since first going to England, he has played principal roles in seven West End productions, and has appeared in Toronto and on Broadway.

Has completed TV series

He has made several records, and has just completed a TV series with Spike Milligan. He also does a comic strip for "Private Eye," a small satirical magazine, and an astrological column.

He says he believes in astrology, and does not like to make important decisions without consulting Mrs. Naylor, a London astrologer.

"My own column is humorous, but it is accurately

based on my charts," he said. "I used to predict exactly what I saw, even disasters. When they came true for too many people, I had to tone it down a bit."

"I once told fortunes, just for the fun of it, then realised that I seemed to have a bit of a gift for it, and began treating it more seriously."

Has he looked at his own future?

"No, I've avoided that," he said. "But I do predict that my book will be a best-

seller. I also predict that my season with J. C. Williamson will be a sell-out, and that my show will appeal to people under all signs of the zodiac . . ."

Barry Humphries' professional career began when a revue he staged at Melbourne University caused a riot. The audience stormed out in anger.

"I called it 'Call Me Madman' — it was in the days of 'Call Me Madam' — and it was an experiment in humor," he said. "Once kids become university students they immediately become so frightfully liberal and angry about everything, such as prejudice and intolerance. They put chamber pots on church spires and think they're 'with it'. So I gave them something they didn't expect. I took an anti-aboriginal and pro-religion line."

The revue opened with a long and boring oration on famine in India and statistics

about the death-rate from starvation. As it rambled on, actors pelted the audience with food.

Throughout the revue lights were flicked on and off for no reason and flames and smoke issued from burning toast in a toaster. A talk, "Let's talk sense about Da Da," was given.

Humphries is supposed to have hidden in a cupboard till the enraged audience left.

"I was studying law — of all things — then I did a bit of Arts, and gradually it all petered out, mainly because I was more interested in painting," he said.

"I also went to art school,

He is rather bewildered that in Australia people comment on his long hair so much. In London, no one gives him a second look.

But some of his escapades cause a stir.

There is a story that he was once sitting in a railway carriage opposite a blind man with a sore leg reading a book in braille.

"Blind" man was stooge

At a station he tore the book from the man, kicked him in the leg, and stormed off to a hail of indignation and abuse from other passengers. It later came out that the "blind" man was a friend of his, a stooge.

Another time, dressed as a tramp, he searched through a garbage tin in full view of Londoners going to work. They stared at him in distaste.

Then he pulled out a barbecued chicken, neatly wrapped, and a bottle of champagne. He popped the cork and walked, feasting, down the street.

Why? "That was a long time ago," he said. "I doubt if I'd do that sort of thing now. I was probably a bit bored at the time and trying to jazz up real life a bit."

"I never get embarrassed, no. But recently during the Prime Ministers' Conference in London I dressed up as Mrs. Everage and hung about with the crowds hoping to get Sir Robert Menzies to shake my hand. I was astonished to see that many of my friends, there to help me, were very nervous. 'I do often wonder what my children think of me, though,' he said."

"It must be awfully strange for my daughter,

Tessa, to see me doing my act."

"I was dressed as Mrs. Everage recently before I left home — we were taking some films around London — and without a flicker she said, 'Goodbye, Daddy.' Later a London bobby was completely fooled by the rig-out."

"I want to spend time with my children. In my profession, that takes special effort. Tessa has had some tests done and they say she's very bright . . ."

"She can play the piano, you know, but she's not too hot on the viola yet."

Tessa is two and the Humphries' other daughter, Emily, is seven months. Barry and his wife, Rosalind, a New Zealand ballet dancer, were married in Australia in 1959.

Travelling with them is Dominique, a French nurse, who helps with the children.

The Humphries house overlooks Regency Canal in London's "Little Venice." The house is said to be a complete escape from Mrs. Everage and everything she stands for, with an atmosphere of "Edwardian decadence."

"The house is a museum—I'm a great collector," Barry said, "especially of paintings. I have about 70 paintings, mostly Victorian stuff, which I prefer."

"It is filled with all sorts of things. We have lots of pampas grass and dead sunflowers, French dolls, silk flowers, and, oh, yes, locked bookcases."

"The books move about, you see — and they might attack me. And most of the lighting is by kerosene."

That is why they need the Korean dwarf!

By KIRSTEN BLANCH

which killed my urge to paint for a while.

"But I still paint a bit, and I wouldn't mind holding some sort of an exhibition while I'm here. I have had an exhibition before — in Melbourne — surrealist stuff. My later paintings are not really paintings. They're things — rather theatrical, a sort of review of the theatre."

The interest in surrealism fits him. He is, in interest, taste, and manner, very Salvador Dali.

"Now there's a strange man," he said. "I knew Dali and his wife when I was in New York and I hope to stay with them when I get a chance. I got a letter from his wife the other day — the only one trouble is she always wants to cut my hair."

Barry Humphries likes his hair long, has always worn it long, and claims that he, not the Beatles, started it all.

"It's a bit too long now," he said, "but I can't find a good man to cut it."



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Teaching is the family trade

The extraordinary Fishers



DISTINGUISHED family in 1945 before Dr. Fisher's enthronement as Archbishop of Canterbury. Beside Dr. and Mrs. Fisher (centre) are their sons (from left), Frank, Timothy, Harry, Humphrey, Robert, Charles.



MR. CHARLES FISHER, headmaster of Scotch College, Adelaide. At left, outside Canterbury Cathedral on his wedding day. He is the third from the left, and his best man is standing between the bride and his father, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who performed the ceremony. Flanking the group are his five brothers. The bride was formerly Miss Anne Hammond, of Southern Rhodesia.

THERE were eight members of the Fisher family, and only one of them was female.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Fisher and the six lively sons of the house, individuals all, who agreed about everything and nothing.

Boy-wise, six sons were only the beginning. Boys were all over the place, because Mr. Fisher was headmaster at Repton, a famous English school for boys.

(Later he became Lord Fisher of Lambeth and Archbishop of Canterbury, from which high post he retired in 1962, having characteristically made up his mind it was high time.)

The six sons were to grow up in time of war, and all survived and became (in order of birth): Harry, a lawyer; Frank, Warden of St. Edward's School, Oxford; Charles, a headmaster; Humphrey, a BBC executive; Bob, a doctor; and Tim, bringing the wheel full circle, a master at Repton.

Some of the sons were to scatter round the world. By a suitably extraordinary combination of circumstances,

three were in Sydney this month, all at the same time.

Number One son, Harry, the lawyer, travelled from the U.K. to attend the Third Commonwealth and Empire Law Conference in Sydney (August 25-September 1). He then succumbed to a virus and spent his sojourn here, alternately fuming and philosophical, in bed.

Fourth son, Humphrey, who lives in Sydney as BBC representative, provided the bed.

Third son, Charles, was putting the cat among the pigeons, in a scholarly sort of way, at the Headmasters' Conference of the Independent Schools of Australia (August 30-September 3).

Snob image

At this august gathering of headmasters, representing 52,000 boys, Mr. Charles Fisher, now headmaster of Scotch College, South Australia, read a paper which was well-nigh iconoclastic.

For instance, he suggested that the independent schools have acquired an establishment-type, conformist snob image, when their image should be "progressive, forward-looking, and perhaps almost risk-taking."

Reporters' pencils, hitherto rather sluggish, began to fly. The subject of the paper, "Responsibility," was lifted out of its narrowest context into its widest.

For example, Mr. Fisher invited his colleagues to consider the responsibility of a headmaster in a southern State of the U.S., where the school's policy was to exclude negro students.

"Does he rightly discharge his responsibility to the school by sticking within the

"MOTHER IS A COMELY PERSON"

Mr. Fisher's description of his mother is borne out by this picture of her in 1960 when she accompanied the Archbishop on a visit to the Holy Land.



limits of his relationship simply to his governing body, or must he attempt to carry them with him in the exercise of what he conceives to be his responsibility toward the wider community beyond the school?"

The speaker was a big man, powerfully built, and everything he said was clearly the product of a courageous and stimulating mind.

Later I went back to the scene of the Conference, the Sydney Church of England Grammar School at North Sydney, known all over Australia as "Shore," to discuss points Mr. Fisher had raised in the paper.

The story of the Fisher family which emerged was an unexpected bonus.

It emerged only gradually. The eminence of the family was a subject courteously sidetracked by its eminent third son. But on its vitality and individuality and his own pleasure at being part of it, Mr. Charles Fisher was willing to be drawn.

It must have been quite a family to grow up in. When I asked if it had a political tradition, he grinned and waved the question away.

"Unfair," he said. "We're all pretty independently minded people and we don't agree. We've all got inquiring minds."

A common denominator seems to be a quiet and profound Christian faith, owing nothing to outward show.

Very early in the interview I asked questions about the only woman in the Fisher family and how she managed

to survive in so male a world. Her third son laughed outright.

"My mother has every capacity," he said, "to deal with seven men in her house. I can assure you, she has survived very well."

"She's still very vital and full of interest, in retirement, which she and my father are thoroughly enjoying."

"What does she look like?" I asked, visualising one tiny woman among seven men as tall as this son.

By KAY KEAVNEY

It was an obvious thought, and obviousness has no place in the Fisher family.

"She's of medium height," he said, and that was that. He reflected a minute and I waited. After all, it isn't easy to describe one's mother. "I'd say she was and is a very comely person."

(Quite the most charming thing, you will agree, that a man can say about a woman, especially a son about his now-elderly mother.)

I asked if he were never tempted, like his father, to enter the Church.

He answered, a little obliquely, "Many schoolmasters in the independent schools look on their jobs as not remote from the service of the Church."

The day after his 18th birthday, and straight from school, Charles Fisher enlisted in the army. He served

as a Royal Artillery officer from 1941-45, mainly in the Middle East and Italy.

After the war, at Oxford, he opted for what he calls the family "trade." This, on both sides of the family, was schoolmastering, and in 1948 he became assistant master at Harrow, Winston Churchill's old school.

In his paper to the Conference he called it "a delightful and thoroughly effective school."

"However, there was one aspect of its life which I found irksome," he said. "That was the degree of power the older boys had over the younger."

Now, many a distinguished Englishman has inveighed against the fagging system in English public schools, but here, too, Mr. Fisher sees more than the obvious—the possible encouragement of sadism in the seniors, rough treatment for the juniors.

Irresponsible

"I knew that the creation of a layer of supposed authority and responsibility above (the younger boys) generated the conviction that it was their right, almost their duty, to be irresponsible until they reached the same heights," he said.

"The more arbitrary laws there are, the more custodians of the law, the more enjoyment in breaking the laws."

A young schoolmaster in his first job who has learnt to live with that imperish-

able truth is surely good headmaster material!

Charles Fisher was offered a rectorship in South Africa, but declined. He accepted a senior mastership in Southern Rhodesia.

At the time, 1955, a good solution to the black-white tensions seemed more than a pious hope, and only a matter of time.

But when race attitudes in the country began to tighten, the liberal and humanitarian Charles Fisher became increasingly unhappy.

"Mind you, I wouldn't have left for that reason," he said. "But I couldn't turn down an opportunity to run my own school."

So in 1962 Charles Fisher, his wife, and young family came to South Australia and Scotch College.

"My life's been pretty fortunate," he told me. "I've been thoroughly fortunate."

"And one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to me is being able to bring up my family in Australia."

The good fortune in acquiring a citizen, teacher-administrator, and independent thinker of this calibre is very much Australia's. So is acquiring a contemporary version of the Fisher family.

Once more there are eight in the family, but three of them are female. And they live, a lively group, in the headmaster's house in a school for boys, where, 12,000-odd miles from Repton, history is repeating itself.



RINGO AND MAUREEN first met in a club where he was playing. He offered her a lift home, had to drive her girlfriend, too. Ringo drove the friend home for about a month — then he put his foot down.



ABOVE: Ringo on the drums. He made his first set of drums himself, out of cans, and his own sticks, too. RIGHT: After the wedding at Caxton Hall, London, in February. From left are Cynthia Lennon (John Lennon's wife), Mrs. Cox (Maureen's mother), John Lennon, Ringo and his bride, with George Harrison immediately behind them, Brian Epstein (the Beatles' manager), Mr. Starkey (Ringo's father).

DADDY RINGO—



IN AUSTRALIA. Ringo Starr arriving for the Beatles' tour of Australia in June, 1964.

By ROBERT DEARDORFF

● Ringo Starr's marriage and the birth of his baby son have, surprisingly, increased his popularity. Today he is a world-famous family man, a teenage idol, and a movie star who has an enormous appeal for adult audiences.

LONG before his appearance in "A Hard Day's Night," the Beatles' first film, he was nicknamed the "Miserable Beatle." He doesn't agree. "The thing is, I've got one of those faces that doesn't smile very much. I'm feeling good inside, having a great time, but it just never shows."

People who know all four men well sometimes give him another name. "He's the 'Apart Beatle,'" Walter Shenson, the producer of their pictures, explained. "He is the most introspective and the gentlest, too."

He is also the last one who joined the Beatles, he has had the least schooling, and he is the only one who comes from a poor family. He is completely without pretensions. In the entertainment world, when people become famous they often begin retouching their past. Not Ringo. He makes no effort to cover up the fact that his family was poor, and he is equally matter-of-fact about the hardships of former years and the enormous success that has come to him now.

Although he makes mistakes in grammar, he has an unusual flair for language; he thought of the title for "A Hard Day's Night."

I first met Ringo just before his baby was born.

He was on the movie set of the second Beatle film, "Help!"

He shook hands politely, then disappeared in front of the camera. From then until mid-afternoon he was busy playing the same scene.

As soon as the scene was

finished, he came over immediately, apologising for having wasted so much of my time. That evening, instead of rushing home as he had intended, he changed his mind, and after phoning his wife said we could begin.

He told me that he was born on July 7, 1940, in Dingle, near the Liverpool docks. Like dock areas everywhere, "it's not pretty, but I liked it. I was happy there."

He is an only child; his real name is Richard Starkey. "It's still Starkey," he pointed out earnestly, in spite of the fact that his parents were divorced when he was a baby and his mother later remarried.

One of his earliest recollections is of being sick when he was six and a half. "I had appendicitis. I remember being carried downstairs to the ambulance. I saw all my aunts and uncles sitting around in the kitchen as I passed. At the hospital there was this doctor. He may not have done it — this is just how it felt — but he

was sort of bashing me in the stomach, or so I thought. And I remember"—he exploded into laughter—"I remember thinking, 'He shouldn't do that! I'm not well!'"

In the operating room his appendix burst, and later he developed peritonitis. This, plus a fall from his cot, kept him in hospital for a year.

"I was eight and a half or nine when I went back to school, and I was put in a class with big boys my own age. There's a big difference between the work of six-and-a-half-year-olds and nine-year-olds, and I don't think I ever made up the schooling I missed."

"I'm not thick"

"I wouldn't say I was thick, but I'm not very good at spelling. And arithmetic isn't my greatest subject, either."

He sat up abruptly in his chair and, face beaming, cried in a triumphant voice, "But I can work a few things out, folks!"

"We're working - class people," he said. "My mother worked all her life — as long as I can remember. She was a barmaid first. Then she worked in a shop, selling fruit. But we had a nice home — for what we had, you know. We didn't ever live in squalor."

He remembered, too, that he had always had "the best my mother could give me. She'd go without herself just

so I could have a good suit and a good pair of shoes."

"If I wanted something expensive, she'd say, 'Well, I'll try, but don't build your hopes up.' And I knew if she could possibly manage I'd get it. When she did promise something, she never failed me. Never!"

"So now when I think of my own baby . . . Never lie to a child!" he exclaimed. "That's the worst thing!"

In those days he "went out with the lads" a lot. "I was only lonely when it rained and I had to stay in alone. That's why I always say I'll never have just one kid."

If it's fine you can go out and play with your mates, but when it's bad weather you have to fetch kids in. Sometimes I think my mother got fed up a bit. Sometimes when it rained I'd bring 200 in to play. I think that's the only drag about being an only child."

Ringo was 13 when his mother married again. "What is funny," he went on, his voice filled with incredulity, "is that she asked me, you know: 'Do you mind if we get married?' No! No! Because I loved him, anyway. He'd been coming around for four or five years, and he was like a dad to me. You know, there was none of that 'Look here, we're getting married!' It was nice to know that you counted even at that age."

"So now my mother is Mrs. Graves — which the



The domesticated Beatle

Ringo Starr, the drummer-

Beatle who grew up poor,

has one regret—he can't

give his son the benefit

of a working-class home!

papers will never print. They still call her Mrs. Starkey. I'm sure she's not ashamed that she was a divorcee. I'm sure I'm not."

Ringo is still fond of his stepfather.

"When I was 18 or 19 we used to go to a couple of clubs — working-men's clubs, you know — and they used to ask him to sing. We had a little double act, both of us singing. Just for laughs."

From the time he was a small boy, Ringo had liked singing, but his first interest was drums, and he never got over that.

"I made drums out of little cans, and put bits of metal on them to make them sizzle."

About the time his mother remarried, Ringo went back to the hospital for another year, this time with fluid in his lungs. He was almost 15 before he was discharged—the age when the children of working-class parents in Britain begin looking for jobs. He didn't return to school.

After brief employment as a messenger boy and in the merchant navy he became an apprentice engineer.

Now that he was a working-man, Ringo felt he could afford to buy a drum at last. He bought a 30/- bass drum. "I used to bang it with a couple of sticks and annoy everybody. It made just one big boom sound. Then my parents bought me a drum kit. I used to carry my drums down to my mates because they had a guitar, and we could play together."

Soon Ringo was playing with a group in local clubs.

His group, Rory Storm and the Hurricanes, went on to tour Germany, where he became friendly with the Beatles, also on tour. Back in Liverpool, Ringo was still playing with the Hurricanes when the Beatles' drummer, Pete Best, became ill, and Ringo was asked to fill in. He became a permanent member of the Beatles group.

At that time nobody, least of all the Beatles, foresaw the fantastic success they were going to have. Liverpool was the whole world for them. They didn't even think of going to London.

Their first record, "Love Me, Do," was released in October, 1962, and came in 47th or 48th on the top-50 list in Britain. When their second and third records made the top of the list they were on their way.

Ringo bought a car, and

one night when the Beatles were playing in a Liverpool club he spotted a young girl in the audience, and later offered her a lift home. The young lady told him, "I've got a girlfriend with me."

"Well, I couldn't back out then," said Ringo, "so I said 'OK,' and I took her friend home and then I took her home. Her name was Maureen Cox."

"After that, whenever I saw her I'd say, 'Take you home,' and she'd say, 'I've got a friend with me.' This went on for a month or so, and then I said, 'Look, I'll take you out, but I'm not taking two of you out. That's a bit much.' He grinned. "See, she always had this friend. It used to drive me mad!"

"We just sort of started going steady. More or less. How can you go steady in my job? I kept leaving and going on tour. Then when I came back last December from the U.S. tour and went into the hospital here in London to have my tonsils out, Maureen stayed with my mother in my London flat. It was then I said, 'Do you want to get married?' and she said, 'Yes ...'"

Forgotten date

When Ringo left the hospital, he and Maureen drove to Liverpool one night to ask her parents' consent. "They said yes" — Ringo's parents had already approved — "so we got married. I don't remember the date! February or March." He paused, frowning, then burst out, "That's grand! Dates I'll never remember! I hope my wife doesn't read this!" (A phone call later to his manager revealed that the date was February 11.)

Ringo's double-ring marriage ceremony took place at 8 a.m. in Caxton Hall, the registry office in London.

When the Starrs returned from their honeymoon in Brighton they moved into a new duplex apartment in London. Maureen looks after it with the help of the wife of Ringo's chauffeur. According to people who know Ringo well, he rushes home impatiently every evening. He is devoted to Maureen.

Ringo phrased it another way. "She's my anchor. It's back to reality. Everything's normal once I get home."

"I'll say, 'I did this today. What did you do?' Or, 'That's great meat!' And she'll say, 'I bought this today,' and, 'Do you like it?'"

Ringo believes a new husband needs a lot of patience, "especially at the beginning. Because you may go with a girl for years, but as soon as you're married — well, married life is different."

"The thing is, you have to be adaptable," he continued. "If Maureen wants something for the flat and I don't like it—well, things can look nice, but you don't have to have them—still I say, 'Get it.' Because she's in the house more than I am, you see, and it would make her happy."

"When we're going out she'll say, you know, the usual: 'I've got nothing to wear!' You open the closet and fifty thousand dresses fly out! Then she'll say, 'Well, you tell me what to wear,' and I'll say, 'Oh, I like this one, or that.'"

When he is home, he said, "I just sort of lie around and give orders. Only on some days, though. One day I'll be jumping up, getting a drink or making the tea, and the next couple of days Maureen will do it. I don't mind helping out, but when I'm tired Maureen just doesn't ask me, because she understands. When I'm working, she gives me everything."

Asked what he thought was the most important requirement for a happy marriage, Ringo replied, "Understanding. Trying to see both points of view. It doesn't matter who your wife is, she's a different person, with different likes and dislikes. You can't always agree on everything."

Asked to describe Maureen, Ringo smiled shyly. "She's pretty," he said. "She has brown hair and brown eyes. Small features. She's smaller than I am — except now, she's flaring a bit."

"I look at her and think, 'She's going to turn into two people!' It's a funny feeling. It's marvellous!"

"We both want a boy. He and I will be able to wrestle together. I hope in time to have one or two of each." He shifted in his chair. "You know," he said, "I'd like to be a bit of a pretender — live more like an ordinary working-man. When you have a kid, you'd like to have it grow up in that atmosphere. Then when he's older, maybe 21, I could let him know I'm not working for £10 a week. The trouble is, you can't do it ..."



HONEYMOON AT BRIGHTON was supposed to be a secret, but the news soon leaked out and Ringo and Maureen were mobbed. In Brighton they were given a tiny poodle, which they named Tiger. Later they found that Tiger should have been called Tigress.

Ringo's most fervent hope is that he'll never fail his child. "I just may do something wrong, like not teaching him something I should. But love is the most important thing — that and understanding. You've got to try to get close to a child by fetching your intelligence down to his level."

Ringo and Maureen planned together how to handle the first few months of the baby's life. "Where we both come from, you just have the baby in your bedroom and you look after it. But I was thinking, well, I can afford it, so we might as

well get a nurse for the first months. It will be easier on Maureen, though she doesn't like the idea, really."

One thing he won't do, however — "send my child to boarding school. And I'll never push him. If he passes tests and gets diplomas and everything, all well and good, but I'll never say, 'You won't get this bike unless you go to college!' And I'll let him decide, as he grows up, what he wants to be."

Ringo and Maureen both have considered the possibility that the Beatles may "go out of style." Whether they do or not, Ringo would like to stop going on tour

after the age of 30 "because my family will need me."

As for future income, he cited a friend's example. "A few years ago this man was selling potatoes door to door. Then he borrowed money and built one house. With the profit from that he built a couple more, and sold those at a profit as well. I respected him, and I liked what he was doing, so we formed a firm. Now we're building 12 houses together."

The only immediate change that Ringo plans is to buy a house in the country. "Then when I'm not working, I'm just going to sit in the garden and watch my kid grow up."

INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: The long-term outlook

By MARY BROKER

● One thing I have always stressed is the need to buy first-grade stocks with a sound record behind them and not to worry too much about yield or day-to-day fluctuations.

THIS is, essentially, a policy of long-term investment. It is particularly important, especially in a market environment such as exists at present, that one pays no heed to the unexciting investment climate generally, but takes more care than ever not to start loading the portfolio with "rubbish."

I have been over the reasons for the current waning of interest in the stock market before, but it may be opportune here to outline them briefly.

The main reason, of course, is doubt as to the immediate future of the economy consequent upon the disastrous drought and the diminution of capital inflow from overseas, together with hesitation generally arising from the disturbed state of South-East Asia.

This attitude appears, in the main, shortsighted. Australia, after all, is a country only now beginning really to grow at any pace.

It has found itself to be among the richest mineral reservoirs in the world, and it seems likely that there are still huge resources to be discovered.

To this add Australia's attraction as a stable country for long-term investment from overseas in a world where the governments of the younger nations are falling constantly, and I think it will be obvious that when the present crisis in the international monetary system has died down—as it must eventually—the inflow of overseas capital will naturally resume.

The long-term outlook, in fact, has never been more rosy.

Opportunity

It is, of course, unfortunate, as I said last week, that such a large number of first-class companies have chosen a time like the present, when the economy is stretched to its utmost and there is little money forthcoming from private investors, to raise large sums by new share issues.

However, for anyone who does have any ready cash, this is a golden opportunity to pick up these top-grade shares more cheaply than they have been priced for quite some time.

I have pointed out before the need for keeping a small quantity of money in reserve for just such times as these.

It is easy to get caught up in a prevailing market situation—that is, to buy when everyone else is buying enthusiastically (on a rising market) and to sell when everyone else is selling in desperation (on a falling market).

One minute's thought will show that this is a very easy way to lose money and that the policy of buying good-quality stocks to lock away in the old oak chest, as they say, will result in the best gains over a period of time.

Defensive

This is what is technically known as a "defensive" policy, as opposed to an "aggressive" one. A defensive policy is aimed primarily at keeping the investor within relatively narrow limits of ability to risk loss. It is designed to provide stability and/or growth of income or principal.

(You have heard me talk before of the food industry as a prime example of a defensive industry—people always need to buy food, and in a country such as Australia with a steadily growing population the profits of well-managed companies within the industry have inbuilt growth potential.)

Unless one is extremely close to the share market, and thus has an intuitive feel for the way prices will go, it is very dangerous to try to make a quick profit.

And never, never invest on the strength of rumors, tips, or "inside information." You will usually find either that they are wrong, that the person passing the information on to you has already made his own profit, or that having put you into such-and-such a stock he will forget to tell you when to sell. This is one of the easiest ways to lose money.

What you must do is to discuss your investment aims with your stockbroker. (If you do not as yet have one, the Stock Exchange will quickly recommend a firm.)

You may decide you want income (that is, a good yield on your investments) or growth (that is, capital appreciation over the medium to long term with little regard to the income you receive).

But whichever of these you decide upon—it may even be a mixture of the two—never be too greedy, and try not to invest in too many companies, as it would prove a full-time job to watch their progress.



JUST WED. The bride's cousin, Mr. Christopher Walker, piped Mr. and Mrs. Michael Moore from St. Andrew's Church, Trangie, following their marriage. Behind them are their two flowergirls, Lisa Moore, of Canberra, and Louise Forster, of "Gillawalla," Coonamundra (partly obscured). The bride was Miss Phoebe Kater, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kater, of "Gillawarra," Trangie. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. D. C. Moore, of "Marlow Farm," Pakenham East, Victoria, and of the late Mrs. Moore.

Social Roundabout

By Mollie Lyons

DESPITE Coonamble being one of the hardest hit areas in this year's drought, there was never any doubt that the Oxley Picnic Race Club would hold its annual meeting on September 22.

In fact, club president Mr. John Denison told me that instead of the usual "out-to-grass" period, the horses entered this year have been hand-fed on corn for the past three or four months while they've been undergoing intensive training.

Mr. Denison (who has just become president) and his wife, will entertain racegoers to a luncheon on the day of the meeting at the Coonamble Race Course and will later receive more than 600 guests at a dinner dance at the Showground.

One of the largest house parties has been planned by Mr. and Mrs. Norman Johnston and their son and daughter, Sam and Sueanne, who'll entertain friends from Sydney and from surrounding districts at their property, "Midgee."

They will include Mrs. G. Austin, of "Wonga," Coonabarabran, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Renshaw, of "Boogadah," Binnaway, and their son and daughter, Howard and Priscilla, Caroline Adams, of Wahroonga, Anne Allot, of Vaucluse, Paddy and Anne Magennis, of "Ulundi," Bugaldie, Mr. and Mrs. Dolf Gabel, of Dubbo, and their son Tom, and Mr. and Mrs. John Kater, of "Gillawarra," Trangie.

Mrs. John Taylor, who, incidentally, is planning a "recovery" party the morning after the dinner dance, will have as house guests at "Youie," Coonamble, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Clyde-Smith, of "Curraweena," Mudgee, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Barton, of "Murrungundy," Wellington.

CAN you imagine unexpectedly being taken under the wing of a famous personality like Eileen Joyce? This is what happened recently to Mr. and Mrs. Keith Tweedy, of Killara, when they stopped at Chartwell Farm, in Kent, inquiring for the late Sir Winston Churchill's home, Chartwell. They were astonished to find the enthusiastic gardener to whom they spoke was none other than Eileen Joyce, who welcomed them into her delightful home, drove them to Chartwell, and invited them to visit her again for morning coffee. The Tweedys returned a fortnight ago after a four-and-a-half-month world tour.

A SMALL family party at their home at Double Bay followed the christening of Dr. and Mrs. Michael O'Rourke's second son, Matthew James, at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay. Godparents were the baby's two aunts, Kathleen Hickey, of "Coolaroo," Albury, and Mrs. John O'Rourke, and his uncle, Mr. John O'Rourke. Matthew has a brother, Michael, who is 15 months old.

PARTY of the week, I thought, was given by Dr. and Mrs. John Laszlo at their delightful home at Bellevue Hill overlooking the water. The formal sit-down dinner (consisting of delicious traditional Hungarian dishes) was served at a glittering table set with superb silver and glass, by the light of three red candles in a tall candelabra encircled at the base with tiny silver-wrapped bunches of white azaleas and pink jasmine. Mrs. Laszlo hosted the party wearing a long white halter-necked dinner dress and a dramatic Dior bib necklace of blue and white pearls.

ALL heads turned to look at elegant Mrs. Herve Hutter, the former Maggi Eckardt, lunching in town last week dressed in a simple shocking-pink wool suit worn with a lime green top. Dashing touch was the Emilio Pucci head scarf of vibrant pink and green. Mrs. Hutter came up from her Toorak home (her husband is Commercial Attache to the French Embassy in Melbourne) to spend a few days with her mother, Mrs. J. H. Eckardt, and attend the marriage of her brother, John, with Pamela O'Connor.

DATE for your diary . . . September 24 when a basket luncheon will be held in the garden of Sir Robert and Lady Webster's home at Clifton Gardens. The party has been arranged by the North Sydney Auxiliary of the Children's Medical Research Foundation.

I THINK country girls Jill Bradford, of "Birangan," Grenfell, and Alison Bragg, of "Karoopa," Crowther, deserve a citation for the trip they've just completed—16,000 miles by station wagon. The girls spent 17 weeks on the road, travelling through Broken Hill to South Australia, across to Western Australia and through the centre of the State to the Ord River before going on to Darwin and Queensland—and all this with only two punctures!

THERE is no doubt that the opening night of the St. Vincent's Hospital Art Exhibition has become one of the most popular parties of the year. It's always crowded, and guests help themselves to white wine and biscuits and cheese while they decide which paintings they'll buy. Author Morris West will open this year's on October 15 in the Garvan Institute of Medical Research, when paintings to be sold will include some by well-known artists William Dobell, Francis Lyburner, John Coburn, Cedric Flower, and Desmond Digby.

ELECTRIC toothbrushes do not sound a very glamorous target for which to work, but the four branches which go to make up the ladies' central auxiliary of the Dental Health Education and Research Foundation have worked so hard this year that their cheque, to buy toothbrushes for handicapped children, which they handed over to Mr. Terry Royse-Smith (president of the Foundation), was for £1100. Already 1200 toothbrushes have been given to the Spastic Centre, the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children, and the Sub-Normal Children's Welfare Association.



AT LUNCHEON, Mrs. Michael Buckingham (left) and Mrs. Tamplin Lynam were among guests at the hat parade and luncheon at the State Ballroom, which was arranged by the Golden Committee to aid the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 29, 1965



LONDON WEDDING. Captain Peter de Bunsen and his bride, the former Hon. Alexandra Carington, leaving the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks, London, following their marriage. The bride is the eldest daughter of the former British High Commissioner to Australia, Lord Carington, and Lady Carington. (At right) **BRIDAL PARTY.** Senior bridesmaids Miss Virginia Carington, the bride's sister (left), and Miss Anne Sidney, daughter of Lord De L'Isle, with Jane and Clare Buxton, nieces of the bridegroom, Catherine Gilchrist (hidden), and Rupert, Charles, and James Colville, who wore replicas of the Coldstream Guards' colorful dress uniform.



ABOVE: Miss Suellen Wharton (left) with Mr. and Mrs. Ian Weatherley at the gala preview of "A Cup of Tea, a Bex, and a Good Lie Down," at the Phillip Theatre, arranged by the Rum Runners' Committee to aid Sydney Hospital.



ABOVE: Mrs. Peter Sally, wife of the acting Consul-General for Denmark (left), with Miss Carolyn Hudson at the luncheon and art exhibition held at the home of Mrs. Don Hudson, at Darling Point, to raise funds to establish an emergency fund for Australian American Field Scholarship children.



PREMIERE. Miss Jocelyn Paull (left) and Mrs. Elston Wall at the Australasian premiere of the film "In Harm's Way," at the Forum Theatre, which was arranged by Torch Bearers for Legacy. The president of Torch Bearers, Mrs. Lionel McFadyen, welcomed the guests-of-honor, the Consul-General for the United States, Mr. E. A. Bolster, and Mrs. Bolster, and Rear-Admiral O. H. Becher and Mrs. Becher to the premiere.



AT LEFT: Mrs. P. A. Warburton and Mrs. Anthony Scarisbrick (right), who is a member of the women's committee of the National Trust of Australia, photographed at the Trust's inspection of Mrs. Hanne Fairfax's home at Bellevue Hill.

The Royals browsed round and bought a toast rack

● A Tasmanian girl now living in Melbourne found work in a London antiques shop "great fun."



A LOT of fashionable and famous people used to come into the antiques shop in Pimlico, London, where Philippa Agnew — now in her own antiques business in Melbourne — worked for four years.

Late one Friday afternoon in walked Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon, unannounced.

"There I was, without make-up and wearing flat-heeled shoes," Philippa said. "They browsed around and finally bought a funny little Victorian toast rack."

Another late-afternoon caller was the Duchess of Windsor, in England for her customary Christmas shopping. It was Christmas Eve.

"She bought some pieces and asked for them to be sent to Claridges, where she was staying," Philippa said. "At that time of day delivery would have been im-

PHILIPPA AGNEW arranges some of the pieces she brought back from England. The dresser is early 18th century, the spinning-wheel is dated 1700.

possible, so I wrapped up the presents and took them out to her car.

"It was the most enormous black car you've ever seen. A chauffeur took the little parcel from me and deposited it in the huge boot."

Sir Alec Guinness never seemed to make the right choice at the shop.

"Sir Alec bought wedding presents for all his friends from us," said Philippa. "My boss, Sam Beazly, was a great friend of his. They had acted together.

By JAYNE STUART

"Nearly all the presents Sir Alec chose were later returned and changed.

"One of our best customers was the wife of Lord Boyd of Merton.

"We furnished her castle in Cornwall, and when the Queen Mother came to lunch the boss went down as Lady Boyd's guest."

Other regular customers at the shop included Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Mrs. Anthony Quinn, and Peter Finch.

"Being at work there, mixing with London's top interior decorators and antique dealers, was great fun — rather like starting

the day with a cocktail party," Philippa said. "They were so sweet and dotty and artistic."

She kept a flat in Chelsea in the home of Colonel and Mrs. Peter Davis. Mrs. Davis was formerly Jill Collins, of Launceston.

At weekends she stayed with her cousin, Mrs. Ewen Hay, in her beautiful Hampshire home.

But, in spite of this, Philippa loves being back in Australia and is quick in its defence against people who say how she "must miss England's history and antiques."

She says, "We aren't so starved of these things here. In Tasmania, for instance, there are some beautiful late-Georgian houses and convict-built furniture."

She is pleased about the growing interest in antiques, particularly among young people who are furnishing homes with antique furniture.

"Both here and in England," she says, "oak furniture is now the thing."

In the Pimlico shop she found the average English customer very knowledgeable. "They have been brought up with a sense of history," she said.

"But generally there is more appreciation of

antiques and less chance of a bargain through someone's ignorance.

"The funny old chair stuck out the back of the house is not likely to turn out to be a priceless heirloom."

Philippa is now in partnership with Melbourne antique dealer John Borthwick.

She has opened a shop in Prahran, stocked with antiques she bought on a buying trip to England.

This came after she had been home in Tunbridge, Tasmania, for 18 months following the four years at the Pimlico shop. Friends persuaded her she shouldn't let all that experience go to waste.

(Although she had trained as a kindergarten teacher, she worked for a Sydney interior-decorating firm before going overseas and becoming involved in the world of antiques.)

So back to England Philippa went, worked for four months at the Beauchamp Galleries and at the fabulous yearly Antique Dealers' Fair — where she found herself wrapping up, among other things, a tiny tureen, cover, and stand.

"It was only 10in. high, 6in. long — and valued at £1800," she said.

Lectures by Laurin Magee

Advice from an expert on good design and decoration

● American home-planning authority Miss Laurin Magee will give lectures in four States next month on "How to Live With a House."

USING color slides to illustrate her subject of home design and decorating, Laurin Magee will lecture for an hour

and a half, and then answer questions from her audience.

Miss Magee is Director of Research of Stanley Edge Associates, who are leading American home-planning consultants.

She will talk about the floor plan of a house in relation to the family who will live in it, ideas for space saving, furnishing, color schemes, and points to watch when choosing a house.

Her visit is sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, British Paints Limited, and the Australian Gas Industry.

The small admission charge will go to Legacy.

Full details will be published in later issues.

Tour Itinerary

Melbourne: October 21, Melbourne Town Hall, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Adelaide: October 26 and 27, Adelaide Town Hall, 1.30 p.m.

Brisbane: October 29, Brisbane Town Hall, 10 a.m.

Sydney: November 1 and 3, Sydney Town Hall, 10 a.m.



LAURIN MAGEE, who is director of research for a big American home-planning firm, is about to visit Australia on a lecture tour to Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Sydney, beginning October 21.



VISITS to buildings under construction are part of a day's work for Laurin Magee on the job in America. Here, she arrives at a site.

● Do women work harder now than they did in the "bad old days"? Do their families bathe more often, change their clothes more often, eat more varied meals? And what about husbands? Are they as useful round the house now that jobs like chopping wood are things of the past? This reader's letter raises these and many other aspects of the modern woman's busy life.

MODERN TIMES, MORE HOUSEWORK

By RAE MOORE

● I would like to explode the myth that modern housewives have an easier time than their counterparts of 40, 50, or 100 years ago.

THE late Dame Mary Gilmore in her book "Old Days, Old Ways" (quoted in The Australian Women's Weekly, August 11) agrees with me. But the writer of another article claimed that mechanical devices and easy-care clothes had cut down the working day of the housewife.

Perhaps it would be better to go through certain chores categorically: First, that automatic washing-machine: Yes, it takes the drudgery and time out of washing.

I believe, however, we all change clothes more often, and have considerably more washing, too!

Unless fortunate enough to have a dryer, still somewhat a luxury, the clothes still have to be pegged out and taken in.

More washing: therefore more ironing. Yes, there are more drip-dries and synthetics, etc., but many families I know insist on ironing underwear, etc.

For a family with men the difference is greater. Every year more men are becoming "white-collar" workers.

One hundred years ago most working-class men wore "working clothes." A man who wore a white shirt had a salary to match, and employed a washerwoman to care for his special clothes.

In fact, many women were specially employed for this task.

The bathroom: Most families bathed once or twice a week, with a wash outside, or later in the bathroom, on other days. Fewer towels, less clothing changed, less mess to clean up.

All women know the time taken nowadays to clean the bathroom. And the time taken up bathing children, usually daily.

The floors: Coverings and cleaning appliances are in close conjunction. The vacuum-cleaner came about at the same time the working-class (that's us) could afford carpets.

It takes as long to vacuum a floor as to sweep.

Linoleum started off in

dark colors, and was washed sometimes and polished less often. However, with automatic scrubber-polishers, lino, vinyl, etc., have become lighter, to creams and whites even, and the modern woman polishes often, as well as probably sweeping oftener.

General cleaning: Take a look inside an old house (say, 30-40 years old) that has had little renovating.

Isn't it dark? Note the dark woodwork, floors, blinds, curtains, etc.!

Now think of any new house you have seen. White

The husband's role is changing considerably also. Most "heavy" tasks used to be carried out by men. Now women do many of these themselves.

A decent meal

With the changing role of the open fire/combustion/fuel-heater age, very few men chop wood.

Therefore few carry it inside, either.

Most women (in areas where heating is necessary) haven't had to chop wood,

compare the "expense" of mechanical aids today to the cost of paid labor, particularly women's labor, of many years ago.

Also, remember most girls after they left school stayed home until they were married.

Most mothers had three weeks in bed after childbirth, too.

The biggest time-consumer to the modern-day housewife is shopping. Today women can keep food, etc., longer, and have the use of the family car, so it would seem

a well-finished garment made at home more than the easily obtainable shop-made garments.

Knitting-machines and modern sewing-machines do the work faster, but most women find they do more, not less.

Many women are now doing considerable gardening, painting, decorating, etc., all once considered men's jobs.

High standards

I bottle much fruit and make jams and so on, although it is hard to make any comparison on this point with former times.

However, I think the modern woman spends more time preparing varied meals for the family, even if she does take advantage of the Chinese shop occasionally.

The most important point is to remember that everything is to be considered in comparison.

It is no use our older friends saying, "I did without this, that, or the other thing for 20 years," for nowadays things are different.

The working-class is fast approaching "middle-class"

hat. And certainly I haven't compared today with any one decade.

However, I am but 22 and cannot talk with authority, as I haven't lived 40 years ago.

I can only read, listen, and observe.

However, this I believe: To achieve the accepted domestic standard the modern housewife with a family can work 12 hours a day.

I do, and I know I feel tired and yet am not ever finished by the end of the day.

Nor do I have the "spotless" house I would like, although I am a person of much energy.

I know women who are "finished" by midday (but don't look behind their wardrobe); and many women go out to work, but they know they are cutting corners (don't look in their cupboards), and some women are lazy, but I would think that is a centuries-old problem.

If any woman has two hours a day to herself she should not feel guilty at reading a book, lying in the sun, painting a picture, or doing something relaxing.

Incidentally, I should have

Great-grandma had it easy . . .

woodwork, skirtings, tiles, white curtains, blinds (Oh! curse of modern woman!).

Every white thing gets dirty from dust, finger-marks, etc., and must be cleaned.

The most noticeable room is the kitchen. The stove is white, all "pull apartable" to be kept clean. This is the ultimate after progressing from black fuel stoves through "green and cream" cookers.

Dad's strength

The refrigerator is big, and, again, white.

Not only did Grandma not have to keep it clean but she didn't have to defrost, because she didn't have one!

Perhaps an ice-chest caused much work, however? But at least Dad lifted the ice in.

All other kitchen aids (beater, fry-pan, etc.) are not timesavers, though convenient.

They only result in more ice-creams, whipped desserts, and exciting recipes.

After watching a dishwasher in action and loading and unloading, I cannot believe an appreciable amount of time is saved.

Surfaces in the kitchen are easy to clean (laminated plastic, gloss paint), but there are more of them. And, again, they need to be kept clean to look good.

but buy it cut and delivered, and usually have to carry it to the fire, or feed briquettes into one or two heaters, often going day and night. And they usually fall for the "cleaning out" job.

He (husband) doesn't appreciate cold lamb and salad on washday or spring-cleaning day. He expects a "decent meal" every day when he comes home from work.

He expects clean socks, underpants, handkerchiefs to overflow from his drawers, and to change his shirt twice a day if he has dinner company.

He frequently has little to do with the garbage. Many wives carry out the bin.

He doesn't help shift the furniture for the "spring clean-up" because most women shift all movable stock once a week or fortnight.

He may help more with children nowadays, however.

Grandma, however, often had an extra pair of hands in the house. When only a few women worked for a living, maiden aunts, mother, unmarried daughters all lived at home, so it was frequent to have another homebound female in the house to help with chores. And even a young girl could be paid a very small allowance to "live-in" and expected no graces such as girls of today demand.

It would be reasonable to

logical that it would take less time, not more.

However, most women shop once a week for groceries, and once more for clothes, bargains, etc.

Yes, women have more money to spend, and buy more clothes for themselves or the family (or material to sew), and spend more time shopping in various centres, or travelling to and from the city.

An enjoyable but tiring pastime!

when standards weren't so high

As for food: very little is delivered.

Most women now shop once or twice a week at the butcher. And although they buy once a week at the grocer they spend time and energy saving money in the self-service. And quite often go to two other stores for "specials."

Lug it home

Greengrocers still deliver, but often the orders are made up in the shop while chosen.

Very few trades still have a van stocked to come to the door, and they are usually too dear, anyway.

I believe home sewing and knitting is not on the decline. In fact, people now admire

incomes, with overtime, women working, and the acceptance of certain once luxuries (fridge, washer, car) as necessities or a part of the way of life.

While not trying to cast a shadow on older women, I believe there is a greater standard of cleanliness in new homes. (I can hear every second reader saying, "But Mum's home was always spotless.")

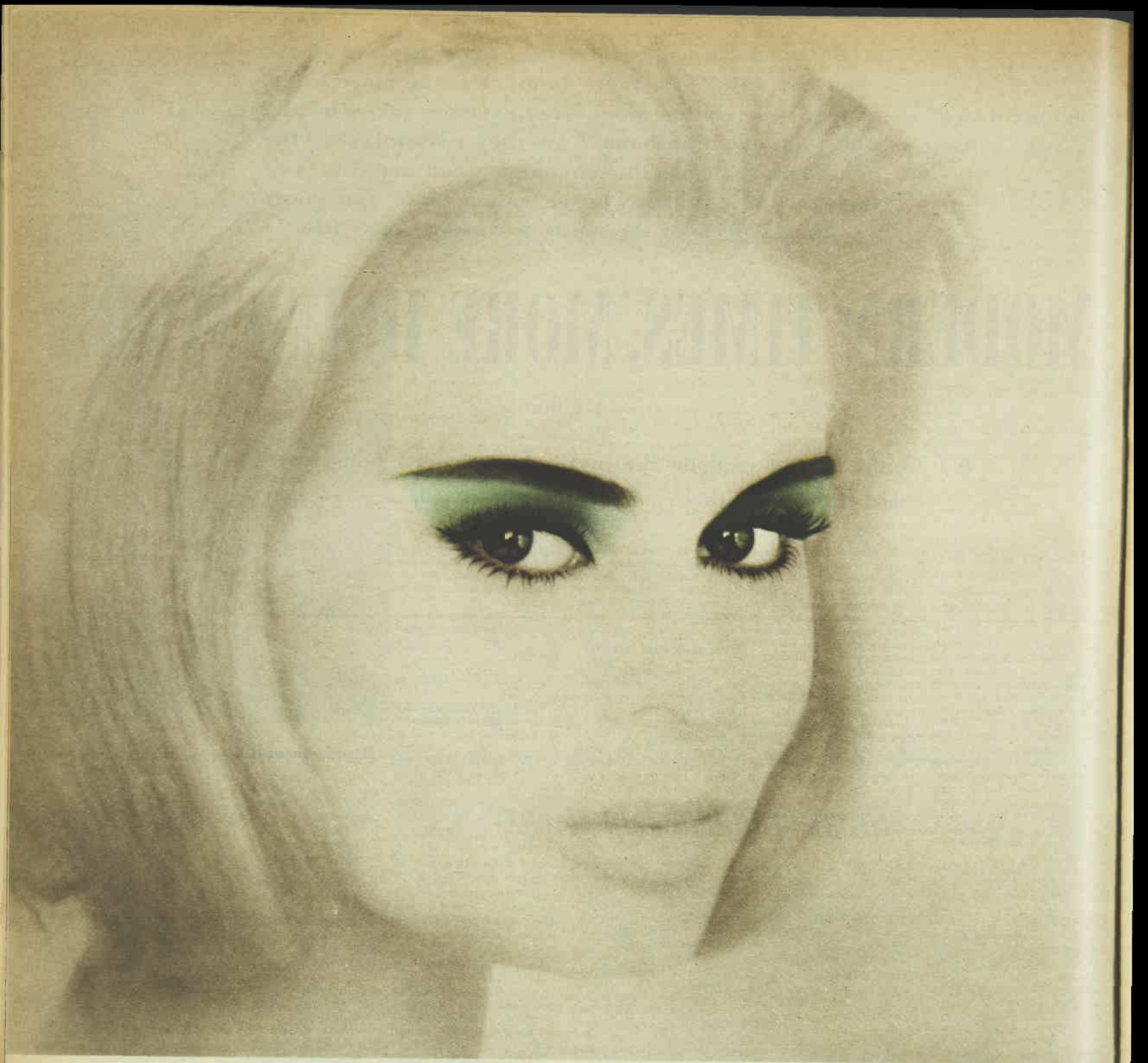
The glossy fittings are now demanded by all, and in the matter of furniture, dress, the white shirts, and all the other work-makers the modern housewife is supposed to keep up to the present standard, not last year's or last century's.

Now there are readers who will say I talk through my

mentioned earlier that women are expected to spend more time on their appearance and grooming than ever before, and are expected NEVER to look like housewives!

No doubt readers have some caustic comments to make regarding these matters, but I would love to hear other views.

P.S.: Time dims the memory! I'm sure you've all heard people on the "bread we got in the country," "the rich, thick, fresh pure cream," "the linen that lasted twice as long," "the plates that lasted Mum her whole life," and many such things. All of which (I say) are fantasies of the mind.



To make your eyes look played up, not made up, color them soft with this lush little brush.



REVLON'S NEW 'BRUSH-ON SHADOW'

Fluff it on and suddenly you're all eyes! Sweep it close to the lashes. Under the brow. Blend color on color. Revlon's sheer pressed-powder eye shadow is so subtle, you can't overdo. Comes in 5 shades (each with its own brush). Quiet Blue, Hush Green, Tender Turquoise, Shy Brown, Whisper White.



BINGO! and you've won £50

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Bingo," a show sure to build up a huge following of compulsive viewers, starts on TCN9 at 1.30 p.m., Monday, September 27.

I AM taking it for granted that every Australian knows how to play bingo. Bingo is simply dear old house-housie, and bingo its more fashionable name in England and America.

Channel 9's "Bingo," compered by David Paterson, is the first participation show on TV produced solely for viewers at home.

The prizes are that very fashionable product, money—£50 a day for the first completely filled card received at TCN9, and a jackpot on to the next day's £50 if it is not won.

The minimum prize is £50, but it can jackpot as high as £250 in the first week.

Players must be 18 years of age.

All you need to play is a card, obtainable free from any Coles Store or Mobil Service Station, some buttons or something to cover your numbers if they are called, a fivepenny stamp to post your entry, and a rearrangement of the household chores so you are free at 1.30 p.m. to play.

The bingo cards are made up of numbered squares.

Comper Paterson calls out numbers, and if the number called is on your card cover it. Don't write on it.

If at the end of a show all the numbers on your card are covered, you have a bingo, and you post your card immediately to TCN9, at G.P.O. Box 4921, Sydney,

and are in line for the prize.

To be eligible for the prize, envelopes must carry a postmark dated the day the contest was won, and contestants must also have written the answer to a simple quiz on the back of the card.

First correct card opened wins the prize for the day.

You must use cards provided by Coles Stores or Mobil Service Stations.



No purchase is necessary to get a card. Bingo cards are absolutely free to people over 18 years of age. There is no condition of purchase.

Contestants may play on as many cards as they like.

I said, "Don't mark your card," because if you don't win the first day the same card can be used to have another go the next day.

Simply shake it free of buttons, beans, or cowries (whichever you favor) at the end of play if you have been unsuccessful, and you are ready for the next game.

"Bingo" is also worth watching to see the device the numbers come from.

The numbers are painted on ping-pong balls in a clear glass case. Beneath it, a sealed air-blowing unit keeps the ping-pong balls on the move, bouncing over and over, until eventually one is forced into the exit chute from which Paterson lifts it.

"Bingo" will be telecast from TCN9 every day, Mon-



COMPERE David Paterson will call the numbers in TCN9's new afternoon television game.

day to Friday, beginning September 27 at 1.30 p.m.

"Bingo" may also be played by viewers of NBN3 Newcastle and WIN4 Wollongong, at the same times and dates as for TCN9.

Local arrangements for bingo cards and addresses for postings will be announced by these channels.

Wollongong and Newcastle "Bingo" will be quite separate from the Sydney game, with separate jackpots.

Wedding at Peyton Place

THE pleasure of the company of all "Peyton Place" viewers is expected by TCN9 on Wednesday, September 29, when the marriage of Constance Mackenzie (Dorothy Malone) and Elliot Carson (Tim O'Connor) is celebrated. (See color pictures of the happy pair overleaf.)

All I know about the wedding is that the bride wears pink, and the celebration takes place at the Harrington house.

I can't really tell you whether this is fitting, as there are great, unavoidable gaps in my "Peyton Place" viewing, due to illness in hospital, but probably it goes to show how noble a

character is Leslie Harrington (Paul Langton).

I could never understand how Elliot could be an ethically suitable bridegroom for Constance, even though he was the father of her illegitimate child, Allison (Mia Farrow). He had spent 18 years in jail for the murder of his wife.

Recently, after he had left jail, it was proved that he was not guilty of murder at all, and the person who murdered Mrs. Carson was Catherine Harrington (Mary Anderson), the wife of Leslie, and mother of their sons, Rodney, who is keen about Allison, and Norman.

Now Catherine died back in episode 20. We are up to episode 70, so it is hard to have hindsight about Catherine's character.

However, this nasty revelation for the Harrington family makes Elliot a much more desirable bridegroom.

★ ★ ★
ONE of my Melbourne spies tells me that Australia now has its own Peyton Place.

It is opposite Melbourne's University but it's called Paton Place, after, I'm told, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Sir George Paton.

Melbourne's Paton Place specialises in coffee and wedges of high-caloried coffee cakes.

There's not a turgid emotion or tangled love life in sight.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said: "I can't understand this diet craze. I know you are supposed to feel better and to live longer when you are thin, but a friend of mine who went on a diet used to have the happiest personality, but now she snaps at her husband and children, and has turned into a real monster. But she IS getting thin." Once again, progress. Right?

Momma's moral: I think the worst kind of reducing pill is the one who keeps telling you how she did it.

NEXT WEEK



★ May we introduce (top row): Rufus the terrier and Butch the bulldog, with (bottom row) Penelope the poodle and Montague the dandy

... they're among the seven engaging toy dogs included in our

Eight-page lift-out

TOYS TO MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS

AND there are two rag dolls as well (plus their clothes). You can buy the patterns; diagrams and how-to-make directions are in our book.



And:

CELEBRATION DINNERS FOR FOUR



★
Mmmmm!
This confection is a Strawberry Cream Puff

... and it's one of the desserts in a four-page cookery feature of menus for the businesswoman and the busy housewife.

And:

Speaking of cooking, of course, herbs are Very Important...

★ Why not grow your own?

It's a "pleasant and useful little hobby," says our gardening expert—and gives advice.

And:



In color, a
FASHION
VIEW
OF
HAWAII

Zamba, the friendly lion



ZAMBA and his co-star, Fred MacMurray.

THE death of Leo the MGM lion recently posed quite a problem for the studio until they found Zamba, known as the friendliest lion in Hollywood.

Zamba, as well as roaring for MGM, works on TV.

His debut is on that popular series "My Three Sons" (ATN7, Thursdays, 7.00 p.m.), when he appears in "There's a WHAT in the Attic?"

Fred MacMurray, star of "My Three Sons," seems to find Zamba compatible—as the picture at left shows.

Personally, I like my cats smaller. Zamba weighs 500lb. and is eight years old. He is said to have a most

commanding roar, which happily is worse than his bite, according to his trainer-owner, Ralph Helfer, who operates Africa U.S.A., a firm which provides virtually every Hollywood film-maker with large animals.

MacMurray says Zamba was very gentle with everyone in "My Three Sons."

"Zamba was with us for three days, and he walked through his paces gently and unerringly.

"His trainer enticed him from time to time with tit-bits of raw meat, and after watching him devour that raw meat I couldn't help checking to see if my hands were still intact."

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 29, 1965

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This feeling could only be Johnson's

Johnson's is the Baby Powder that absorbs moisture, keeps skin cool and fresh. (But don't take a baby's word for it. Try Johnson's on your very own skin tomorrow.)

Johnson & Johnson Best for baby, best for you.

Television

Peyton Place

VIEWERS all over Australia will see this month the TV wedding of the year when "Peyton Place" regulars Constance Mackenzie (Dorothy Malone), Elliot Carson (Kim O'Connor) marry.

The marriage follows 18 years in jail for Elliot, who is the father of Constance's illegitimate daughter, Allison (Mia Farrow). It is a milestone in this turgid TV serial, which was born out of the envy of American producers for England's successful "Coronation Street."

• "Peyton Place" may be seen in Sydney on TCN9 at 9 p.m., Mondays, Wednesdays; in Melbourne on GTV9, 8.30 p.m., Mondays, Thursdays; Adelaide on NWS9, 8.30 p.m., Wednesdays, Fridays; Hobart TVT6, 9.30 p.m., Mondays, Wednesdays; in Brisbane on QTQ9, 8.30 p.m., Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays; and Perth on STW9, 8 p.m., Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays.



ABOVE: Allison Mackenzie (Mia Farrow), daughter of Constance and Elliot. While Allison is in a TV coma, Mia has been romancing with Frank Sinatra.

RIGHT: Dorothy Malone, Academy Award-winning actress (divorced from Frenchman Jacques Bergerac: two daughters, Mimi, 5, and Diane, 3), plays Constance.

LEFT: Elliot Carson (Kim O'Connor), the bridegroom. "Peyton Place," which is on three times a week in America, is a showcase of acting talent.



New from Simpson: Styleline!

...first with signature doors!



Dutch Tulip



New Horizons



Cleopatra



Celestial



Corroboree

...and in gleaming white too!



13 cu. ft., 2-door

...a revolution in refrigerators!

...and a great new standard in performance!

Simpson scores with *Styleline* refrigerators—the ultimate in design and performance. Simpson also scores with Signature doors, seven beautiful decorator door designs in lifetime quality materials, to beautify your kitchen. They are available on the two-door, 13 cu. ft. and giant 14 cu. ft. models.

SIMPSON, PERFECTION IN PERFORMANCE

Years of Simpson research give you the best-performing refrigerators yet made! Choice of models from 10 to 14 cu. ft., choice of right- and left-hand-opening doors. There's a magnificent two-door model, too.

LOOK AT THESE MAGNIFICENT FEATURES!

- Exclusive "Cellar Door" takes all bottles off the storage shelves into the door (13 and 14 cu. ft. models).



- Special canted bottle recesses hold bottles better, give easier removal of the tallest wine bottles. (13 and 14 cu. ft. models.)

- Two-door model. Extra large freezer compartment has a huge 115 lbs. storage capacity. Lower compartment has exclusive wrap-around secondary evaporator with silent cyclic defrost.

- Single door models. Exclusive evaporators with 5-sided refrigeration for more complete, faster defrosting (others only refrigerate on four sides).

- Quicker recovery of temperature no matter how many times the door is opened.
- Improved door design takes a heavier load with complete stability.
- Semi-sealed meat tray keeps meat at a perfect temperature—no thawing needed!



- Glide-out, tarnish-proof shelves allow easy removal of food from the rear. Shelves are wider, too!

- All fixed shelves lift out for easy cleaning.

- Extra-large freezer compartment with an unusually large freezer space of up to 47 lbs. capacity.

- Roomy utility shelves, pull-down dairy and butter compartments, egg-racks—all in Simpson's amazingly spacious doors.

- Extensive crisper storage.

- All-round magnetic door seal with improved magnetic gasket designed to last a lifetime.

- Simpson Power Pak compressors have power to spare, cope with extremes in heat with ease even when fully loaded.

- Guaranteed Simpson craftsmanship, quality and dependability.

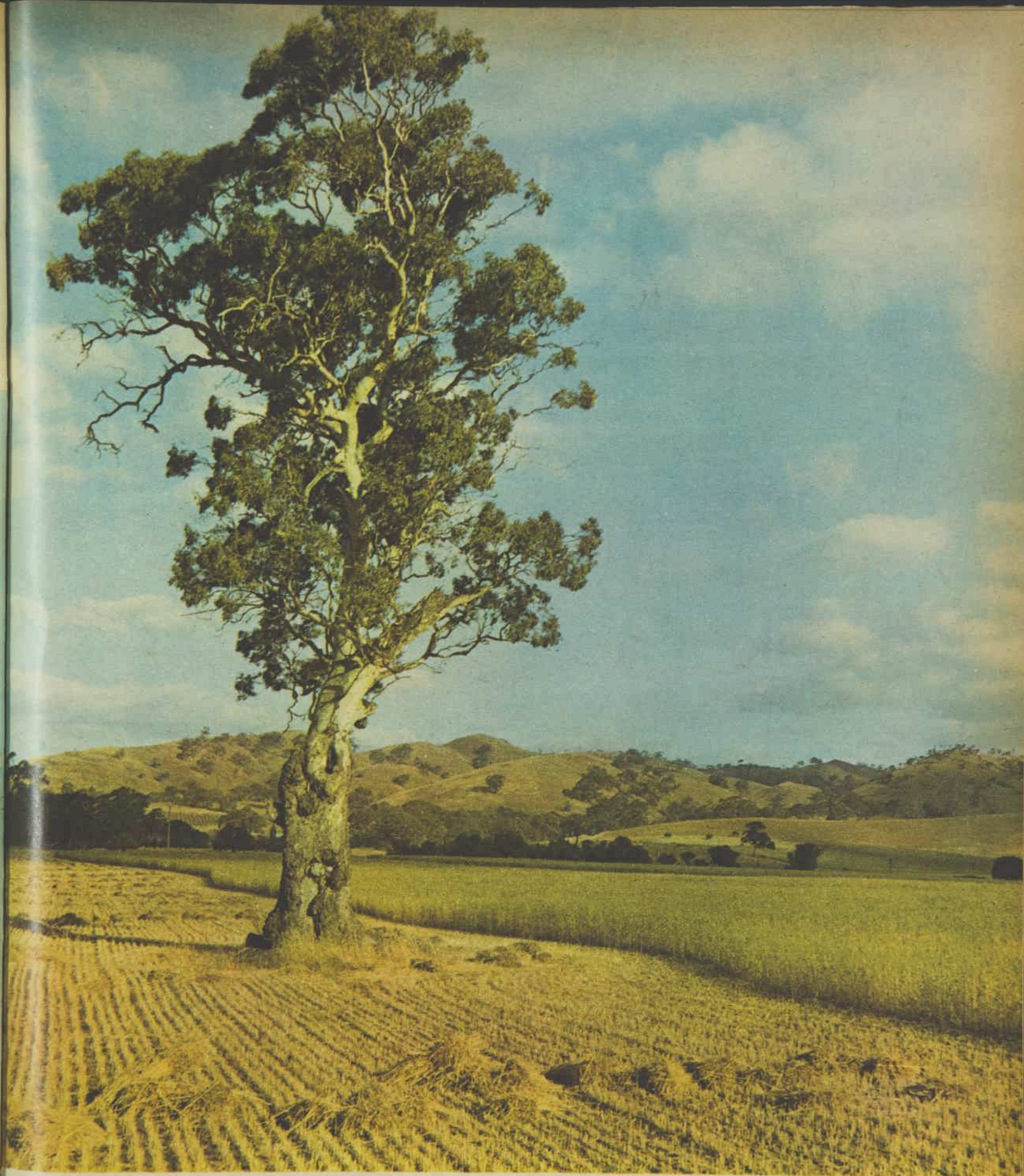
- An attractively bound recipe book is supplied with Simpson *Styleline* refrigerators. Excepting the 10 cu. ft. manual model.

See them now—the newest and best name in refrigerators!



Simpson Styleline

Don't settle for less than a SIMPSON 



At harvest time in the Barossa Valley

— Picture by Keith Phillips, Mitcham, S.A.

● Tranquil scene of harvested hay against the rolling hills of the Barossa Valley, South Australia, about 50 miles from Adelaide. The valley, noted for its vineyards and great family wineries, also gains much of its income from mixed farming. Its lovely scenery is a top tourist attraction.

BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA



Peek a'nees

wickedly feminine
Prestige nylons with
embroidered applique motifs, 12/11

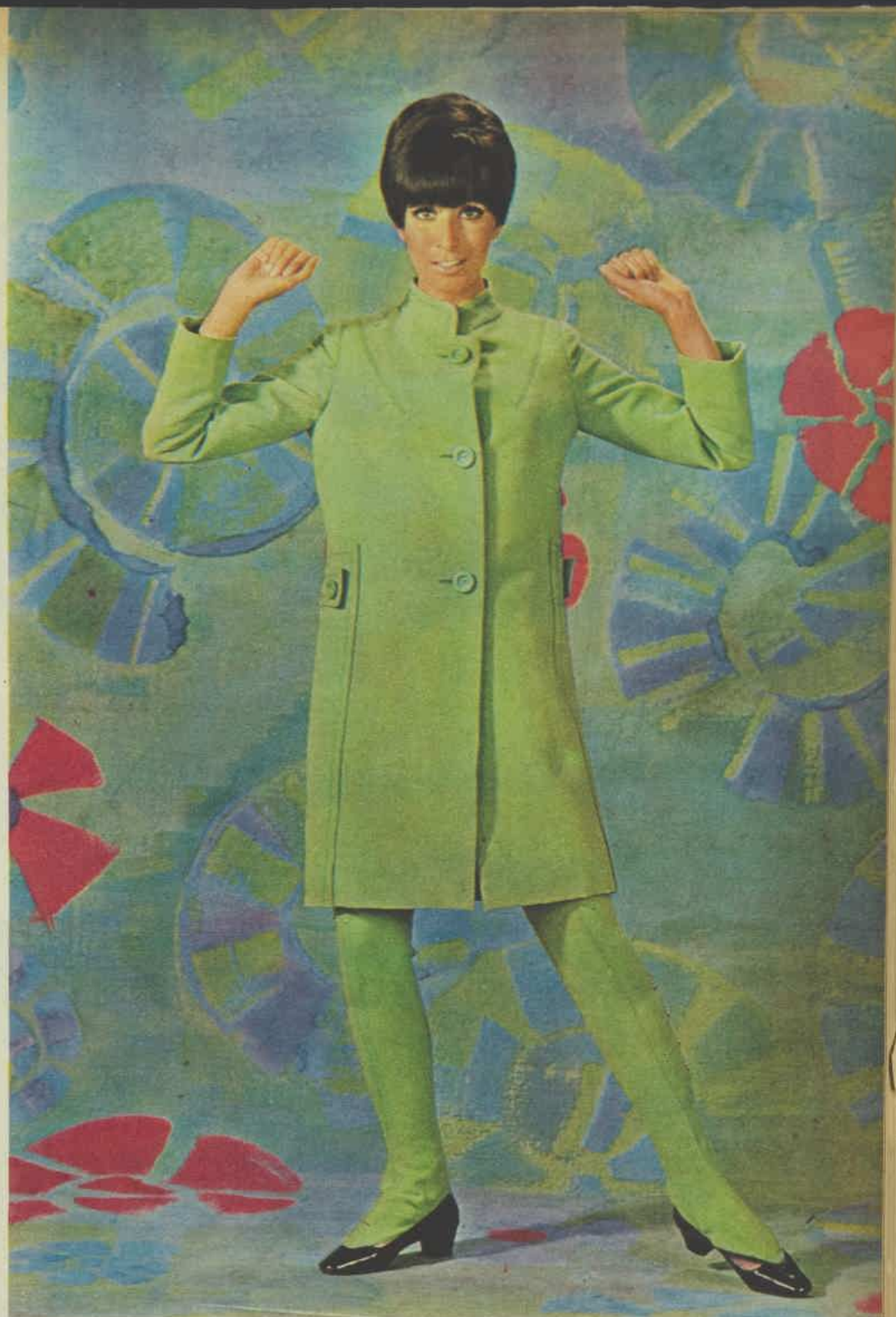


Paris started skirts flying high. Swirled and pleated them. Made knees the newest beauty spot. So we've put the glamour right there . . . an embroidered butterfly, a heart or a rosebud (just to name a few) appliqued on sheerest wisps of nylon. Wear a pair today. PEEK A'NEES . . . 15 denier micro-mesh with embroidered applique motif on the knee of the right stocking. Shades of Cognac or Drumbeat. Completely washable and colourfast.



Take this motif guide to your nearest store and
choose the PEEK A'NEES NYLONS you like best

CHIC YOUTH MOVEMENT IN PARIS AUTUMN FASHION



● Louis Feraud's mini-length coat and long matching gaiters (above) are made in Chinese-green gabardine. The outfit is a chic salute to the new youth movement which prevailed in the autumn Paris collections. Note the sleek coif.



YOUTH — and it is elegant youth — swept through every Paris autumn couture and boutique collection. The autumn skirtline was short; some were above knee-level and some even higher.

It is obvious that the shift, or easyfit silhouette, will not be shifted. In some variation it appeared in every collection.

Oriental colors, headed by mandarin-orange and Chinese-jade, are important. Caramel is newer than beige, and red-white-and-blue newer still. In the night light, silver mingled with gold has replaced gold worn solo.

Black is back. It's merry-widow black, rather vampish, and worn from five o'clock onward.

Stripes, square and diamond checks are autumn chic — Paris style.

By **BETTY KEEP**

Feather and fur trims are used in fresh and amusing new ways. Louis Feraud's straight-cut mini-length coat, worn with long matching zipped-up gaiters, is a way-out autumn fashion done with elegance.

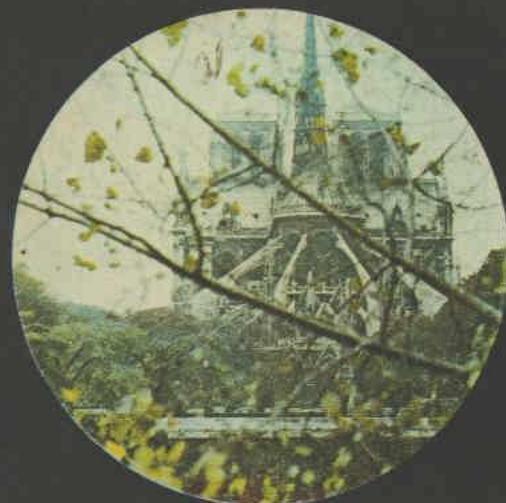
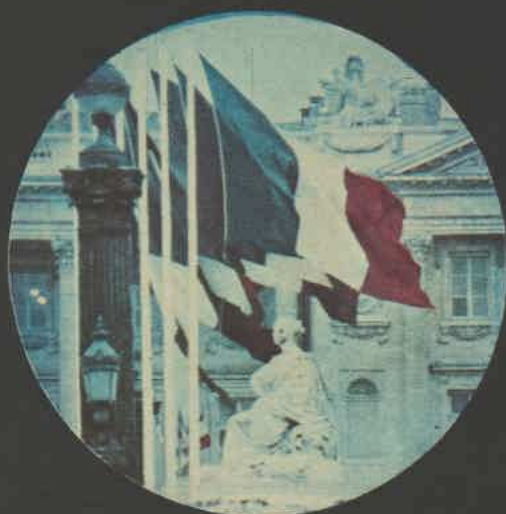
Cardin's gesture to the current youth movement is his Red Riding Hood fashion. Other Cardin signatures are dark stockings and a stranglehold neckline. This new neckline is not as drastic as it sounds. It is high to the throat, usually finished with a turtle-type collar.

Hoods should be noted. In fabric, feathered, or fur, they often replace hats.

The message from Paris is youth, but it's elegant youth, to be enjoyed by all age groups.

Continued overleaf

● Pierre Cardin's orange crepe evening dress (left) has matching ostrich feathers spiralling around the back and front panels. The dress has the shift-like line that appeared in every autumn collection. Note the bow-trimmed shoes.



PARIS AUTUMN FASHIONS (continued)



● Pierre Balmain's theatre coat and dress (left) made in superb gold and silver lame. Coat and dress are both straight-cut and braid-trimmed. The ensemble is worn with a mink hat.



● Pierre Cardin's Red Riding Hood theme is interpreted (right) by a hooded cape, worn over a slim dress. The cape is double fastened and finished with a self-material bow tie under the chin. The ensemble is made in caramel velours.


● Castillo's above-knee-length jumper dress (below) made in black and white diamond-check linen. The jumper is worn with a little-boy shirt and helmet hat. In Paris the helmet hat is made to cover the short coif.



● Dark stockings were a feature of the Cardin autumn collection. Above, they are worn with a two-tone zig-zag dress, with one of the stranglehold necklines.

● Nina Ricci's chic horizontal-striped double-fastened coat (below), made in red-white-and-blue cotton jersey. The coat is worn with a matching rugger scarf.





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FOR THAT 'GREAT TO BE ALIVE' FEELING



Dress Sense

By
BETTY KEEP

3419. — Frill-trimmed shift and pinafore dress, teen sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16, for 30, 32 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 3419, the price, 5/6, includes postage. Pattern is available from Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

● This special two-in-one pattern, consisting of a frill-trimmed shift and tailored pinafore dress, is my design choice for a teenage reader.

THE reader wanted a youthful design. Here is part of her letter, with my reply:

"Could you let me have a pattern for a pinafore dress and something to wear under it? I am in my teens and have a 36in. bust."

The dress and pinafore illustrated above will give you two separate designs in the one pattern. The garments can be worn together as shown or worn as separate units. I hope you will like this idea. It is really more practical than a pinafore and blouse. If you wish to order a pattern, full details are given beside the illustration.

"Could you give me an idea as to what style of costume jewellery would be correct with a blue jersey afternoon frock? The dress has a draped bodice."

Keep the line of the bodice unadorned and wear pearl stud earrings only.

"I would like to have a style and pattern for an afternoon dress to fit a 42in. bust. I have 4yds. of nice soft shantung to make the design."

Our pattern department has a very elegant design for an afternoon dress in your size. The dress has straight, easy-fitting lines, soft, dropped shoulders, a cowl neckline, and a belt, or it can be worn beltless. The dress can be sleeveless or have three-quarter

sleeves. If you wish to order a pattern, please quote Vogue Pattern 6251; the price 7/6 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Could you assist me in selecting accessories to wear with a light wool coat made in a spring-green?"

With your green coat you could wear accessories in off-white or beige.

"I am going on a summer cruise, and my friends don't seem to know if it will be necessary to wear formal evening dress at night. Please advise me on this point."

You will change for dinner, but this does not mean formal evening dress. For most evenings during the cruise a pretty short-skirted dress is adequate. However, there is sure to be a special gala evening. For such an occasion it would be nice to have something a little more formal. A short evening dress or cocktail dress would be perfect.

"Is a suit with a bolero jacket still worn? If it is, please supply me with some style details suitable for a tall girl."

The currently fashionable bolero jacket is cropped to just below waist level. The jacket is double-breasted and worn with a flared or all-round pleated skirt.

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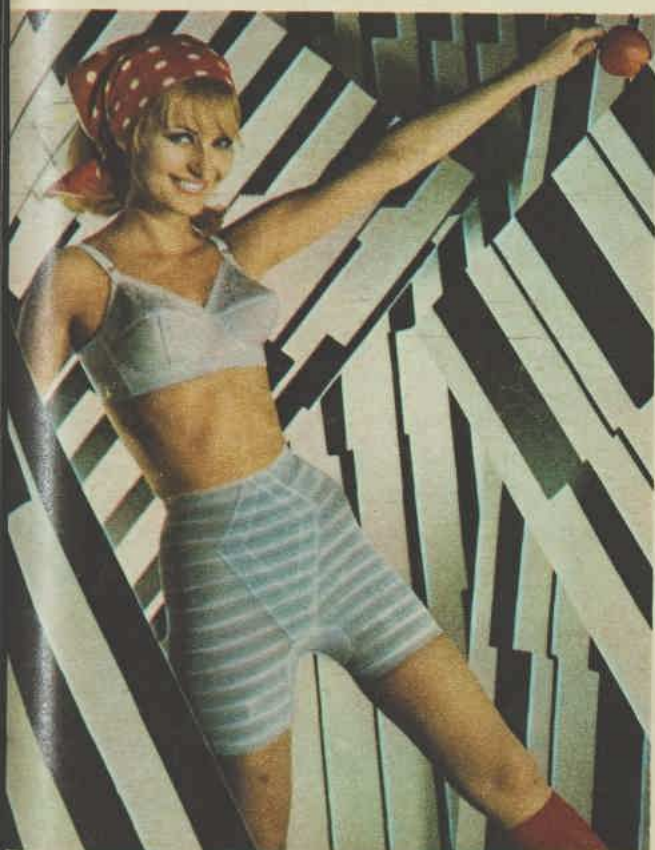
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Grey, Coffee, Magenta, Black, 24"-31". 59/6 or \$5.95. 7784. 'Diamonet' medium leg pantie in 'Fun Stripes' has fore 'n' aft control. In 'Luranet'. Pink, Blue, Lemon, Grey, Coffee, Magenta, Black. 'Magic Oval' crotch. 24"-31", at 75/- or \$7.50.

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- ③ Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
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The Summer Hat

It was indeed a fitting tribute—a short story

By JOHN MONTGOMERY

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

NO one in the village could remember a time when Miss Sarah Patch had not lived at the old Vicarage with her sister, Miss Alice. Few could tell one from the other, they were so alike. Mr. Ayling, the milkman who delivered their daily half pint at the back of the grey, crumbling house, sometimes saw one of them, but he couldn't have truthfully said which. Miss Sarah left the money under a flowerpot every Saturday, and that was that.

They dressed in almost identical black clothes, as if still mourning the passing of their father, who had been the vicar long ago, when the village had been only half its present size and there were hardly any motor-cars in the lane.

They seldom went out, except into the high-hedged garden or across the road to church on Sundays. All their days were yesterdays, life seemed to have passed them by.

It was not surprising that when Sarah became ill no one except Dr. Holt knew about it. Even he could hardly tell them apart. But there was a slight difference which he recognised, for Sarah—the elder by only a few hours—was the hard one, the ruler of the roost, and Alice was the gentle, meek, and simple one who did as she was told.

At first, Sarah didn't appear to be seriously ill. Alice was instructed to keep her in bed, to light a fire in the bedroom (for the first time for nearly thirty years), and to administer daily medicine and nourishing food. Sarah had little more than a chill, but the doctor judged that his patient was nearly eighty, and certainly wasn't strong.

Not that this was Alice's fault, for she had devoted all her life to Sarah's welfare and would have married her man, a handsome lieutenant in the Royal Marines, far back in the Kaiser's war, if only her elder sister had not been delicate and needed care and attention.

Alice had realised that she could never leave her, and she had stayed on in the dismal old house, keeping her company. They never went away, and as the years slipped by so the house paint began to peel and the curtains gradually faded, and the framed prints in the big, cold hall became flyblown.

Sarah managed the accounts and signed the cheques, but they spent very little money because there was nothing expensive they needed. They ate frugally, went nowhere, and dressed in clothes that looked as if they had been chosen from old scrapbooks or long-forgotten dress patterns.

When Sarah showed no signs of getting better, and began to develop an unpleasant cough, Alice grew worried. At the beginning of the second week Dr. Holt suggested that perhaps it might be wiser to move her to the county hospital, but Sarah insisted she would rather stay at home, and Alice said she was quite capable of nursing her.

To page 40

Holding the dress in front of the mirror, Alice recalled the night she met Charles.





FOR THE KITCHEN SINK

Fresh, matching colours in this gay, boilproof bowl and strainer, plus super quality washing-up and pot brushes. Buy together or separately. Complete set 21/-. Bowl 8/6. Strainer 4/3. Brushes 4/3ea.



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THIS COULD BE THE DAY

A short story by ANN PARDOE

SUCH a little while ago, breakfast had been a nice, companionable meal. They had never talked much; Jane would glance at the morning paper while Sue, her daughter, would listen to the radio playing softly as she attacked egg and bacon, coffee and toast with youthful zest.

They both had to go out afterward—Jane to the office and Sue to a secretarial college. But there had always been time for peace and quiet, and a good meal to start the day. And now everything had changed.

It's my fault, Jane thought, dropping two slices of bread into the new electric toaster. There can't be anything wrong with Sue, just returned from a gorgeous holiday and happier than I've ever known her. At least, she amended, that was how she seemed at first. But now she's up and down like mercury—so restless and nervy.

Jane's mind slid away from the problem of Sue as she thought: If I don't hear this morning, I've lost it. What can they possibly be doing all this time?

"Mother!"

At Sue's voice, unnecessarily loud, Jane was startled into snapping: "Must you shout?" Sue retorted irritably: "How can you expect bread to toast if you don't switch it on?"

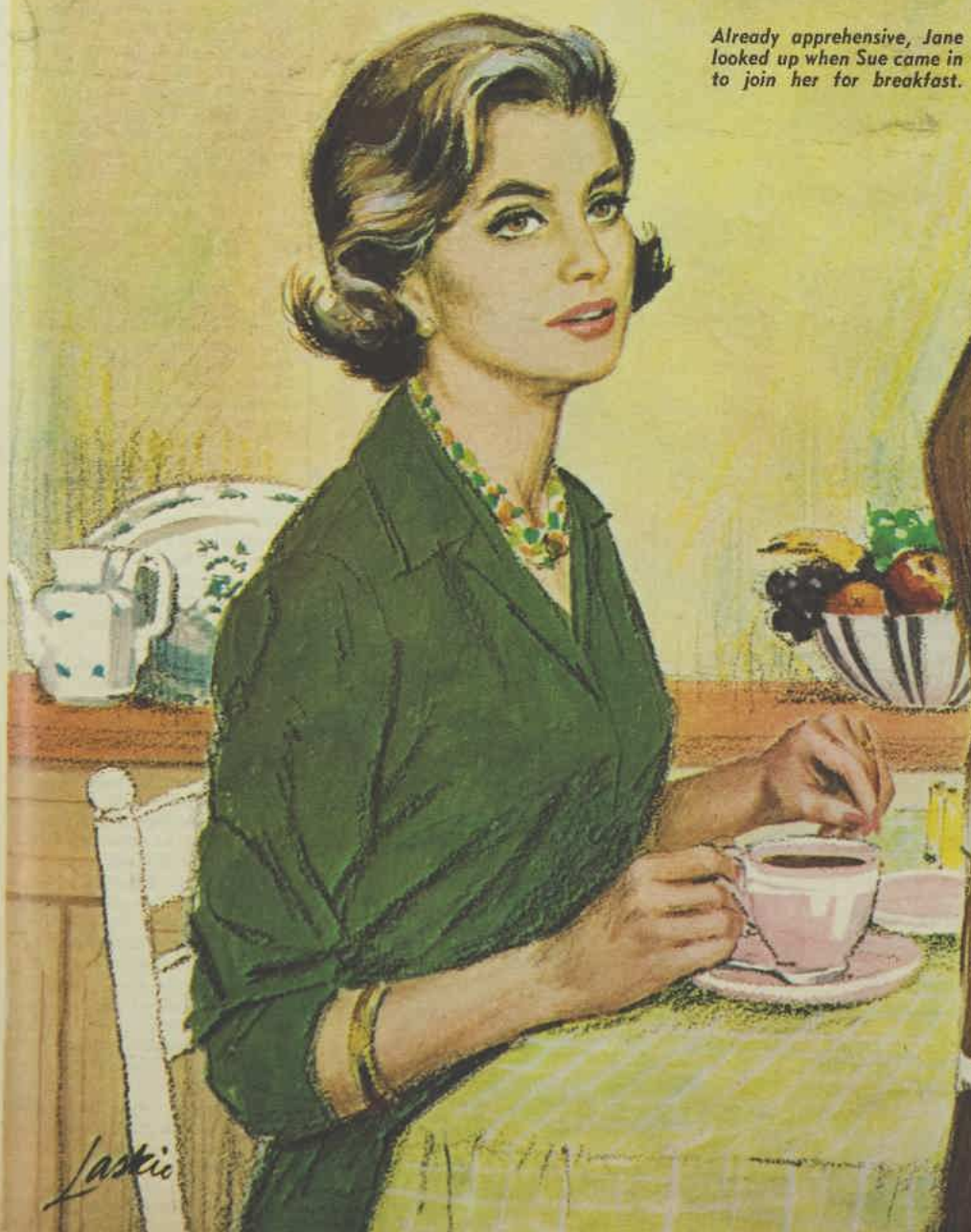
Not many mornings ago, they would both have collapsed with laughter. But now, lapping themselves in brooding silence again, woman and girl stood watching the new toaster as if mesmerised, until Sue murmured: "You don't have to watch, you know. It'll pop up."

"Yes, I suppose so," Jane said, and thought guiltily: I shouldn't have bought the thing. It's time I outgrew crazy notions like celebrating, in advance, something that may never happen. But no, I'm just a foolish woman, forty-two years old, five years a widow, and still without sufficient sense to manage on my salary.

The toast popped up and Sue muttered: "Don't put in any more for me."

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Already apprehensive, Jane looked up when Sue came in to join her for breakfast.





THE HAUGHTY CAT

She was the pride and joy of her mistress
and basked in the praise of her admirers
A short short story by **ROMIE HILL**



Marmie says:

If Junior is a finick
About the food he eats.

If you woo him (when you shouldn't)
With chocolate, cream, and sweets.

If he won't eat vegetables
Then young Marmie's tip you try
Marmite topped with celery
Sends young appetites sky high!

(Marmite spreads, nourishes, satisfies. To say nothing of how beautifully peaceful it makes meal times)



Young lions roar for Marmite, the appetite builder

SAMANTHA lay on the pink satin cushion as if perfectly satisfied with the effect she must make on the beholder, her head held high and the amethyst-and-diamond collar about her neck catching beams of light through the venetian blinds.

"I'm beautiful," she seemed to say with unblinking eyes, but Peter, as usual, remained immune to her allure.

"I don't know, dahling," he drawled. "I'm not at all sure about it."

"But why?" protested Andrea, quick to defend her beloved. "She looks absolutely gorgeous!"

"Too obvious."

"Too obvious? Whatever can you mean: since when has a cat wearing amethysts and diamonds become commonplace?"

"The color, sweetie. All this pink and mauve and silver. You know?"

"No," she said frostily. "I don't know. She looks utterly bewitching. Just because you have this thing about Samantha."

"I have not a thing about her—or, for that matter, any other cat." Samantha yawned and daintily licked her forepaws.

"There!" said Peter triumphantly. "Simply typical. She moved just as I was about to snap her."

"You were about to do no such thing," Andrea snapped. "You were still in the middle of all that diatribe about it being too obvious. You make me sick, Peter. You're always happy to photograph those wooden-faced models, but as soon as Samantha comes on the scene you go all temperamental."

"I hate cats."

"But Samantha is not just a cat and you know it. She's the find of the season. She's been photographed more often than the Model of the Year. She's even been nominated for—"

"Spare me!" he interrupted. "It's bad enough being commissioned to photograph her without having to learn her history."

Samantha was bored. In the early days of her career, she enjoyed the limelight. As the world's most beautiful kitten, she was pampered and feted, treated like the treasure of the art world, but, as she lost her kittenish ways, her public seemed a trifle less adoring, while people like Peter even had the audacity to treat her with indifference or disdain.

Oh, it was different when she was tiny. She distinctly recalled the fuss he had made the first time he saw her. "But, dahling, how sweet, how utterly adorable!"

But those days were over. Now Peter referred to her as though she was just any cat and, as far as possible, Samantha treated him with haughty disdain. Until he touched her.

Throughout their interminable wrangling she had attempted to remain aloof, yawning or presenting herself on the pink satin cushion with the most casually affected elegance she could muster, but, suddenly, without warning,

Peter decided to completely alter her position without consulting Andrea and he touched her.

Quick as a flash, Samantha unsheathed her claws and lacerated his hand with satisfactory result.

"She scratched me!" Peter shrieked. "The infernal thing scratched me."

"Good for her," Andrea shouted. "What would you expect, grabbing her like that!"

"Grabbing her?" he shrieked. "I barely touched her. I just wanted to change her position."

"That's my job. She's my cat," "Your job. My job. I'm sorry I ever started this."

"Mamma's sweetie," Andrea crooned, stroking Samantha's throat.

Samantha threw Peter a disdainful look across her shoulder, then tilted her head back, yielding more of her throat to Andrea's soothing fingers.

"Poor baby," Andrea crooned. "I bleed and you call her 'Poor baby,'" Peter complained.

"She's not herself. Are you, darling one? She's been restless for days. Last night she wouldn't even eat her Filet Mignon and after Momma cutting it up into teeny weensy pieces for her and usually she loves it so."

"If you devoted just half the attention to people that you lavish on that animal, dahling, one might suspect that you have the beginning of a soul," Peter said, mopping pathetically at his hand with a handkerchief. "Don't you care that the creature made me bleed?"

Andrea's lips compressed into a thin line. "Au contraire, dahling. It surprises me to know you can bleed!" Then she flounced from the room with Samantha thrust under her arm just like any cat.

Samantha was furious. It seemed she was being submitted to one indignity after another and she resented it bitterly, giving voice to her protests in a tone that only a royal-bred Siamese can emulate.

"Oh, shut up!" Andrea snapped and that was the final straw. To be spoken to like that! Samantha fixed Andrea with a cold, drop-dead look that she had never been called upon to use before and, upon being almost thrown into her carrying basket, with the greatest of difficulty contrived to turn her back on her wayward mistress.

The studio lift was slow in coming and Andrea fumed. If her darling and joy had fallen head first from the basket, she could not have cared less.

"You're running late tonight," Clarrie the lift-driver observed. "Wot's wrong with 'er ladyship?"

"She's not herself," Andrea snapped.

"You'se can say that again," he remarked as Samantha wilted visibly on her violet cushion. "You'se think she's sick?"

Andrea ignored the question as if it had never been made and stalked from the building.

"Humph," muttered Andrea, swinging the basket so wide as she came through the double doors that the pavement was almost littered with cat, violet cushion, diamond collar, and all.

So that was all she cared! Galvanised to action, Samantha, with one leap, cleared the cushion and streaked down the tree-lined street.

"Samantha!" Andrea screamed, recalling that this was her darling, her pride, her joy, who had never set foot from their penthouse without being borne in her cushioned basket by her loving and doting mistress. "... Sam ... an ... tha! ..."

But Samantha ran as free as the wind, not like just any cat, for she still wore her amethyst-and-diamond collar, but here she was liberated with the rushing whoosh of tyres spurring her on to greater speed and pools of gold on the

footpath where the streetlamps spilled their light.

"... Sam ... an ... tha! ..."
"... Sam ... an ... tha! ..."
Would that woman never be quiet?

Around the corner Samantha hurtled as light darted like moonbeams along the road. And then she heard it. Her whiskers trembled as she waited for the sound again and her sensitive nostrils were titillated by the gentle fragrance of green trees.

She peered into the foliage of the highest tree, unsure whether to continue or retreat, and then she saw him sitting on the widest bough etched against the moonlight ...

All her ailments and restlessness of the past days seemed to dissipate and she trembled with excitement. What a remarkable creature! Just

an ordinary cat to be sure, but not a cushion in her wardrobe was such a magnificent gold.

"Who are you? You're beautiful," he seemed to call.

Feigning indifference, she licked her forepaws as he began to sing.

What sound! What poignant expression! She had never felt so well, so wonderful, so beautiful!

"Sam—an—tha! ..."

"You'll have to wait," she thought crossly. "This is my night to sing," and, seemingly still reluctant, she climbed a tree for the very first time and sat on the same bough as her suitor.

Then, with bursting throat, she joined in his lovesong, noting with satisfaction that her voice was truly very fine.

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Flies can be deadly. Every fly is a carrier of dirt and disease. One fly can carry the germs of such dangerous diseases as hepatitis, poliomyelitis, and typhoid. To protect your family's health from filthy, disease-carrying flies, you should spray Mortein when you see even one fly in your home. Mortein kills flies so fast, they don't have a chance to spread disease. Mortein is completely safe to use. Mortein is different from all other insect sprays and can safely be sprayed anywhere in the home, even near babies and food.

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Cunning as a Fox



Cautiously, Ronald glanced along the street, but Elsa was quite unconcerned.

FOR years CATHERINE O'NEILL has worried about her son, RONALD, but her husband, HARRY, is oblivious to this. One morning she is appalled to find two hundred and fifty pounds under his mattress. But before she can question him she has to console her seven-year-old daughter, ELSA, whom Ronald has been cruelly teasing.

As usual, Ronald has a ready excuse, saying some friends had asked him to mind the money. Catherine learns that the local postmistress has been murdered and thieves have escaped with a large amount of money. Harry accuses her of being mentally sick, but before she can reason with him the police call wanting to know what time Ronald had come in the night before, as a car had been stolen and they suspect he knows something. Frightened, Catherine lies, but after the detective leaves, Harry listens to her, then goes to the homes of two boys Ronald had said were with him.

Hearing someone upstairs, Catherine disturbs a young man ransacking Ronald's room. He threatens her with a knife when she says she does not know where the money is, but she escapes into Elsa's room and shortly after hears Ronald fighting. Later she sees the man whom Ronald calls BROCKWAY lying dead at the bottom of the stairs. When Harry arrives home Ronald tells them he has been forced to drive a car for Brockway and his brother, SLIM, but denies knowing about the murder. Turning on Catherine he blames her for everything and Harry knocks him out.

CHIEF-INSPECTOR IBBOTSON arrives to find Ronald drugged and unable to be questioned. He says the knife used to threaten Catherine is the one which killed the postmistress. Harry refuses to allow Catherine to be questioned until he has called in DR. CELLINI to see her. NOW READ ON:

CATHERINE spoke the name to herself two or three times. Dr. Emmanuel Cellini. She had seen him occasionally, and wondered who the benevolent-looking old man was. One of the shopkeepers had called him "doctor" and that had seemed to fit. No one had ever actually announced his true profession, but awareness of it had grown. He was a doctor of medicine and he was a doctor of psychology; a psychiatrist. Not far from Stoneley there was a hospital which had been known as an asylum when Catherine had first known it. Dr. Cellini was a consultant there.

She heard Harry's voice on the telephone in the hall.

"Is Dr. Cellini there, please? . . . My name is O'Neill, Henry O'Neill . . . I am Dr. Cellini's accountant, but I would like to consult him professionally . . . Yes, I'll hold on."

He stood facing the wall, the telephone at his right ear. The sound of movement upstairs was continuous; it seemed as if the police were shifting furniture about. Yet Elsa slept. Ibbotson was still in the hall, on his own now, ostentatiously making notes. Dr. Gardner, the police doctor, appeared to have gone. The important thing was to avoid letting anyone realise that he was not only

Cellini's accountant but he that he had consulted Cellini about Catherine.

He was as worried as Catherine about the way they had drifted apart, even more worried about her attitude toward their son. It seemed to him unnatural and abnormal. One day he had been discussing some of Cellini's expenses, so that he could justify them with the Inspector of Taxes, and had queried the cost of a dinner party with a client and his client's wife.

"Surely that was a social expense, Dr. Cellini?"

"No, Mr. O'Neill, it was strictly business. The wife did not know that I had been consulted, and that I was in fact examining her—in her attitudes, her share of the conversation, her reaction to certain topics and little accidents—such as spilling sherry on her handbag. I was able to diagnose a certain kind of anxiety tension . . ."

It had been so easy to talk to the man about his own anxiety, about Catherine.

"Good evening, Mr. O'Neill." Dr. Cellini's slightly husky voice jolted Harry back to the present.

"I'd like you to come and see me if you can," Harry said. "I'm sorry it's so late."

"The time is not of importance. Are you sure you really require my services?"

To page 16

Concluding our two-part suspense serial

By MICHAEL HALLIDAY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 29, 1965



Three wishes . . .

. . . yours come true in
gay Tam O'Shanter cotton knits

Wish No. 1 — the latest, greatest U.S. styles! Wish No. 2 — cotton knits you can confidently machine-wash. Wish No. 3 — shapes and colours that will not change. Tam O'Shanter has them all for everybody in the toddlers'-to-teens' team.

Left 3542 "Young Miss" 3-7 years 27/6 8-10 29/11 White/Red White/Navy Pink/White Dreamy Blue/White Centre 3553 "Smart Girl" 4-6 years 27/6 8-14 29/11 Carnival Pink/White Gay Blue/White Lemon/White Right 3646 "Carousel" 6 years 25/- 8-14 27/11 Gay Blue combination Carnival Pink combination Gold combination

A variety of stretch shorts and Bermudas from 23/6 to 32/6.

KAYSER

Tam O'Shanter

MADE IN AUSTRALIA UNDER LICENCE BY KAYSER

Page 35



Gown by Hartnell of Melbourne
Fur by Alan Furs

What we have discovered about the Fair Sex

and the new Fairmont by Ford



Their eyes smile as they are escorted into the luxurious twin seating, upholstered with "Doe Skin" — the finest quality vinyl available anywhere in the world.

They feel like Princesses as they relax in the magnificent contour-cushioned design, lavishly padded with foam rubber.

They adore the wood-grain panelling on the instrument panel, and the finest cut-pile carpeting underfoot.

They are charmed by the colours — champagne, charcoal, ice-blue, and parchment — with colour-keyed upholstery, trim and headlining.

They love the new elegance in lighting that floods the whole car floor with soft light when any door is opened. They are soothed by the almost soundless hush-quiet ride, the cosiness of the heater/demister.

They are thrilled by the effortless power and performance of the "Super Pursuit 200" engine and the smoothness of Fordomatic "3S" 3-speed automatic transmission.

They are reassured by the power-disc brakes in front, and the balanced power-assisted brakes at the rear, the

seat-belt anchor points, the safety-type steering wheel and safety wheel rims.

They are telling all their friends that the Fairmont is the most luxurious, and most beautiful thing on wheels, for its price, in the whole country. We love 'em!

The Fairmont's luxurious twin front seats are equipped with individual fully-adjustable reclining mechanisms. Other standard features not mentioned above are: fully-padded dashboard and sun visors; windshield washers; rear-seal folding centre armrest; ashtray in armrests on rear doors; two rear-passenger reading lights; wide-beam reversing lights. Also available as a Station Wagon.

Fairmont BY FORD

A new inspiration in luxury and value

FORD OF AUSTRALIA



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 29, 1965

Should children be given a choice of their surname?

"THINKING" asks if the three children of her first marriage should be consulted as to whether they adopt their stepfather's name or keep their Polish surname. The two older children should have a say as to whether their name is changed by adoption. However, there are many advantages to be gained in their adoption by their stepfather. Would it be possible to compromise by having the two names hyphenated?

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Slade, Carlingford, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
YOUR new husband, who will now be their breadwinner, and worry when they are sick, deserves the right of giving his name to your children. It could also save embarrassment in the future. When I was nine my mother remarried, and I begged to have my surname changed to hers. I am now 15 and very happy to be known as "Jimmy's elder daughter."

£1/1/- to "Little Judy" (name supplied), Mackay, Qld.

★ ★ ★
ALLOW your children to retain their own Polish name. They are obviously proud of it, and no one has the right to take it away from them. You are very fortunate they have accepted their stepfather, so don't let resentment creep in by forcing them to give up their birthright.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Prout, Watson, A.C.T.

★ ★ ★
BEING boys, your children should be allowed to have a say in the matter of their surname, for they will live with it for the rest of their lives, and will hand it down through their own children. I think you would be very fair in letting them choose for themselves.

£1/1/- to Miss Janice McNair, Riverstone, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
TO avoid any embarrassing mistakes at school and elsewhere in having a different surname from their mother, it would perhaps be wisest (even with, as in this case, boy children) to accept the new name which the new father offers with the new home.

£1/1/- to "Elderly J.P." (name supplied), Kedron, Qld.

★ ★ ★
THESE children should be allowed a say in such an important matter. Were I in their place I would not give up my name, plain and ordinary though it may sound. A name is a natural birthright, handed down by generations of ancestors, and it becomes a part of one's personality. Even when, with a girl, she marries and adopts her husband's name, her own is never really forgotten.

£1/1/- to Miss D. Browne, Coonamble, N.S.W.



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Friendly Fred

WE have a pet kangaroo, Fred, and a horse, Jack, who have become great mates. When Jack whinnies, Fred bounds over fences to him and then lovingly strokes Jack's neck or pulls hairs from his tail or mane. On some days Fred insists on accompanying Jack when my husband is rounding up cattle. He hops along with our four dogs, with whom he has a fair understanding, and will travel three to four miles before returning home, tired but happy.

£1/1/- to J.A.S. (name supplied), Goomeri, Qld.

Eighty-four years young

MY mother is 84, and to my mind deserves a pat on the back for the effort she has made to overcome the effects of a stroke which affected her speech and paralysed the right side of her body. By determination and the help of speech therapists, she has learned to speak again. She has learned a new way to knit and makes colored squares which my sister joins by crochet into rugs. She has also learned to walk and can wash up dishes one-handed as quickly and well as most people. She's great, and she's 84 years young.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Aird, Newcastle West, N.S.W.

Habit-forming

AT 11 a.m. on the morning of my birthday, three weeks before my first baby was due to be born, my dearly beloved spouse cheerfully said, "I was going to give you breakfast in bed this morning for your birthday, but was scared it might develop into a habit, so I didn't." I only have one birthday a year, the same as everyone else. Some habit!

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. M. Easton, Tinkurrin, W.A.

One of the family!

WHEN my widowed sister married my husband's cousin, all in one day he became a husband, stepfather, step-grandfather, and brother-in-law to his cousin, and uncle to his second cousins.

£1/1/- to "Titles" (name supplied), Edenhope, Vic.

Happy birthday

THE little girl who sang "Greensleeves" in church, as mentioned in a recent letter, has a counterpart in one who, when the candles were lit on the altar, sang "Happy Birthday," and nothing would stop her.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Lowe, Forster, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

WATCHING weather programs on TV, I have become interested in the three names that you see attached to temperature reports and forecasts.

They are Min, Max, and Norm. Min is a pessimist. She always thinks the weather is colder than the others do.

Max is a jolly type, ready to make the best of everything. He thinks the day has been warmer, and tomorrow will be, too.

Norm is usually somewhere in between, a lukewarm, two-bob-each-way man.

I made inquiries about them, and found that they are much the same in private life as they are on TV.

Min and Max are married — a case of the attraction of opposites. They are one of those couples who disagree about everything, yet can't get along without each other.

Norm is their best friend. He is a comfortable, average sort of fellow. He spends a lot of his time trying to keep the peace between Min and Max.

Last week they went out together for dinner; it was Min's birthday.

THREESOME

Before they left home she said: "Don't forget to put your thick coats on. It's going to be perishing cold tonight."

"There you go, Min," said Max, "always looking on the gloomy side."



I think it's warmer tonight — there's a touch of spring in the air."

Norm said: "I'm just taking my plastic raincoat."

In due course they arrived at the restaurant. They sat down and discussed what they would have to drink.

"I think a small bottle of wine would be enough," said Min. "We don't want to get too merry."

"Why not?" said Max. "It's your

birthday, Min. Let's have a large bottle — no, two bottles."

"One will do for a start," said Norm.

Min drank very little, and by the end of the evening was cold sober. Norm was pleasantly mellow. But Max was flushed and excited.

The air was chilly outside, and Min said: "Thank goodness I had enough sense to bring my coat."

Max had no coat, but was too happy to care. On the way home he sang his favorite songs: "Blue Skies," "Heat Wave," and "The Sunny Side of the Street."

So they go through life. Min is a bit of a wet blanket, but her cautiousness can be useful. It is she who remembers to book in advance for the pictures, and stocks deep-frozen chops before the price goes up.

Happy-go-lucky Max gets into many scrapes, but sometimes his optimism pays off — as when he backed Hi Jinx for the Cup.

Norm usually keeps out of trouble. Do you resemble Min, Max, or Norm?

They say Norm is the safest one to take after. There is only one disadvantage — he is just a teeny bit dull.

WHAT, NO SWOT?



• Experiments with "memory pills" suggest that laborious study may not be necessary in the future. Scientists have discovered that doses of ribonucleic acid improve memory.

Hark to the saga of student Bill

Who embarked on a course of the Memory Pill: His lectures thus on his mind engraved, He turned to the telly, with homework saved. "It's a breeze," he stated. "No trouble at all, "My mates are swotting. I'm having a ball. It's a perfectly marvellous way to cram," So he faced with aplomb his next exam, Reached for his pen — and then, guess what? Wrote (over and over) a Western plot.

Hark to the saga of student Bill

If you covet a course of the Memory Pill, And consider whether you won't regret Remembering things you'd rather forget.

— Dorothy Drain

Holiday for hens

THE letter about unusual travelling companions brought to mind the annual exodus from a New Zealand city of my sister and her seven children for their six-week holiday at a seaside shack. Apart from linen and clothing for the family, they took with them a dozen crated hens, one dog, a portable sewing-machine, and the ginger-beer plant. And they travelled by train!

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Davies, Salisbury North, S.A.

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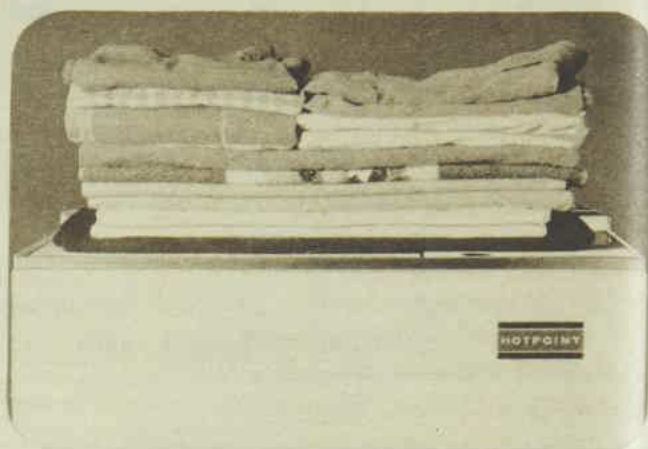
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I wish I had a



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GALAMATIC



I HAVE become a monster bent on destroying my child. I am cruelly insensitive to her feelings; I haven't any sense of good judgment or fair play; I have the most abominable taste in clothes, hair-styles, household furnishing, and even in the choice of a mate, for my husband has become Monster Number Two.

Among my many shortcomings is an irrational expectation that Lauri's bedroom be kept in some semblance of order, that gloves should not be lost twice a week, and that my things should remain available for my use.

A further outrage to Lauri is her parents' expectation that she perform the one family chore assigned to her—to put the garbage tin away twice a week, entailing a ten-foot walk down the driveway. (She considers this a violation of the child labor laws.)

A further indication of my state of depravity is my idea that a breakfast of chocolates or potato chips leaves something to be desired, and that I don't understand why the lack of a navy-blue pleated skirt can lead to complete social disaster.

The change in me—or in Lauri—seemed to start rather suddenly, shortly after her twelfth birthday last summer. When we shopped for school clothes, she violently downgraded everything I liked. There were some wild crises on the pros and cons of haircuts, and the matter of wearing 90 percent of one's hair over one's face.

In December there was a students' dance at school, to which the parents had been invited by the principal.

Lauri came home from school the day of the dance and screamed and sobbed that she would die if we went. How could she possibly acknowledge our existence in front of her friends when our clothes were always so baggy and unfashionable, and we always said the wrong things?

Actually, we were inclined to understand her feeling—it seemed inappropriate to us that parents had been invited to a teenage students' dance. We realised that at a time of great social ineptness on the part of youngsters nothing could add more to their selfconsciousness than having their parents around.

But we did feel obliged to co-operate with the school, so a compromise was agreed upon. I was to stay home and her father could take her (if she could select his wardrobe) on condition that after half an hour he would return home.

During the first six months of this school year, Lauri invited none of her friends to visit her. She had, she felt, a perfectly sound and logical reason—we needed new wallpaper in the dining-room, and until we did something about it she simply could not permit any friends of hers to visit.

Furthermore, we would probably insist on being at home, and one of us might express an opinion or make a comment that would "utterly destroy" her.

A look that could kill!

One day, having been told that she could not go to school because she had a cold, Lauri looked at me with such fury that I told her I felt as if she were giving me "the death ray," a look that could disintegrate me completely.

She was so pleased to hear this that she went to her room to practise in front of the mirror and kept coming back to ask if she were reproducing the look properly. She was crushed to discover she could not call it forth at will.

A major crisis had to do with school shoes. From the time she learned to walk, Lauri has been able to take the strongest pair of lace-ups—the kind that look as if they're put together with cast iron—and destroy them within a couple of weeks.

Now "all the girls" were wearing shoes that were about as hardy as a pair of dainty bedroom slippers. We finally compromised on a pair with buckles which looked as if they would hold together. These were worn for a few days, but fell apart like a paper bag after exactly two weeks.

The parental worms turned, and Lauri felt the full impact of our wrath—she was careless, irresponsible, she didn't care how hard we worked, she was going to pay for new shoes out of her weekly allowance . . . even if it meant

What happens when a tempestuous 12-year-old takes a cool look at her nearest and dearest is told by Edith Grendon in this "Family Affairs" story:

Confessions of a monster mother

● If I am to believe my daughter, I have gone through a quite remarkable change within the past year. Not that I was ever perfect, mind you, but when Lauri was eleven I was at least acceptable as a mother and easily recognisable as a member of the human race. Not so any longer.

the final payments had to be made after she was married.

At one point in one of my tirades I said with exasperation: "If I'd had any backbone to begin with I would have made you get a good solid pair of shoes."

Before I could get any further I heard that truth which I knew and should have remembered more often. "You should have," uttered Lauri unhappily.

There it was. With all the abuse and accusations, Lauri needed us to act like parents.

Despite my present lowly status, I am comforted by the sure knowledge that my fall from grace is temporary. One of us is going through a phase, and while there is a wide difference of opinion about who this is we both know this, too, shall pass, and that getting to be 13 or 14 is going to help ease the situation a lot.

But to merely say that it will pass is not enough. For those parents who have been coming to a boil while reading this and have been wondering why "the little brat" wasn't getting "the back of my hand," let me add something more. Not only will it pass but I am glad it is happening.

Let me try to explain by going back a bit. Lauri has always been a reasonable child. She has been able to accept limits, and when she was naughty she punished herself more severely than we did; she always wanted to be good.

Like Jekyll and Hyde . . .

She is a compassionate and sensitive human being and it was not part of her earlier childhood or her basic nature to be cruel or hostile. Even now she is kind and gentle to her friends, understanding of their feelings, and, away from home, a charming and genuinely polite person.

Why this Jekyll and Hyde performance, then, and why am I pleased about it? Because within the next few years Lauri has to give up being our little girl and become a young woman, ready to take on the responsibilities and challenges of adulthood.

Adulthood is no bed of roses, we all know too well. Independence is no easy thing to have and to use well. Lauri's task is especially hard because, despite her criticism of us, I am still aware of the fact that actually her father and I are strong and competent people.

We have definite ideas and convictions—as well as strong tempers of our own. We are articulate and persuasive, and if Lauri is ever going to discover her own strengths, to find herself and be herself, she's going to have to struggle out of our shadows.

I hope she will be close to us as she grows older, but not as a submissive, dependent disciple. She has her own style which she'll be able to accept only after she's been free to take a good long look at us.

So when she "blasts off" at us now, when she criticises every breath we take and denies our worth, she is really saying, "I'm growing up and apart from you. Sometimes it scares me. If I deny that I care about you, I may have the courage to let go of you a little."

How uncertain and vulnerable a 12-year-old child really is! How overwhelmed by the hazards ahead.

How difficult it is to be so young and so uncertain that even the wallpaper can be a threat to one's status and security. How vulnerable Lauri must feel to think her friends will judge her by her parents' imperfections.

Lauri is really very brave. Despite all her uncertainties and self-doubts, she still wants to grow up. Her propaganda that we are a couple of no-good monsters is more for herself than for us; it helps her keep up her courage. Her cries of betrayal, her arguing and disapproval—these are part of her quest for adulthood.

I am glad Lauri feels safe enough to test her strength against us. I must be a rather friendly monster at that, in Lauri's eyes, for if she thought we would really give up and let her face life on her own before she is ready, she wouldn't dare rebel the way she does.

She wants to storm and rage and struggle—and win her point some of the time—but she also wants us to get the right shoes.

I think she also wants us to stick to our guns and insist that friendships which depend on approval of the dining-room wallpaper aren't worth much, for just the other day she sheepishly asked if Mona, a new and very important



friend, could stay overnight. My guess is Lauri will soon feel strong enough about herself to show she still loves us.

I know that not all children react like Lauri; there are many other ways of taking those essential steps toward growing up. Different children and different parents have their own ways. Lauri's way is not at all unusual, yet it is the least understood by many people.

We have noticed that in large families where children seem less hovered over and where, often of necessity, greater independence is thrust upon them, children seem to move toward maturity more quickly with less need for an open-struggle.

There seems little question that an only child with strong needs for autonomy in a home with strong and assertive parents brings "emancipation acrobatics" to a high point of perfection. And that brings us back to Lauri. Many parents, with children like Lauri, become unnecessarily panicky when they are cast as parental monsters.

The way out of the nest

They begin to wonder how they have failed, and what they have done wrong, to have suddenly become so unlovable. It is comforting to know that this is simply the road some children have to take to fly out of the nest, and we are all better off if we let them do it.

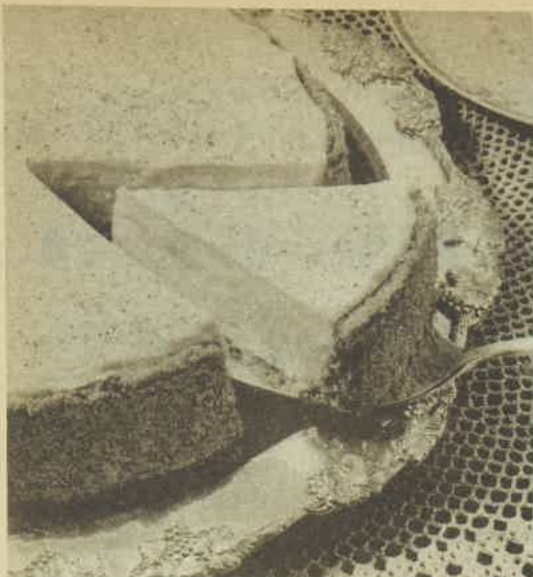
In a little while I will probably go into Lauri's room to put away the laundry, and I will become apoplectic about the four skirts on the bed, the books piled on the floor, the records left out of their cases on her dressing-table.

When she comes home from school and I send her back out to bring in the forgotten garbage tin she will complain noisily. She will also probably tell me that I look "ghastly" and why don't I put on some make-up.

She will say that whatever I made for dinner is awful, and when I tell her that she must clean up her room after she does her homework she will go into a quiet huddle over the telephone and confide to her friends that she is the innocent victim of inhuman tortures.

Tomorrow or the next day, though, just when I am most worn down and am alternating between fury and a sense of utter failure, Lauri will ask me if I'll help her do some shopping, or she'll say, "Let's have dinner out if Daddy's going to be late—just us girls!"

Or there will be that poignant moment when I see her patting her giant pink teddy bear with a look of sadness and regret before she looks up quickly, catches my eye, and, thrusting her shoulders back, challenges me to battle again with, "When can I wear high heels?"



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Continued from page 29

All her life Sarah had been stubborn, and had gained her own way. "Alice, don't forget to do this," she had said, and "Don't forget to do that." Even now, when she was growing alarmingly weak, she kept ordering her about. It was obvious, even to Alice, that she was getting light-headed.

But then she suddenly rallied and sat up in bed and began to act in a most peculiar way.

Stirring restlessly, she started to find fault with the running of the house. "We really ought to redecorate the drawing-room," she said, which was absurd, because they hardly ever went into the great musty room, full of their parents' Victorian furniture and stuffed birds in cages.

Then she unexpectedly said, "And we ought to have some flowers around the place — this room is like a morgue," which was even more extraordinary, because Sarah hated flowers in the house and they hadn't had a vase of daffodils or a bowl of roses brought in from the overgrown garden for years.

Alice hid her surprise, and said nothing, but just put the tray with the scrambled egg down by the bedside and smiled.

"Whatever would Charles think of us if he called?" said Sarah.

"Charles?" echoed Alice in amazement. His name had not been mentioned in the house

for years, and she hadn't expected ever to hear it again. Sometimes she had ventured to dream a little, to speculate on what might have been, and occasionally she had allowed herself a guilty feeling of regret. But she had long since given up hope, and his was the last name she expected from Sarah's lips.

"Charles!" she said. "But do you think he would come, after all this time? I mean —"

"He might," said Sarah. "You never know. He might turn up tomorrow. If he did, I don't think he'd like what he'd see. Look how you're dressed. Those awful black clothes. No color, nothing to attract him. We'd better order you something brighter, perhaps a new dress from whatshername in the village."

"You mean Madam Rene?" "Yes, she used to be quite good. Fetch the pad and write her a letter. I'll tell you what to say." Bewildered, Alice did as she was told. But then she always had.

Fortunately, Madam Rene still lived in her small house at the end of the street, but she had retired long ago and hadn't made a dress to order for fifteen years. People patronised the town shops these days, and, anyway, her fingers were weak. But when she read the letter she knew at once that she must accept the challenge.

Miss Sarah up at the old Vicarage wanted a smart new summer dress for Miss Alice,

with a bright hat to match. It was a most unexpected order, and Madam Rene had to read the letter through twice, standing over by the window, before she fully understood the meaning of the scrawling handwriting.

The dress was to be bright pink, it said, and the hat was to be covered with poppies and cornflowers. No expense was to be spared.

"Well, I never," said Madam Rene. "What next?" And she went straight into town on the bus to buy some voile.

It took her a week to complete, working every day and quite late at night. The finished dress, even though she said so herself, was her finest creation. Not even in the big windows of the stores in town could you see anything so delightful. It was light, flimsy, and a gorgeous pink.

She was certain that Miss Alice's slim figure had altered little over the years. It would be a summer dress to surprise everyone in the village. And as for the hat, this was her glory, an absolute triumph.

IT was a small black leghorn straw model, and all around the edge she had stitched posies of poppies and cornflowers, each made out of purest silk. It had taken her two days to make the flowers, and the result was fantastic. A blaze of bright colors, the hat made the dark little parlor come suddenly to life; it made Madam Rene feel younger just to look at it. She had no doubt that it was beautiful.

Proudly, she folded the dress into a big flat cardboard box and tied it up with pink ribbon. Then she went upstairs to the attic and brought down an old black box which had once held a most exclusive French hat, and into this she placed the beautiful chapeau, and tied it up with a white silk ribbon and a big, full bow.

It took her half an hour to reach the old Vicarage with her precious parcels, and when she arrived she found the blinds drawn and the doctor upstairs and poor Miss Alice in tears in the drawing-room, gazing at the silver-framed photograph of her father on the piano.

The old lady accepted the boxes, but she appeared not to remember what they contained, and she did not open them, she was too distraught. Her sister had just died, and life seemed terribly empty.

"Sarah had murmured, "Alice — don't forget to look smart, just in case —" and then she had closed her eyes, and said no more.

"There is quite a lot of money in the bank," observed the lawyer from London.

"Oh, yes," said Alice. "My sister was always careful. She said we must keep something for a rainy day. Our grandfather was quite well off, you know. In shipping. I expect there's enough to keep things going, if I'm not extravagant."

"Sixty-two thousand pounds," observed the lawyer drily.

"I dare say," said Alice. "Sarah was never a spend-thrift."

"You probably won't wish to live here. It's a large house for one. Perhaps a small flat, or a little bungalow at Bournemouth, or Eastbourne?"

"That would be nice," said Alice. "I've been to Eastbourne, but it was a long time ago. I expect it's changed since then. I don't think I've ever been to Bournemouth."

The lawyer said, "There is only one point about the will. Your sister asked for a very

modest funeral, no flowers, no expense, everything plain."

"Ah, well," said Alice. "I suggest that I instruct the undertakers accordingly. There is no sense in wasting money. She can be buried next to your father, if you agree."

"Dear Papa, I wonder if he would approve if I sell the house?"

The more she thought about the request for a plain, simple funeral, while she wandered around the rooms dusting the old furniture, the more she became convinced that it was no longer what Sarah had wanted. During the last days there had clearly been an unexpected change of ideas: there was evidence that she had begun to regret the drabness of the house, and even of their lives. Hadn't she asked for flowers in her room, and then ordered the dress and the hat?

No sooner did Alice remember this than she realised, with a thrill of anticipation, that she had not even opened the boxes, nor looked at the presents which had been delivered. Dear Sarah would not forgive her if she didn't accept them, they were like a parting gift.

She went upstairs into Sarah's room and looked at the two cardboard boxes lying on the bed, one long and flat and the other round. Nervously, she undid the ribbon which bound the dress box, and took off the lid. She pushed aside the white tissue paper and with a gasp of surprise gazed down at the pink dress.

She could scarcely control her emotions, it was so beautiful. But she was not accustomed to seeing attractive dresses. She could hardly believe it was really hers.

Excitedly, like a child opening a birthday parcel, she untied the white silk ribbon of the second box and lifted the lid. And there, lying in a nest of pure white silk, lay the little black leghorn straw hat with two dozen gorgeous silk red poppies and blue cornflowers interwoven around the brim.

She carefully lifted it out and, almost guiltily, placed it on top of her white hair. Then, clutching the pink dress in front of her body, she walked slowly across the room to the big wardrobe with its full-length looking-glass.

To page 42






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Page 41

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318



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THE SUMMER HAT

Continued from page 40

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as she saw her reflection. It was almost as if she were back again in the great ballroom where she had first met her beloved Charles. Whatever she had worn on that magic night, it must surely have looked like this.

She fancied she could hear the orchestra playing a waltz tune, and she recalled the splendor of that evening long ago, with the twinkling lights in the rose garden beyond the ballroom, the great cut-glass chandelier glistening above the swirling dancers, the brilliant uniforms of the officers, the long white gloves of the ladies.

Alice knew then that however difficult poor Sarah had been during their long life together, she had at the end atoned for everything with this wonderful gift. She looked at the hat in the mirror and noted how the poppies nodded when she moved her head.

SHE knew then, without doubt, what she must wear for the funeral. Not her drab old black clothes, but this beautiful summer outfit which Sarah had so generously ordered, and which suited her so admirably.

There were only a few mourners in the church, an elderly cousin she could hardly recall, Madam Rene the milliner, one of the church wardens whom she knew from Sunday services, and old Mr. Burt, who had been their gardener when they kept the garden trim.

It was a cloudy day with the promise of rain, but for a few minutes the sun came out as if to warm the scene. Alice thought it extremely cold and damp in the church, and as she took her place alone in the front pew she wondered why no one had thought to turn the heating on. In her father's day the place had always been warm, and bright with flowers. Now only a single vase of lilies stood on the altar.

She did not turn round to look at anyone, so she could not tell if they had noticed her bright pink dress and gay hat. Lowering herself down until her thin knees met the hard hassock, she covered her face with her hands and began to pray.

It was difficult to know what to say without Sarah by her side. Week after week for many years she had asked God to look after her sister, to guard her and keep her safe. She had never asked for anything for herself: she didn't want anything, not even the sixty-two thousand pounds which lay safe and secure in the bank.

Sometimes she had asked Him to forgive Sarah for being so bad-tempered and unkind. And He had really done the job very well, with a little help from her. Who else could have made Sarah so unexpect-

edly repent and see the light at the end, before she was taken away?

She was thinking along these lines when she heard footsteps on the flagstones behind her, and, turning her head, she saw the young vicar in his white surplice and, walking behind, four men bearing on their shoulders a small coffin covered in dull purple.

She stood up and watched them as with measured tread they carried their burden to the altar steps and laid it on a pair of low trestles. Then they retired to the back of the church, leaving the vicar standing alone at the altar.

He began to chant in a low, monotonous voice, and Alice craned her neck to hear. She was slightly deaf, but she was sure dear Papa would never have mumbled like that. What a pity that he wasn't there to conduct the service.

The more she looked around, the more she hated it; the cold church with its musty smell, the absence of a choir, the solitary lilies on the altar, the bare trestles, the drab coffin with its dull covering of purple and its cheap brass handles. Not a single wreath or bunch of roses to accompany dear Sarah into the next world.

Was this really what she had wanted? To be sure, she had said so in her will, but that had been signed many years earlier, long before her change of heart.

Suddenly, she realised what she must do. Without a glance at the vicar, who was still mumbling, she reached up for her hat, took it off, and, carrying it in front of her, walked slowly but with dignity straight toward the coffin. Then, before anyone could guess her intention, she placed the black hat on top of the coffin, right in the middle.

The vicar stopped mumbling and raised his eyebrows in surprise. Mr. Burt the gardener said later in the Red Lion that he didn't really know what the old lady was up to. Madam Rene thought that perhaps the occasion was too much for her. Only Alice was perfectly certain that she was doing the right thing.

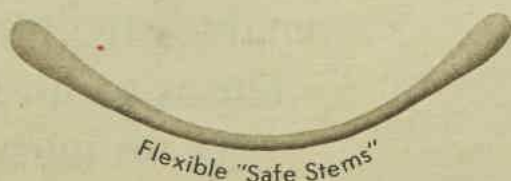
"There, my dear," she said. "That's much better." And, turning round toward the other mourners, she walked slowly, but very upright, back to her pew, where she knelt down and started to pray.

When she opened her eyes the vicar was still mumbling. The sun had come out again, and a beam of yellow light, filtered through the big stained-glass window above the altar, shone down on the coffin, picking out the reds and blues of the flowered hat, holding the colors in a bright halo of summer sunshine.

It seemed to Alice, as she started to pray again, that someone had turned the heating on in the damp, cold church. Certainly she felt much warmer.

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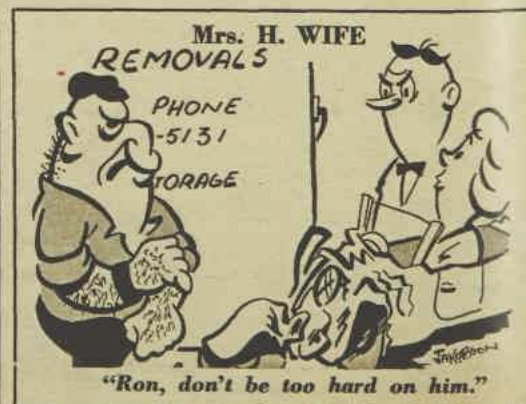


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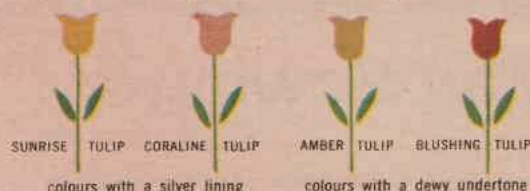
Helena Rubinstein picks

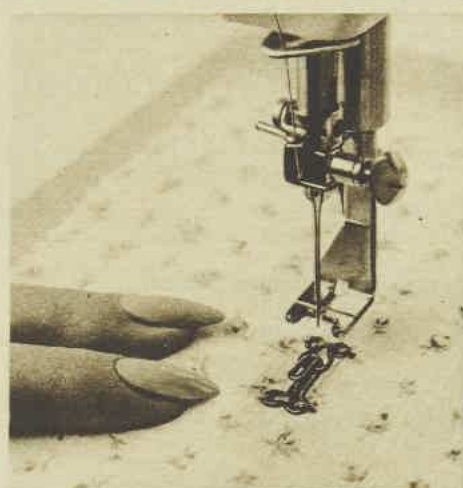
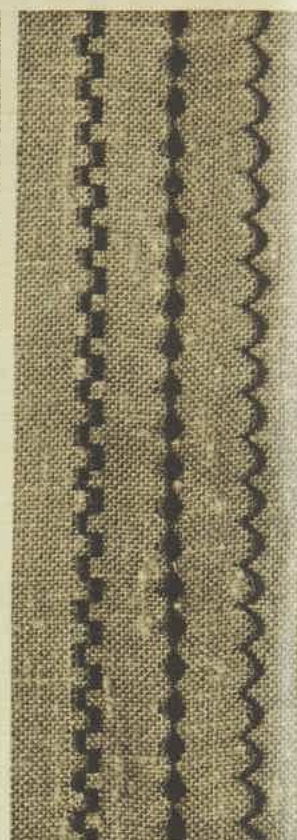
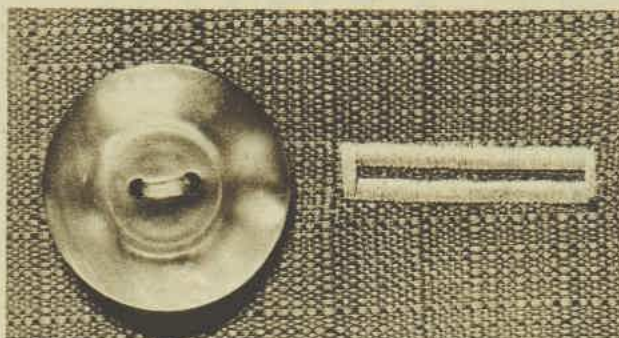
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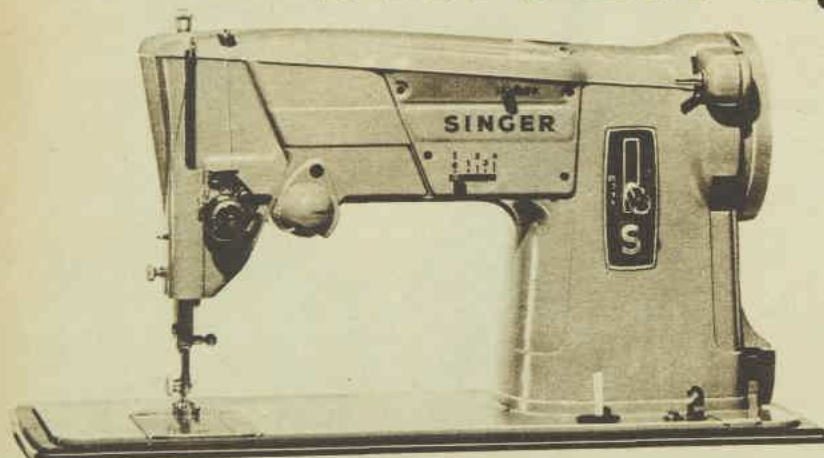
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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● This week the dentist has been much on our minds. I rather think we've been on his, too; I imagine that when this family's periodic descent on him is over he goes home to his wife and says "thank goodness that's over for the next few months — the strain was getting me down."

DENTISTS always blame parents — especially mothers — for the difficulties they have in treating children.

The mothers get tensed up and transfer their fears to the children, dentists say; or else they overdo the soothing and wheedling act, and the children begin to suspect that what they're being led to is really a pretty awful ordeal.

This is utter baloney. Our children started being taken along to the dentist at a very early age, when all that happened to them was that they were raised and lowered and tilted back in the chair (which they thought was great fun); were given various bits of discarded gear like broken mouth mirrors to bring home and play with; and were warmly congratulated on the enormous extent to which they could open their mouths when asked to do so.

At this stage I also performed prodigies of self-control, to the considerable surprise of our dentist, who'd known me for years and was used to my starting to whinge and grizzle as soon as the bib went under my chin.

I look back on this period as the bravest of my life and an example of the heights mother-love can reach!

During those years when I was trying to indoctrinate the children into the delights of dentistry, I managed to sit with my relaxed hands folded in my lap (instead of with a sweaty, white-knuckled grip on the arms of the chair); I managed to stop my teeth from chattering and my eyeballs from rolling; and I even managed to make amiable remarks about the weather and the state of the nation in those grim intervals while the dentist was rattling round in the cupboard of horrors, exchanging one instrument of torture for another.

All this was done for the benefit of one or other of my goggle-eyed children, standing a foot away from the chair just to see what a delightful and worry-free thing dental care could be. Boy, was I glad when the time finally came when I could go to the dentist alone once again, and behave like a normal, craven human being.

None of this, I may say, paid off. None of our children turned out to be a dentist's delight, and each one developed his or her own way of making life hard for the dentist.

Kay talked. She talked endlessly and brightly and determinedly from the moment she went into the surgery, while the poor dentist stood all poised to hop in with a mirror and a probe the minute she was silent.

When he finally managed to get an instrument of any sort into her mouth, she cried. She didn't fight, she didn't struggle, and she didn't make any sound at all. She just sat there in utter silence with buckets of tears pouring down her cheeks. This unnerved the poor wretched dentist more than any yelling or fighting could have done.

Mum's role is tougher work than pulling teeth

DI always began the campaign for not going several days ahead. Even at her present advanced age she is always stricken by a terrible sore throat and the symptoms of a truly

ghastly cold on the morning of her appointment.

"I don't really think it's fair to go, do you?" she says. "Think of all those awful germs that I'd pass on to all the other patients."

"Don't worry, all his instruments get thoroughly sterilised before they're used on anyone else," I tell her, knowing that her sore throat is one of those peculiar absolutely non-infectious germ-free ones that clear up in a flash as she walks out of the dentist's surgery.

Mike, I need hardly say, is the toughest proposition of the lot to get to the dentist. Mike doesn't mind going to the dentist at all. He's not scared of the drill or the forceps or anything else. He's not a sis who makes a fuss over a little bit of discomfort.

It just happens by some extraordinary coincidence that there is never any time when he's free to visit his dentist and that when, after much argument, a time is finally arranged, something absolutely unforeseen crops up at the last moment to make it impossible for him to be there.

I got so sick of ringing up to apologise or else bullying Mike into doing his own ringing up and apologising that I now pick him up and deliver him there. It wouldn't surprise me a bit to find some day that he's discovered a back way out of the building and has left by the fire escape.

But you hurt the dentist more than he hurts you...

ODDLY enough, I've always had a great deal of sympathy for dentists. It must be quite hellish to work all day on the mouths of tensed-up people who didn't want to come and wish they were a thousand miles away.

Remember how reluctantly you undertake the operation of digging a deep splinter out of a small toe, when the owner of the toe is yelling blue murder and trying with all his might to drag his rigid leg away from your grasp?

I always imagine that dentists, though they must toughen up a bit as the years go by, feel rather like that as they face each patient's gaping mouth and apprehensive stare.

This idea seems to be confirmed by an investigation made by the Department of Applied Psychology at the University of N.S.W.

Drilling, the investigators have found, is mentally painful for the dentist as well as for the patient. I know this sounds like the old this-is-going-to-hurt-me-as-much-as-it-hurts-you jazz, but I for one am perfectly prepared to believe it's true.

The patient's fear causes stress in the dentist and this continual stress tends to lead to a high mortality rate and a high incidence of back troubles, varicose veins, and eye troubles among dentists.

"Dentistry is hard, fatiguing work, and the dentist is often the victim of his occupation," according to a "Dental Journal" article on dentists' health.

I'd tell Mike about this if I thought it would do any good, but I'm afraid his only response would be to suggest that it might be a good deal kinder to our poor dentist if the whole family simply gave up going.



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"I couldn't be more certain. We had a burglar here. The police are in the house and likely to stay for some time. I'm not convinced that my wife is in a fit condition to answer all the questions."

"The need is most certainly urgent," Cellini said. "I will come at once, of course."

Harry rang off and turned to face Ibbotson.

Ibbotson smiled. "It's always a good thing to have the best available advice," he remarked.

"Do you know Dr. Cellini?"

"I know of him, and we've met in court. He is a very good witness indeed." There was almost certainly some purpose for that remark, but Harry did not fathom it then.

"How long are you going to be here?"

"Not a minute longer than it takes my men to finish," Ibbotson assured him. "I may want to seal

Continued from page 35

off your son's bedroom. I'm just going up to hurry things along."

Catherine sat in the large armchair as Harry went out of the room to answer the doorbell. They had said very little in the few minutes they had been together, and it seemed to Catherine that the day was gone when she would have anything worth while to say to Harry. One sentence he had uttered over and over again kept going through her mind.

"You can tell Dr. Cellini everything—absolutely everything. There is no need to keep anything back."

What did he think she might want to keep back? How could he make it clearer that he had no trust in her?

He left the door ajar. A moment later, she heard him say:

"Hello, Doctor. It's very good of you to come."

Dr. Cellini came in without looking round, seeing her on the instant, smiling, and approaching without fuss.

"Hello, Mrs. O'Neill." He held out his hand. "I want to thank you for your husband. He has saved me more in taxes than I had any right to expect."

Catherine found herself smiling. "Well, that's his job."

"And my job is to try to help people with problems. I know very little about it yet, but obviously you have a problem."

"Yes," Catherine said. "We cer-

tainly have. But I thought you were a doctor."

"So I am, Mrs. O'Neill, so I am. No one ever goes to a doctor without a problem, sometimes physical, sometimes —"

"Mental?" Catherine said sharply. She flashed a look of resentment and reproach at Harry. "I don't think I am a mental case, Dr. Cellini, whatever my husband may have said."

The doctor smiled as he might at a child.

"Is that what you think, Mr. O'Neill? If it is, you should have told me."

"I think we are both suffering from considerable nervous strain,"

Harry replied stiffly. "That's why we need both help and advice."

"That is quite obvious, but not so very unusual. Mental and nervous strain, due to fear, exhaustion, anxiety, these are commonplace and everyday ailments easy to cure once they are recognised for what they are. As for your being a mental case, Mrs. O'Neill—forgive me for saying that very few people know what a mental case is. Very few people who acknowledge, even by implication, that they fear mental illness are in fact mental cases. They are nerve cases, a very different thing."

He sat down in a chair which Harry had pushed forward.

"I saw an ambulance in High Street coming from this direction. Was the intruder hurt?"

Harry said: "He was killed."

"Well, well. That was ruthless. Who killed him?"

"My son."

"Is that quite certain?"

"Yes," Harry said. "I don't think there is any doubt about it. It was justifiable homicide, but—"

CELLINI raised his right hand. "Now, please wait one moment. Homicide is very difficult to justify, in fact only a little easier to justify in law. Are we going to get anywhere if we try to explain away unpleasant facts? If I have an item in an expense account, will you be satisfied if I simply say it is justified? Won't you require to know why it is justifiable, and, if necessary, have me prove it?"

Harry said gruffly: "Yes."

"So we have established that your son killed this intruder, and you believe it justifiable slaying and wish to prove it — with my help."

"Yes."

"There is only one way in which I can help your son, or you, or your wife, or anybody. That is by finding out the absolute truth. I will gladly help you to find the truth, but cannot guarantee that it will be palatable."

Harry cleared his throat.

"Would you like time to think, Catherine?"

"No," she said without hesitating.

"I am very glad," Dr. Cellini said. "I will most assuredly give you of my best. First, so as not to antagonise the police, I will go and speak to Chief Inspector Ibbotson. I have never dealt with him directly, but he is a man with a very good reputation. If I think it wiser for you to see him again tonight, will you do so, Mr. O'Neill? I would be present, of course."

"I will do whatever you say," promised Catherine. She had not a single prejudice left against Cellini.

Chief Inspector Ibbotson looked at the closed door of the dining-room, wishing that he knew what was going on in there. Redman came downstairs, nearly tripping over the rug at the bottom.

To page 47

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CUNNING AS A FOX

"Better be careful with my own neck," he remarked flippantly. "Want me to listen at the key-hole?"

"You go and talk to Division and send a car back for me," Ibbotson said. "I'll go straight home."

"What about the house? Shall we watch it?"

"Back and front."

Redman nodded and went out, as bright-eyed and lively as if it were early evening, not one o'clock in the morning.

The dining-room door opened and Manny Cellini came out. He closed the door gently behind him.

"Ah, Mr. Ibbotson. I am Dr. Cellini." He offered his hand. "I don't think we've met."

"Not at close quarters," Ibbotson said.

"I am glad we have made up for that now! Mr. Ibbotson, I am aware of your difficulties, I am indeed, and I think we both want the same thing." He looked so benign it was almost suspicious. "Simple justice. Do you really think it will be in the interests of justice to talk to Mrs. O'Neill again tonight?"

"I'd rather talk to her son," Ibbotson said.

"Where is he?"

"Didn't they tell you?"

"I have established a working basis with them, but have not been given any details. I preferred to come and see you first. Mrs. O'Neill will try to answer questions if you insist, but I doubt if it would be wise or advantageous to you."

"Why not?"

"I think her mind is too clouded by events, shock, and even unhappiness," replied Cellini.

"I'll leave her for tonight," he conceded. "How long will you be here?"

"As long as necessary."

IBBOTSON was suddenly sharp-voiced. "That's no answer, Doctor, the boy is sleeping under morphine. I don't know whether it was self-administered or whether someone gave it to him. I do know I want him wide awake and on his feet in the morning. If he isn't I'll take him away and make sure he can't be doped again."

"I will certainly do everything I can to ensure that he is fully conscious and available for questioning," Cellini said.

"I'll have a man by his side by eight o'clock in the morning to stay with him until he comes round," Ibbotson said as he let himself out.

"So far, so good," Dr. Cellini said, coming back into the living-room. "The Inspector will be happy to discuss the situation with you in the morning. Mrs. O'Neill, your first need is sleep. I will discuss matters with your husband for half an hour or so and then go home. I will be back by eight o'clock in the morning so that I can talk to you before the police come to see you."

Catherine went upstairs and in to see Elsa, who hadn't moved; went to see Ronald, who lay on his back, very pale except for rings under his eyes and the deep mark on his forehead, which looked quite healthy. She left him, turned down her bed and got in, vaguely aware of a rumble of voices downstairs. Was Harry telling Cellini of his suspicions of her mental attitudes?

Of course he wasn't, she told herself. Dr. Cellini had said he would ask only about what had happened here tonight, and she believed him. She believed him so completely that within ten minutes she was asleep.

At seven o'clock a newsboy turned into the far end of Benison Street on his morning delivery. At that very moment, Catherine left Elsa in the bathroom and glanced into the spare room, where Ronald still lay. She thought he was sleeping more shallowly than he had the night before and did not look quite so pale. Harry was still asleep, like a log.

At five past seven there was a ring at the front-door bell. Catherine went along to open it, feeling sure that this would be the police. As she pulled the door back, a man said, "I'll take that in."

"OK," a boy answered.

A tall, smiling, pleasant-looking man was on the doorstep holding the morning papers.

"Good morning, Mrs. O'Neill. I'm Detective-Officer Mortimer. The Inspector told you someone would be along to sit with your son, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Which room is it, please?"

"I'm going up, I'll show you," Catherine said.

Mortimer stepped quietly into the room where Ronnie was and closed the door quietly behind him. Elsa came out of the bathroom, bright and gay.

"Was that Daddy, Mummy?"

"No. It was someone to see Ronald."

"Why is Ronald's door all stuck up?"

"Do you remember there was a strange man here last night?" Catherine asked.

"Of course I do." The child's eyes rounded. "He isn't still there, is he?"

"No. But he made rather a mess of the room, so it's all shut up."

As she followed the child into the kitchen, there was a tap at the back door.

"I'll see who it is." Elsa was already halfway to the door. The unopened papers still in her hand, Catherine waited half-fearfully.

To page 49

FOR THE CHILDREN

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by TIM



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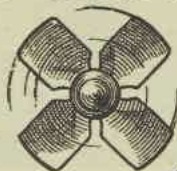
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It was Jenny King. She smiled down at Elsa and looked almost guiltily at Catherine.

"Mrs. Calbury said she knows you will be ever so busy today, so would you like Elsa to come to us? I'll take her to school, if you want her to go, or she can stay all day."

"You're very good," Catherine said. "If Mrs. Calbury is sure—I'll just give Elsa her breakfast, then."

"Oh, I can get a bit of breakfast for her, don't worry about that."

When the child had left, hand in Jenny's, Catherine sat down at the kitchen table and opened the newspaper.

The newspaper had a big picture of Ronnie; a wonderful picture. It had one of Brockway nearly as good; it had a smaller one of Mrs. Hull.

Under Brockway's photograph was the word: Dead.

Under Ronald's photograph was the word: Alive.

The story was in heavy black type, and every word seemed like a hammer blow.

She heard footsteps on the stairs and looked at the door. Harry appeared, hair brushed but face unshaven.

"Good morning," he said. "How bad are the papers?"

"Very bad."

Continued from page 47

CUNNING AS A FOX

"I was afraid they would be." He came across and picked up the paper. "How did you sleep?" The question was quite perfunctory.

"Very well, really," she answered. "Elsa woke me. She's next door with Helen Calbury."

"That's something," Harry read the story without comment and then put the paper down. "Have you looked in to see Ronald?"

"Yes. A policeman is sitting with him now."

"I doubt if that will do much good," Harry said.

"Ronald isn't likely to talk much unless he wants to. Catherine."

"Yes, dear?"

"The police suspect Ronald of being involved in Mrs. Hull's murder."

"I don't see how they could fail in the circumstances."

"No," Harry moved to the window and looked into the sunlit garden. There was accusation in his voice as he went on: "Do you think he had anything to do with it?"

"It isn't any use blinking at facts."

He turned to look at her. There was torment in him, and in a way she felt the

stronger, but she also felt afraid because she would have so little help from him.

The savagery in his voice was uncontrollable and Catherine could see that he was quivering—even to his lips. "If that's what you think, why don't you come into the open with it?"

"Because it frightens me so. Can we help him if we quarrel? There must be a way to help him."

"When Cellini comes this morning he'll want to ask a thousand questions," Harry said roughly. "He'll want to find out the truth. And the truth about Ronald and Brockway and Mrs. Hull isn't all that he means. If Ronald's gone bad there must be a reason. You or I or both of us must have helped to make him bad. He's our son. We can't escape the responsibility if he is what you think he is."

"No," she said wearily.

"No, we can't."

"That's something—we agree on that," Harry said. "Now let me tell you something else. I've got faith in our son. I don't believe he had anything to do with Mrs. Hull's murder."

"He may have driven the car, he may have known the post office was to be robbed, but I don't believe he would have anything to do with cold-blooded murder. Not my son. You do. There is the difference between us."

THERE was nothing more for her to say and she realised that if she attempted to explain how her love for Ronald was torn by anxiety and doubt she would only make it worse. She turned away. As she did so there was a ring at the front-door bell. It was a relief to be able to leave the room without simply walking out on Harry. As she went to the door she realised that she felt almost as bad as she had the night before.

Dr. Cellini smiled at her. "Good morning, Mrs. O'Neill."

She said: "Good morning," and closed the door as Harry appeared.

"Good morning, Mr. O'Neill. I am ahead of the Inspector, then. Has he sent his watchdog?"

"Yes," Harry said. "An hour ago."

"He is very anxious to make sure they talk to Ronald before I do," reflected Cellini. Have you had breakfast?"

"No," Catherine said. "I don't want breakfast," Harry growled.

"Some tea or coffee and toast, at the very least," Cellini urged. "I came here to find out how you two are this morning and whether your son can expect much help from you. In your present mood I would say he has very little hope. Why are you so hostile to each other?"

Catherine said: "I think Ronald may have had something to do with Mrs. Hull's murder."

"And I don't," Harry said.

Notice to Contributors
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Cellini said: "I think I must ask one question which will give point to the things I said last night. Do you want to know whether he had any part in the murder? Even if he did, do you want to know?"

Harry said reluctantly, painfully: "We've got to know."

Cellini looked more cheerful. "That is of first importance. Now while we are having breakfast will you please tell me about your relationship with your son, beginning as far back as you can remember. Has he shown tendencies to exert violence on other people, for instance? As a young child did he show any tendency to steal trifles—from your handbag, Mrs. O'Neill, or from your pocket, Mr. O'Neill. You don't need telling, two intelligent people like yourselves, that what a person has done in the past is often an indication of what he might do in the future. When I talk to Chief Inspector Ibbotson I want to feel that I know your son. Tell me, in the beginning, was he conceived in happiness and with intention, or by chance, or against your wishes?"

Catherine said chokily: "In happiness and in hope."

Cellini glanced at Harry. "Yes?"

"Yes," Harry said stiffly.

"It is the best of all possible beginnings," Cellini said. "Now when he was born did you suffer any unusual stresses, Mrs. O'Neill? Was he as welcome when he arrived as you had expected?"

"Yes," she said. "It was wonderful. Quite wonderful."

"So they were happy years—there was nothing in the child's home life that was likely to oppress him, to make him introspective or solitary."

"Nothing at all."

"Nothing that you knew," Cellini corrected. "There was some time, some occasion, when you began to feel uneasy about Ronald, was there not?"

Catherine said: "Yes."

"Please tell me when."

"After our daughter was born," Harry flung out.

"Ronald was jealous of the new arrival, perhaps. It is not unusual."

"He was protective," Harry insisted.

"I think he was jealous," Cellini said quietly.

"What were the indications?"

"Well, for one thing he would take her toys away from her—"

"This is utter nonsense!" Harry burst out. "Children are always taking each other's toys."

Catherine went on in a hard voice: "He would pinch her, bend her fingers back at the joints, slap her—"

"I knew nothing about it. Why didn't you tell me, if it really happened?" Harry interrupted.

"You idolised him," Catherine cried, with anguish groaning in her voice. "How could I tell you every little thing? I told you he was jealous of Elsa, but you laughed it off."

"You exaggerated wildly," "No," denied Catherine. "I didn't exaggerate at all, not then, nor yesterday, when he twisted her wrist and dug his nails into her arm. He was jealous of her then and he's jealous of her now—you can't be blind to that."

"I wasn't blind," Harry said. "Not then, not now. You changed toward the boy after Elsa was born. It was you who changed."

Cellini interrupted so gently that there was no sense of intrusion. "Elsa, was she

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also conceived in hope and happiness?"

Neither of them answered. "It can be of such great importance," Cellini went on gently. "At some time there was a change of relationship — perhaps I should say of attitudes — between you and your son, Mrs. O'Neill, and also between you and your husband. Did you want Elsa?"

"Terribly," she said. "And you, the father?"

"I wanted Elsa," Harry said. "For Catherine's sake as much as anything else. I didn't want another tragedy."

"Tragedy?" Cellini echoed and looked as if at last he was astonished. "What tragedy had there been?"

"We lost our first daughter," Catherine told him.

"I am so very sorry. How old was she?" he asked.

Harry said: "Four months."

"When did this happen?"

"She would have been ten years old now. It affected my wife so much."

Catherine said: "I thought I would go mad."

"Did you need a doctor's help?"

"I couldn't sleep, I lost weight, I almost hated living," Catherine said. "The doctor gave me sedatives, he prescribed special foods. I was never the same, never quite the same — until Elsa was born."

"So that is why you needed Elsa so desperately," Cellini said. "And why you were frightened, Mr. O'Neill, in case another tragedy distressed your wife still further. Forgive me, please — but do you recall any change of attitude toward Ronald at this time?"

Harry said: "No. No, not until Elsa was born. It began almost at once — the change toward Ronald."

"No," Catherine choked.

"No, please."

"You know it's true," Harry said in a taut voice. "I tried to make you realise that it was nothing to do with our son, that you were so terrified in case there was hurt or danger for Elsa that you imagined attacks on her. You saw spitefulness where there

Continued from page 49

was only boyish exuberance, you became suspicious of him, you tried to keep him away from Elsa. You were so protective that all you could think of was Elsa, you forgot that a boy of ten was so highly strung and sensitive. You didn't realise what you were doing to him. And I had to stand and watch."

"Please," Cellini said. "How did your first daughter die? Did you feel any blame might attach to you, Mrs. O'Neill?"

"She was suffocated by her own pillow, in her cot. I went in to see her at half-past four, and at half-past six I found her dead."

"And you blamed yourself," Harry said, as if he could not wait for her to finish. "You blamed yourself and swore that nothing you could avoid would ever happen to Elsa. When I held the child in my arms you watched me as if I would hurt her. You almost hated it when I picked her up. And Ronald was a boy, a rough-and-tumble active, healthy boy. A playful push, a boisterous jump and you were frightened of him. Don't you see how it affected our son?"

CATHERINE stood up very slowly. She went out and they heard her walk unsteadily up the stairs. Harry did not move, but there was anguish in his voice when at last he said:

"Why did you make me say it? Why did you make me hurt her?"

"Out of this hurt could come the only chance of healing," Cellini said.

As he spoke there was a knock at the front door.

"That will be Ibbotson," Harry said heavily, wearily.

"What shape will Catherine be in to talk to him now?"

"Good morning, Mr. O'Neill. I hope you had a good night," Ibbotson's dark eyes probed Harry's face.

"How is Mrs. O'Neill?"

"She's still upstairs."

CUNNING AS A FOX

"And your son?" he asked. "Your man should know more about him."

"I'll go and see him in a minute. I hear that Dr. Cellini is here."

"Good morning, Inspector," Cellini came out of the kitchen. "What good news have you brought with you?"

Ibbotson looked bewildered.

"No one could be quite so ebullient as you this morning unless he had good reason," Cellini said. He touched Harry's arm, and went on in a voice loud enough to carry to Catherine, upstairs.

"No doubt the arrest of Brockway's brother has something to do with it."

"How did you know that?" demanded Ibbotson, half angrily.

"I have friends in Fleet Street," Cellini said, "and I like to be forewarned. Is it true that Slim Brockway stated that he and his brother were in north London the night before last and could not possibly have committed the post office murder?"

Ibbotson answered sourly: "His alibi won't stand up to examination."

"Perhaps not," said Cellini, almost purring. "But I have no doubt that breaking it will create many problems."

Ibbotson said: "Dr. Cellini, Samuel Brockway's fingerprints were found on the post office premises. They were found on a key. The knife which he had here last night was the knife used to murder Mrs. Hull. If Samuel Brockway were alive, he would be in the dock this morning on a charge of murder. I am sure the case would be proved."

"I've no doubt you're right, Inspector — it would have been a very quick end to the investigation, but — were his brother's prints found, I wonder? Or — anyone else's?"

"You can go on wondering," Ibbotson said tartly. He turned to Harry. "Have you anything to add to what you

told me last night, Mr. O'Neill?"

"No."

"Are you prepared to sign a statement embodying all you said?"

Harry said: "Subject to the advice of my lawyer, yes."

"Thank you. I would like to see your wife as soon as possible, please." Ibbotson turned round and moved toward the stairs, smarting and annoyed because Cellini had undoubtedly given O'Neill courage, and went to the door of the spare room. Through a crack in the door of the main bedroom he saw the empty beds and reflected that Mrs. O'Neill was up and should be easily accessible.

THE bedroom door opened. "Is Ronald O'Neill awake yet?" Ibbotson asked.

"Yes," said Detective-Officer Mortimer in a clear and carrying voice. "He's OK to talk, I'd say."

"That's fine," said Ibbotson, with obvious satisfaction.

Catherine heard both question and answer as she sat in front of the dressing-table in the bedroom, still terribly upset by what Harry had said downstairs — trying to face the fact that her husband had now declared openly that he thought the loss of Marion, their first daughter, had turned her mind.

Soon, Ibbotson spoke, obviously asking questions.

Ronald began to answer. It was impossible to distinguish the words, but his voice was firm and he appeared to be quite self-possessed.

Suddenly, above the drone of voices in the next room, Catherine heard a scream; Elsa. She jumped up and rushed to the window which overlooked the next-door neighbor's garden. Elsa was rushing across the vivid green lawn, holding her hands out

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as she would to her mother, and screaming: "Jenny! Jenny!"

The maid came running from the house. The two met. Jenny swept the child up into her arms and rushed indoors with her. Catherine thought she saw a splash of crimson on Elsa's arm. She rushed across the room and down the stairs, her personal fears and her deep hurt torn away by Elsa's distress. Harry stood in the middle of the doorway as if he would bar her path. She felt an onrush of anger so great that it drove everything else out of her mind. She did not stop, but rushed toward him, saying: "Get out of my way!"

She pushed past him like a wild thing. Cellini was standing on one side, and she hardly noticed him. She wrenched open the back door and ran out. Voices were raised next door and someone was sobbing—Elsa. Catherine ran toward the street, then over a grass path which separated the two front lawns.

Helen Calbury was hold-

Continued from page 51

ing Elsa up to the sink and running the tap water on to her arm. Elsa was sobbing. Blood flowed from a gash on the inside of the child's arm, made pink by the water but flowing very fast.

Helen looked up, face haggard with distress. "I don't think it's too bad," she said jerkily. "I've seen worse, but I'll never forgive myself for letting it happen. Never."

"You can't blame yourself." Now that she was here, now that she could see the worst, Catherine felt the awful tension ease a little. She even managed to force a smile, and took Elsa's arm firmly in her hand above the elbow.

"It's all right, darling," Catherine said. "Helen, could you get a piece of cloth or some tape?—anything to make a tourniquet. Elsa, look—it's bleeding less already, it will soon stop." Elsa was shivering, but her crying lost the pitch of hysteria. "How did you do it, darling?"

"There was something in the ground," Elsa muttered. "I went to get my ball, and it cut me."

"Here, this will do," Helen said. She had torn a clean teatowel in two. "Shall I get the car out and take her to hospital to have it seen to?"

THE gash was deep enough to need stitches, serious enough to require urgent attention. For the first time since she had been in here, Catherine thought of the men next door.

"Yes, please. Helen, don't blame yourself, please."

"I'll blame myself," Helen said. She turned away, and then asked roughly: "What do you want? If you're a reporter—"

"I am a doctor," Cellini declared. "I may be able to help." He came in without haste, examined the wound, took the cloth and bound it firmly round Elsa's arm.

CUNNING AS A FOX

above the elbow, and asked: "Can you find a dressing-lint or gauze?—for a temporary bandage. I wonder if someone could go next door and tell Mr. O'Neill that there is no need for undue alarm."

"Jenny," Helen Calbury called.

"Then if you will take Elsa to the hospital—the casualty ward—they'll soon look after this. I will telephone them to expect you, and they'll attend to Elsa right away." He was taking a gauze pad from Helen. "Thank you, Mrs. O'Neill," he went on quietly, "it is very important that you allow your neighbor to take Elsa to the hospital. I cannot attempt to explain now, but you must prove that you are not absolutely possessed by fear for your daughter, that you will trust her with other people even at a time of emergency. Do you understand? Evidence of an obsession would be easily misunderstood and misinterpreted."

Catherine knew exactly what he meant, and even in her anguish she could see that he was right. If she could bring herself to let Elsa go, if she could return to her own house and face Harry, Ibbotson, and whatever was to come, outwardly calm in the knowledge that Elsa was in good hands, it was bound to help.

"Mrs. O'Neill," Cellini said, "you may never have such a chance again to vindicate yourself. And remember this: your son needs your help now much more than your daughter does."

There were footsteps on the path—Helen was coming back. Jenny spoke to her in a high-pitched, nervous tone.

"It's that rip-hook, the one that was lost, it was covered by some michaelmas daisies, the ball was right in the middle of them. You could see the ball, but the rip-hook was mostly hidden."

A few minutes later Catherine and Cellini stood on the

pavement and watched the car drive off. Cellini said quietly: "It may be that in the next few days, perhaps the next few hours, your husband will need your help more than your son will."

Catherine said bitterly: "You don't know Harry."

"I hope you will remember what I have said," Cellini gripped her arm, then stood aside for her to cross into her own garden. A man came along the path from the street as she did so.

"Mrs. O'Neill, can you spare me a minute, please?" Can you tell me if Mr. O'Neill is coming in to work today, please? I'm Asherton from his office, and Mr. Grayson says he has eleven o'clock and noon appointments with important clients."

"Go to the front door and I'll tell my husband you're here."

CATHERINE forced a smile, then hurried to the side door. No one was in the kitchen, but voices sounded not far away. With Cellini just behind her, she went into the hall.

"I tell you they will." That was Ronald, his voice still assured and confident. "There's no need to worry about that."

He was coming down the stairs with Ibbotson.

He had shaved and was wearing flannel trousers and a white, long-sleeved shirt, so that he looked immaculate and quite remarkably handsome.

"We'll see," Ibbotson said coldly.

"Harry," called Catherine. She looked up at Ronald and smiled quite naturally. "See you in a minute, Ron." Harry came from the dining-room door. "Harry," she said, ignoring the way he looked at her, "there's a Mr. Asherton at the front door. You have two important appointments this morning. Mr. Grayson wants instructions about what to do if you can't keep them."

Harry stopped short. "Oh! I'd completely forgotten." He opened the front door. "Will you all go into the living-room?"

"You won't be long, Dad, will you?" Ronald called.

"Five minutes, that's all. Come in, Asherton."

Catherine led the way into the living-room. She motioned to easy chairs. She felt tense and brittle, but relieved that she was able to behave so naturally. She was determined not to speak first to Ronald; he must make the overtures.

He moved toward her.

"Hello, Mum."

"Hello, Ronald."

"I'm sorry about what I said last night."

"I hoped you would be."

"I—I didn't know what I was saying."

"You must be very sure to say what you mean today, Ronald. It is easy to be misunderstood."

He stood in front of her and there was such appeal in his eyes that she was reminded of Elsa, only a short while ago. This was the child in front of her—not the adolescent who had changed so drastically. "Mother," he said. "Please help me to get on top of myself. I know I've been an awful fool, but please, please help me."

Ibbotson and Cellini could not fail to hear the words and to feel the intensity of his pleading, but there were things they could not know. Such earnestness as this was not in her son's nature; it was

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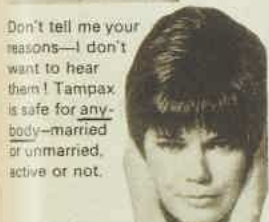
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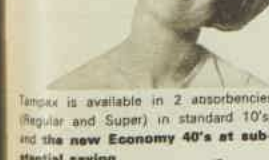
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busy children (and adults too)
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**Sugar is
an energy food.**



For a balanced diet you need three main kinds of food: body-building foods, energy foods and protective foods.

Body-building foods

These include meat, fish, poultry, milk, eggs and cheese. They contain proteins which your body uses for building new tissues.

Energy foods

Fats and foods such as bread, rice, sugar and potatoes are fuel-foods and provide energy.

Protective foods

Protective foods like fresh fruit and vegetables are rich in the vitamins and minerals necessary to your body for good health.

put on for effect, or else was designed to get him something which he desperately needed. He was not asking for help to "get on top of myself" but for help to rescue him from his plight.

"In every way I can I'll help you," she promised. "But you'll have to meet me half-way, Ronald."

"Yes, I know." He turned round to Ibbotson and gave a diffident little smile. "I've told the Inspector that I did know that Brockway was going—going to do a job, as he put it, but I didn't know where. That's the simple truth. I know I was a fool to have anything to do with the Brockways, but they forced me into it. You've no idea what cunning beasts they were. I've told the Inspector what I told you, Mum. That I didn't realise what they were doing when I first went out with them, and after that—well, they threatened to tell Dad that I had known. They wouldn't have worried about how much they lied, and—I just hadn't the cour-

Continued from page 53

age to have it out with them. So I went on driving for them. I don't deny I got a kick out of it sometimes, when we were out, but I always hated myself afterwards.

"And I couldn't have had anything to do with that awful business at Mrs. Hull's place, because I was home too early. You know that, Mum. Brockway came to see me later and asked me to hide that money for him, the money you found under the mattress, but I didn't know what had happened or I wouldn't have touched it. I swear I wouldn't."

Catherine felt a sickening sense of helplessness. If she told the truth it would betray her son. He was reciting the story that he wanted her to tell the police, his "help me" had simply been a way of begging her to lie for him. If she did, what would the future hold? If she didn't, if

CUNNING AS A FOX

she told the truth, what would happen to him?

"Mother," Ronald was saying, "I told you I put that money in a litter basket in the park, didn't I? I told the police, too. It's sure to be found."

The boy did not seem to be making much headway with his mother, Ibbotson reflected. There was an undercurrent of tension here which he did not fully understand. The important thing was whether the tension would further the police case, but there were aspects about it which made even the hard-bitten Yard officer feel uneasy.

Two things interrupted young O'Neill, almost simultaneously. There was a ring at the front-door bell and O'Neill senior's voice came, firm and carrying a note of finality.

"All right, Asherton. I'll be along at twelve noon, but it will only be for the one interview."

"Thank you very much, sir. Goodbye."

A voice almost as familiar to Ibbotson as his own sounded as the front door opened.

"Where is Chief Inspector Ibbotson, please?" It was Redman.

"You'd better come in," O'Neill said.

Ibbotson went out into the hall, passing O'Neill.

Ibbotson judged from Redman's expression that the news was good indeed; he must learn how to keep a poker face better than this. "Well, Sergeant?"

REDMAN lowered his voice, so that only Ibbotson could catch the words, although the others could hear the sibilant sound of the whispering.

"Ronald O'Neill got back just after one o'clock the night before last, sir."

"Beyond doubt?" demanded Ibbotson.

"Two separate and equally reliable witnesses. Mrs. Crabtree, who lives in the house at the back of this one, was visiting friends two doors along from here. As she left, just after one o'clock, she saw the three youths moving from an open sports car into this house. Her friend, a Mrs. Hunter, also saw and recognised Ronald O'Neill. And the Brockways were the other two. No doubt about it."

"Well, well," said Ibbotson. "Now all we want is the money."

Ibbotson entered the room and everyone turned to look at him. "You told me that your son arrived home about eleven o'clock the night before last, Mrs. O'Neill. I have reason to believe he did not get here until after one o'clock. It is a very serious matter to give false information to the police. Are you sure you did not make a mistake?"

"Mother!" cried Ronald. "Tell them I was home by eleven."

That was when Dr. Cellini intervened.

"May I ask if you are basing your charge of falsehood on information received, Inspector?"

"I've accused no one of lying. I want to make sure that Mrs. O'Neill didn't make a mistake."

"Most definitely my impression was that you implied that Mrs. O'Neill had lied in an effort to protect her son—a most understandable thing for a mother to do, of course. However, I doubt if it has been established as a fact yet. May I ask another question?"

"If you must,"

"How much money was stolen from the post office?"

"In cash, fifteen hundred pounds."

"And in easily negotiable securities?"

"Another two thousand five hundred or so."

"How much have you recovered?"

Ibbotson said heavily: "None."

"Indeed. Did you make a thorough search of Ronald O'Neill's room?"

"Quite as thorough as Brockway made."

"And there was no trace of the missing money and securities?"

"No."

"I wonder where that money is," Cellini mused. "What a pity Brockway is dead."

"What has any of this got to do with you?" Ronald demanded quite rudely.

Cellini shrugged.

"That depends on your point of view," he answered mildly. "Mr. O'Neill, I don't know what is in your mind, but I must admit I think the time has come for you to take legal advice. If I were you, I would advise each member of your family to make no further statement without such advice. If I were a solicitor I would now wish to know whether my client—Mr. O'Neill—can

FROM THE BIBLE

● Each of you must be quick to listen, slow to speak, and slow to be angry. For a man's anger cannot promote the justice of God.

— James 1:19.

now have the full and unimpeded use of his house. If the police seriously believe that any money is hidden here, then they should have obtained a search warrant by now. Isn't that so?"

Harry said roughly: "Well, Inspector?"

Ibbotson said stiffly: "Yes, if you will authorise us to go into your son's bedroom for another half an hour, and unless we should find something there to warrant a further search."

Harry looked at his wrist-watch.

"It's a quarter past eleven. At a quarter to twelve I must leave for my office, and I want you gone by then."

"Very reasonable," Cellini interpolated. "Mr. O'Neill, I have several personal matters I should attend to. Will you allow me to come and see you at your office at, say, half past twelve? We could perhaps come back here together."

"All right," Harry was not particularly gracious.

But then, he had not been gracious for a long time, Catherine reflected, as she watched the group break up. The two detectives went up the stairs. As they reached the landing the telephone bell rang and a car passed the window.

Catherine cried: "There's Elsa!" She ran out as Harry picked up the telephone. Ronald stood solitary and defenceless while everyone else moved or spoke.

Harry put the instrument down. "It's for Inspector Ibbotson," he announced, and added as Ibbotson came down: "A Detective Officer Mortimer."

To page 56

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IRREGULAR? THEN TAKE CARTERS TONIGHT — FEEL FINE TOMORROW!

Continued from page 55

"Thanks." Ibbotson took the telephone. "Yes, Mortimer?"

As he listened, his face began to light up. Harry and Ronald watched uncertainly from two different standpoints as he said: "Yes... I've got it... Are you sure? Same numbers? ... That's fine."

Outside Catherine was calling: "Elsa, darling! You're back so soon. Did it hurt?"

"No, not really."

Ronald was now staring at Ibbotson, who had come back from the telephone to the doorway of the living-room. Harry was just inside the room, Redman was almost toppling over the banisters in his eagerness to hear what was said.

"Well, Mr. O'Neill," Ibbotson was staring at Ronald, his expression forbidding. "The money you put in a litter bin has been found. Some of the notes have your fingerprints on them. All of the notes came from the post office where the murder was committed. Do you still deny that you took part in that crime?"

Ronald moved back half a pace and raised his hands as if to fend off a physical attack. Redman came quickly but quietly down the stairs and stood behind Ibbotson.

Ronald said: "I told you. I told everyone. They came and asked me to hide the money for them. When I realised where it came from I ditched it! I told my mother that. I told everyone. I didn't have anything to do with the murder."

"O'Neill," Ibbotson said, "where did you put the rest of the money and the securities?"

"I didn't put them anywhere."

"Why did Brockway come here last night?"

"I don't know!"

"You know why he came and you killed him so that he couldn't get the money or the securities back."

"No I didn't!" gasped Ronald. "He was going to kill my mother, that's why I went for him. If it hadn't been for her he'd still be alive. If it hadn't been for her none of this would have happened. It's all her fault."

"Brockway wouldn't risk coming here to get two hundred and fifty pounds—it wouldn't be worth his while. You kept some of it here. What did you do with the rest?"

"I didn't touch another penny. They brought it here, it was late at night, long after I'd come in and gone to bed. They threw stones at my window and woke me up, that's the truth! They asked me to look after the two hundred and fifty quid for them and I did, but I'd been in for hours. Ask my mother—she knows."

Catherine, who had come in by the kitchen door, appeared in the doorway.

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

CUNNING AS A FOX

Redman moved to allow her to pass.

"Mum," he said brokenly. "Mum, tell them. Please tell them. I was in at eleven o'clock. You saw me, we talked. Please tell them."

Catherine put her arms about him.

On her husband's face there was the sweat of agony, on Ibbotson's the pain of compassion, on Redman's the derisive sneer of disgust. Each of them was staring at Catherine, but she did not look at them, she looked down at her son. Her right hand moved and touched his head and fondled his hair.

"It's all right, Ronald," she said gently. "I told them before and I tell them again. You were home at eleven o'clock that night, and you were here until half-past twelve at least. I know because I was awake until then."

She took her hand away from his head and looked straight into Ibbotson's eyes.

"So your information could not have been correct, Inspector, could it?"

Ibbotson said: "I will check it again."

He turned and went out of the room, almost shoving Redman ahead of him, silencing the protests on his assistant's tongue.

UPSTAIRS in Ronald's bedroom, with all the furniture topsy-turvy and the slashed mattress pushed to one side, Redman grabbed his superior's arm and said urgently: "She lied! You let her get away with it!"

"No one's got away with anything."

"I've told you before that the boy will lead us to the money. Now he's all ready to try to run for it. His mother's lied for him. There's a hell of a lot of trouble in this household, and before long it's going to be too hot for little Ronnie. He'll go for the money, and then run. We can't be sure of getting the loot without him, but we can pick him up any time we want to without the loot. You want to convince yourself?"

"You bet I do!"

"It should be easy," Ibbotson said drily. "You watch him—and have him watched night and day."

"He's a killer. We know that."

"Well?"

"How do we know he won't kill again if we let him run loose?"

"What motive could he have?" Ibbotson asked. He added a little uneasily: "Make sure he's under surveillance all the time."

"Yes, sir," Redman said. "Now we'll give this room a final going-over," said Ibbotson, more briskly. A minute or two later he went on: "I wonder what Cellini's up to, and why he left when he did." Cellini preoccupied him, and he was still thinking about the doctor when Ross Mortimer came, red-faced and eager-eyed.

"Now what have you dug up?" demanded Ibbotson.

"Could be very useful, sir," said the detective-officer brightly. "About a quarter past twelve on Monday, young O'Neill was seen coming away from Victoria Buildings in the High Street. A bus conductor with whom he sometimes played billiards was coming off the late bus. Mr. O'Neill's offices are in Victoria Buildings. So if he was at the post office he went to Victoria Buildings, and to the Brockways. Bit of a puzzle, isn't it?"

"Very interesting, indeed," Ibbotson said, and he added after a pause: "I want that checked and double-checked, and quick."

Harry O'Neill drove his car into Stoneley High Street. Behind the four-storey red-brick building in which his offices were situated there was a car park, with a space clearly marked: H. O'Neill. He turned into it.

His office was on the second floor. His business occupied all five rooms on the floor, and there was access to his own room only through an outer office. His receptionist-operator was taking off her earphones.

"Good morning, Mr. O'Neill."

"Good morning, Jessie."

He went through a small outer office, which was empty, into his own. Grayson, his managing clerk, was there. So was young Asherton, who had come to the house. Grayson, tall and elderly, stood by a big wall safe—almost a strongroom, for there was room for two men to work inside at the same time.

Asherton looked badly scared, Grayson grave and obviously distressed.

"Now what is this?" demanded Harry. "Have you been fooled by these rumors, Grayson?"

"No, Mr. O'Neill," Grayson answered quietly. "There are twelve hundred and fifty pounds in notes and two thousand five hundred pounds in stamps, postal and money orders stacked away in the safe. I'm quite sure it wasn't here two nights ago when I last had occasion to go to the security boxes. It was put there last night or the night before."

"Who else knows about this?" he asked.

"No one, yet," answered Grayson.

"Asherton?"

"I asked him to open the safe for me. He actually found the money."

Harry stepped into the big safe, acutely conscious of the note of suspicion, almost of censure, in his manager's voice. Grayson was very like Ibbotson in that moment. The security boxes were in a corner. These particular boxes often went untouched for weeks, but occasionally they were opened on two or three consecutive days.

Harry opened the top one with his key. On top of the usual papers were wads of one-pound notes. He opened three boxes; each had been used to store part of the proceeds of the post office robbery. Harry went back into the office.

To page 74



Cool, Cool Relief from Hot, Aching Feet

Smooth a little Frostene on your feet... see how quickly it draws out all the fire and pain... how quickly it eases inflamed, congested tissues, reduces swelling. Frostene deodorises and neutralises poisonous acid sweat, too. All Chemists sell cool, magic-acting Frostene in good-size tubes. Rub it in night and morning—enjoy foot comfort through the longest summer day.

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(Kolestral "S" for dandruff) **85c** AT ALL CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSING SALONS.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

The magazine of brighter 16 reading Everybody's



Tullo house model, Melbourne's Lynne Brown, is an Angel Face girl— a girl going places

Lynne Browne's fresh, natural look is the Angel Face look

Angel Face will give you this fresh, natural look too.

Follow Lynne's simple make-up routine. In the morning, she smooths on Angel Face Liquid. Its delicate, creamy texture is just right for all types of skin.

During the day, Lynne touches up with Angel Face Powder. Actually, it's silky powder blended with creamy foundation. That's why, as she knows, it really stays on — never streaks or cakes. It's thanks to Angel Face that Lynne's complexion looks fresh and natural all day.

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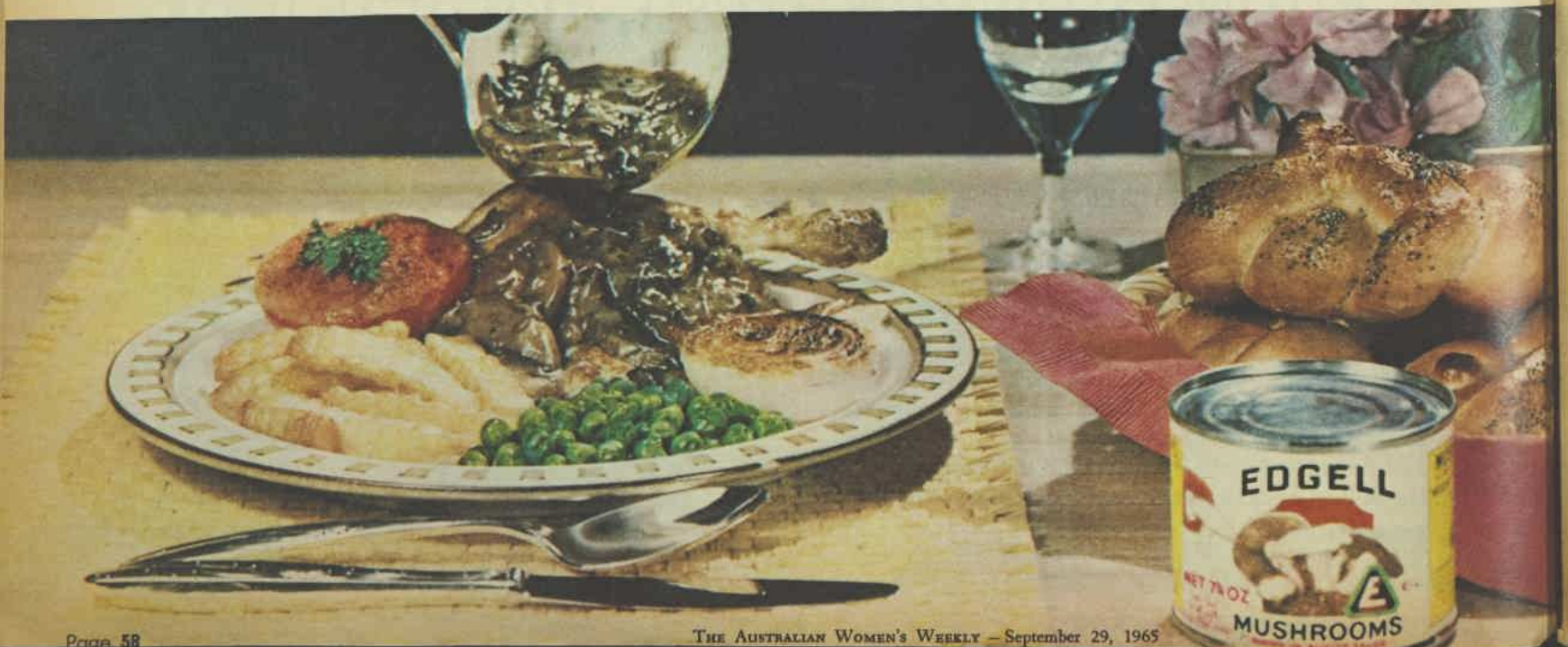


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DECIMAL CURRENCY CLOTH

Needlework offer
to our readers.
Details, page 61.



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What's more, it's so tasty!

DECIMAL CLOTH NEEDLEWORK OFFER

... from page 59

● Our Christmas 1965 Needlework Offer, which is the beautiful cloth shown in color on page 59, commemorates the changeover to decimal currency in Australia. This will take place on February 14 next year.



THE interesting and unusual design of the cloth is the six decimal coins which will be the new Australian currency, a map of Australia, and pretty sprays of wattle surrounding the coins.

The cloth, which would be ideal as a tea- or supper-cloth, is in good quality cream linen. It measures 54in. by 53in. unhemmed. It can be finished with a plain hem, with hem-stitching, or edged with lace.

For balance in the design, all the new decimal coins on the cloth are of equal size, but their various emblems are all faithfully reproduced for embroidering.

These emblems are:
50 cents, Australian Coat of Arms.
20 cents, Platypus.
10 cents, Lyrebird.
5 cents, Spiny Anteater.
2 cents, Frilled Lizard.
1 cent, Feather-tail Glider.

Above at right is shown the map of Australia with the coins which makes the centrepiece of the cloth's design, and, below, the 1 cent piece motif.

The wattle sprays embroidered in two shades of yellow, with green leaves, make a charming color contrast to the cream background of the cloth and set off the new decimal coins which they surround.

Coins and wattle sprays are easy and quick to embroider, and when the cloth is completed make a most effective design.

The completed cloth would make a charming, durable, and interesting souvenir of Australia's changeover to decimal currency in 1966.

The cloth comes with a sheet of directions and the necessary cottons to work the embroidery.

To order our decimal cloth, fill in the order form and address label on page 59 and send it with cheque, money order, or postal notes for £1/19/- to "Decimal Cloth," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

The price of £1/19/- includes postage in Australia or to overseas addresses for each cloth.

Solve your Christmas gift problem by embroidering the cloth and sending it as an interesting and typically Australian gift to a friend overseas.

Or send the cloth, with its working directions and embroidery cottons, as a gift to a friend who loves needlework.



ONE-CENT MOTIF (Feather-tail Glider) on the cloth and above, right, the map of Australia centrepiece.

PRE-NATAL DIET IS IMPORTANT

● There are several reasons why a nutritious and well-balanced diet is so vitally important for the expectant mother and her coming baby.

THE expectant mother needs such a diet:

- (1) To maintain her daily strength and thus keep herself fit.
- (2) To provide the best building materials for the rapidly developing baby.
- (3) To build up the muscular tone of her own body, in preparation for the birth of her baby.
- (4) To return rapidly to her normal strength and activity after childbirth.
- (5) To prepare for the successful breast-feeding of her coming baby.

By Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft expert

During pregnancy more good protein (body-building) foods are needed for the rapidly growing baby. Also more mineral salts (i.e., calcium and phosphorus for good bone and teeth formation), more iron (for the blood), and more health-giving vitamins are needed in the daily menu.

The "natural" foods—raw uncooked foods (as in salads) and fresh fruit daily—should be liberally included in the diet.

A leaflet giving suggestions for diet and other essentials for a healthy pregnancy can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. (Note: a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.)



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spots and stripes!

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It's enough to make the mermaids green with envy. Two glorious Jantzen swimsuits in 'BRI-NYLON'. Their 'BRI-NYLON' label tells you they've been tested—and found trustworthy. Fibremakers supplied the nylon

yarn that made them, then said they were good enough to wear the 'BRI-NYLON' label, because Jantzen made them so well. That's why there's nothing like 'BRI-NYLON'

Look for the BRI before you buy.



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AZALEAS



"SWEETHEART SUPREME," released this year in Australia, is one of the most popular azaleas grown in America. It is strongly perfumed, a hardy grower. Photographed at Burbank Nurseries, Wyong, N.S.W.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 237



"ANTHONY KOSTER," a magnificent apricot-shaded Mollis azalea. Probably the most showy of the family, this type is deciduous. Photographed in Mr. and Mrs. George Valdor's garden, Mount Wilson, N.S.W.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 239



AZALEAS are well adapted for growing in Bonsai fashion. The desired picturesque appearance often may mean the sacrifice of some bloom, but this is not the case with the exquisite example pictured here, a "Yaye Hiryu" azalea grown in an unusual style with a three-tiered effect. To achieve this pleasing appearance the intermediate growth is removed from the main stem. This plant was grown by Mr. J. Bailey, Manly Vale, N.S.W. Picture by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 238

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

"SANDPIPER," a deciduous Knap Hill azalea, is a hybrid and most unusual. Photographed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fisher, Mount Wilson, N.S.W.



"AZUMA KAGAMI," bluish pink edged with bright rose, is a semi-double Kurume azalea. Bush at left was grown by Mrs. G. Carson, Wahroonga, N.S.W. Pictures on this page, except the Bonsai azalea, by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Overleaf:
Rhododendrons

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 240

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



PARADISE BAY A Scenic Bay on Long Island, Great Barrier Reef

New *Golden Circle* Summer Sweet...

PINEAPPLE PARADISE



Easy-to-prepare Recipe!

15oz. can **GOLDEN CIRCLE** Crushed Pineapple, 1 layer 8-inch sponge without crust, 1 level tblspn. gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup desiccated coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ pkt. chopped white marshmallows. Optional: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 ripe passionfruit. Soak gelatine in water. Bring contents **GOLDEN CIRCLE** can to boil (sweetened if desired). Remove from stove. Immediately add soaked gelatine, stirring till dissolved. Break cake in pieces into large mixing bowl. Stir in marshmallows, coconut and passionfruit. Add cooled pineapple mixture and blend. Spoon into mould. Chill till firm.



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RHODODENDRONS



RHODODENDRON HAWK variety "Crest" was raised by Lionel de Rothschild, who was an amateur rhododendron enthusiast at Erbury, England. It is probably the most brilliant yellow hybrid to be distributed.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 241



"EARL OF ATHLONE" is one of the new and rarer varieties of rhododendron. This picture, and also the variety "Crest" (p. 241), was taken at Mr. and Mrs. George Valdor's garden at Mount Wilson, N.S.W.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 242



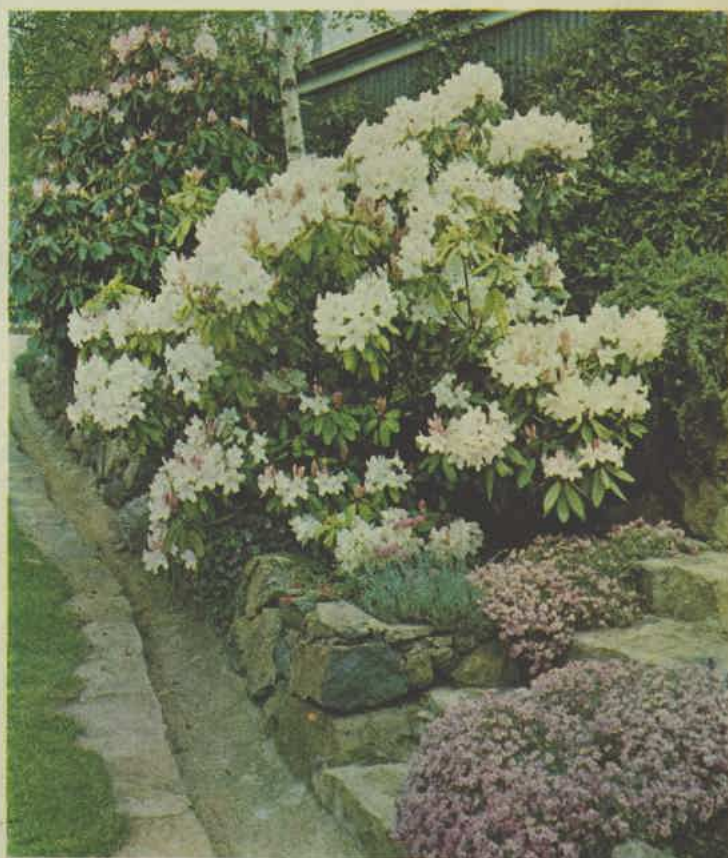
"MRS. G. W. LEAK" is a most attractive plant. This picture, together with "Blue Diamond" (below) and "White Pearl" (p. 244), taken at Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fisher's garden, Mt. Wilson, N.S.W.

"BLUE DIAMOND" is another rare and new variety. It is a small, neat shrub with very pretty, rich lavender-blue flowers.



Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 243

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



"WHITE PEARL," a strong, hardy grower. The decorative flowers are comparatively long-lasting. They are pink in bud, opening into white.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 244 Cultivation guide: turn to P. 78

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



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When teenagers give a party

● Plenty of hot savory food, a cool fruit drink, a luscious dessert, and, to complete the meal, a good supply of hot coffee comprise the ideal menu for a teenagers' party.

BELOW is an inexpensive menu for a teenagers' party at home, or a progressive party at which a different course is served at each house visited.

Progressive parties are increasing in popularity — among adults as well as teenagers. A progressive party shares the work and the expense. Each hostess has to supply only one course, so she can make it a really special one.

The menu below has been planned for 12—an ideal number for a progressive party. All savory dishes can be cooked in advance and reheated, which makes for easy entertaining.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

MENU

Chipolatas with Pineapple

Savory Bread Cases with Chicken a la King

Party Punch

Chow Mein with Fried Rice

Baked Alaska

Coffee

CHIPOLATAS WITH PINEAPPLE

Three or four pounds chipolata sausages, 2 large cans pineapple chunks.

Place sausages in baking dishes, bake in moderate oven until crisp and golden; drain well. Impale each sausage on cocktail stick with chunk of pineapple (pineapple pieces can be heated in their own syrup, then drained). If necessary, put back into oven and reheat before serving.

SAVORY BREAD CASES WITH CHICKEN A LA KING

Two packets fresh sliced bread, melted butter, prepared Chicken Filling (see below).

Cut crusts from bread, brush on both sides of each slice with melted butter. Press into patty tins so points of bread become petals and centre of bread is base of case. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Fill with prepared filling, reheat in moderate oven. Serve piping hot.

Chicken Filling: Four ounces each butter and flour, 2 pints milk, salt, pepper, 2 chickens (steamed), 1 green pepper, 1 red pepper.

Remove seeds from peppers, cut into small dice; put into bowl, pour boiling water over. Let stand few minutes, then drain. Remove meat from chicken, cut into small dice. Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, cook 2 to 3 minutes. Remove from heat, gradually stir in hot milk. Return to heat, stir until sauce boils and thickens; add chicken and peppers. Season to taste. Spoon into prepared bread cases.

CHOW MEIN

Four pounds minced steak, 1 small cabbage (shredded), 1½ lb. sliced green beans, 6 carrots (diced), ½ head celery (chopped), 6 tablespoons rice, 2 packets chicken noodle soup, 2 onions (chopped), salt, pepper, 2 teaspoons

curry powder (or to taste), 4 cups water or chicken stock.

Brown minced steak in large frying pan. Add shredded cabbage, beans, carrots, celery, onion, rice, soup, salt, pepper, and curry powder. Then add the water. Mix well together, cook ½ to 1 hour, stirring occasionally and adding extra stock or water if necessary. Serve with fried rice.

FRIED RICE

Four tablespoons oil, 1½ lb. cooked chopped pork, 2½ lb. cooked long-grain rice, salt, 1½ lb. shelled prawns, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon soy sauce mixed with 1 tablespoon water, 6 shallots (chopped), 2oz. chopped ham.

Heat oil in large frying pan, add chopped pork. Fry 1 or 2 minutes, then add rice and salt. Cook 10 minutes, stirring to prevent rice sticking. Add prawns, mix well, then clear small space in rice and drop in eggs, breaking yolks. When these are nearly cooked, stir and mix through rice. Add soy sauce and water and shallots. Mix well, pile on to large platter. Scatter ham over.

PARTY PUNCH

Two bottles orange cordial (or lemon or fruit cup cordial can be used), water, 2 bananas, 4 apples, 1 small jar maraschino cherries, ice cubes.

Put cordial into large bowl, dilute with iced water to taste (you will need about 12 to 14 pints). Add the sliced bananas, peeled, diced apples, cherries with their liquid. Put several ice cubes into each glass, ladle in punch.

BAKED ALASKA

One packet sponge-cake mix, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons water, 1 large block neapolitan or other ice-cream, 6 egg-whites, 1½ cups castor sugar.

Sauce: One large can cherries, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot, little water.

Prepare sponge-cake mix with the eggs and water as directed on packet. Pour into greased lamington tin, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes, allow to cool. Cut in half crosswise. Place one piece of sponge on heat-proof serving plate, place ice-cream in centre, place in freezing compartment of refrigerator or freeze thoroughly. (Use remaining half of sponge cake as required.) Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beat until of meringue consistency. Cover ice-cream and cake completely with meringue. Rough up meringue slightly, bake in very hot oven 3 to 5 minutes or until lightly browned. Serve with cherry sauce.

Sauce: Drain cherries, reserve syrup; place syrup in saucepan. Blend arrowroot with little water, add to syrup, cook until mixture boils and thickens. Add cherries and few drops of red food coloring if necessary. Serve hot.

To serve: Cut Alaska down lengthwise, then cut across into equal slices. If desired, sponge cake can be moistened with little sherry or fruit juice. Cherry sauce can be omitted and some sliced, canned peaches or halved strawberries arranged over sponge before topping with ice-cream.

Note: Baked Alaska is not the tricky thing to make that many people imagine. Nor does it need last-minute touches.

The whole Alaska can be prepared, covered with meringue, baked briefly as indicated above; let it stand for a few minutes, then it can be returned to the freezing compartment of the refrigerator. It will stand perfectly for several hours.



CHIPOLATA sausages with pineapple, **Chicken a la King** in Bread Cases, and **Party Punch** (shown above) are good party fare.



CHOW MEIN (right) in a delightfully savory version is served with Fried Rice. If you wish, supply each guest with chopsticks.

BOMBE ALASKA (below) is a delicious dessert to round off the party menu. It is served with a cherry sauce, easy, quick to make.



**RECIPES FROM OUR
LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN**





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Hi-Fi Fluid Eyeliner*



KITCHENS ON

● Twelve Melbourne women will reveal the secrets of their kitchens on September 29 to aid charity.



LEFT: Wallpaper with a tiny medallion design combines with cork-tiled bench top, pebble-design linoleum, white painted woodwork, and antique pieces to give Mrs. Lindsay Plant's Toorak kitchen a highly individual character. Fred, the budgerigar, plays in his cage in the window alcove. The curved bench almost enclosing the main working area round the stove supplies storage space and doubles as a servery for the dining-room next to kitchen.

Pictures by BRIAN FERGUSON



FRENCH FARM KITCHEN — but with every mod con — inspired Mrs. Maurice Ashkanasy's kitchen at East Malvern, which is a show-place for hundreds of her treasures, antique furnishings, china, and glassware collected over 30 years. Blue and white Italian tiles in the working area matches exactly the grasspaper on the walls of the breakfast-room, while the bright print in the blinds and drapes echoes the same

shade. The panelled cupboard doors have been finished with carefully blended stain. The vinyl floor is a photographic replica of a brick floor. Schellema painting hangs above the old-fashioned brick range, made of original "Hawthorn blacks." A pair of Worcester dogs on the floor and a bracket clock on the far wall are just a few of the antique pieces in the room. The breakfast-room opens on to an enclosed patio.



LEFT: Well-planned family kitchen and laundry area stretches right along the back of Mrs. Cyril Lansell's East Malvern home, replacing the old kitchen and veranda. Door from the family-room leads to a wide veranda for summer living. The whole area, with a decorative theme of white, natural shades and muted browns, is planned for easy care. Sink is fitted with a waste disposal unit. Dining-room is next to kitchen.



WOVEN STRAW WALLPAPER on cupboard doors in the kitchen of Mrs. Bert Orloff's Toorak home matches the wall covering in the adjoining breakfast-room. Cupboard doors were specially treated for easy care with three coats of clear plastic. Design on tiles backing workbenches is also straw-colored. Brass fighting cocks from France and hanging lamp over the table are decorative touches in a kitchen planned for efficiency. Mrs. Orloff is an enthusiastic cook.



CUPBOARDS of mountain ash and a cork-tiled floor give warmth to Mrs. David Steeman's modern kitchen at South Yarra. Equal space is given to kitchen area (in picture) and to a laundry-serving area, with washing and drying machines and collapsible sewing unit as well as Mr. Steeman's carpentry bench. Shrubs and creepers along the fence outside kitchen windows give a green outlook all year round. The dining-room and the garden beyond are visible through doorway.

DISPLAY

By MARGARET BERKELEY

WELL-KNOWN women often open their homes to the public for charity's sake, but usually the kitchens are kept "out of bounds."

Yet a woman's kitchen is probably the most individual room in her house, and the room which holds most interest for other women.

A "kitchen opening day," arranged in Melbourne by the "Your Opportunity" Committee, under the presidency of Mrs. Eric Rogers, was inspired by a letter from Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein, who had attended a similar function in New York.

The money raised will benefit the Thornbury Opportunity Youth Club.

The kitchens will be open from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. and the admittance fee of 5/- per house or 25/- for 12 houses may be paid at any entrance.

Cards with direction maps will be supplied.

Each hostess will prepare a special dish which will be displayed in her kitchen, and copies of all recipes for display dishes will be handed to each guest. (We publish overleaf recipes from the nine hostesses pictured on these pages.)

The 12 hostesses are:

South Yarra: Mrs. Max Shaw, 40 Davis Avenue; Mrs. David Steeman, 61 Murphy Street; Mrs. Joshua McClelland, 25 The Right; Mrs. Tony Smith, 24 Domain Street.

Toorak: Mrs. Lindsay Plant, 17 Glen Road; Mrs. Frank Osborn, 2 Glen Road; Mrs. Bert Orloff, 203 Kooyong Road; Mrs. Nicholas Holt, 16 Millicent Avenue; Mrs. Verna Linton, 12 Iona Avenue; Mrs. Peter Scott, 7 Montrose Court.

East Malvern: Mrs. Maurice Ashkanasy, 36 Allenby Avenue; Mrs. Cyril Lansell, 9 Valency Road.

— See recipes overleaf



INFORMAL KITCHEN suits young Toorak matron Mrs. Nicholas Holt, who chose oiled pine cupboards, cork tiles on floor and bench tops, and the tile-pattern wallpaper backing the workbenches. Casseroles of all sizes on open shelves, cooking utensils hanging from hooks show this is the kitchen of a keen cook. Large windows give a garden view.



COTTAGE ATMOSPHERE of Mrs. Max Shaw's kitchen at South Yarra draws the eye from the working area (not shown). Rocking-chair, a Dufy print, the collection of dishes and casseroles on the wall shelves, and the wine rack visible in far wall contribute to the comfortable, lived-in look. All woodwork is painted white, the floor has vinyl covering.



BREAKFAST BAR divides kitchen and comfortably furnished family-room in the new Toorak home of Mrs. Peter R. Scott. The narrow, unusually shaped working area was planned specially to suit Mrs. Scott's requirements. Wood panelling in a subtle shade, white tiles, and laminated plastic contrast with the cotton print in blind and chair covers. Laundry is in the room adjoining kitchen on the right. Mrs. Scott, who studied at the Cordon Bleu School in London, loves French cooking.



RIGHT: Spacious kitchen in Mrs. Frank Osborn's home in Toorak is separated from large family-room by a high bar. The kitchen is decorated simply with cork-tiled floor and lined hardwood doors to wall and bench cupboards, which have been planned to cope with special needs — one cupboard, for instance, stores only electrical equipment. Bench tops are well lit by concealed fluorescent tubes. Note the handy housewife's desk. A tall, freestanding two-sided cupboard (not shown) gives the working area a false wall — and extra storage space on both sides.

Hostesses' recipes (From page 71)

STRAWBERRIES AND liqueur give the flavor to Mrs. David Steeman's contribution — a strawberry cake covered with whipped cream.

HERISSON DE FRAISES (STRAWBERRY HEDGEHOG)
Eight eggs, 2½ boxes strawberries, 2 cups castor sugar, 9oz. potato starch (available at Continental groceries), 1 pint whipped cream, 3 tablespoons Kirsch or Cherry Brandy, juice of ½ lemon.

Separate egg-whites from yolks. Beat egg-yolks with sugar and a

pinch of salt to smooth cream in a large mixing bowl. Add potato starch and the juice of half a lemon. Mix well. Beat egg-whites until stiff and pour on to the batter. Blend with a cutting motion. Butter a high round 10in. metal cake tin and sprinkle with ordinary flour. Pour in batter, filling only 2-3rd to allow cake to rise. Bake in a moderately hot oven for 45 minutes. Test with a knife to make sure the cake is done. When the cake is cool, cut it horizontally into 3 layers. Sprinkle the first layer with a tablespoon of Kirsch, arrange a layer of strawberries, followed by whipped cream. The same procedure for the second layer. For the third layer, sprinkle

with Kirsch, then cover the top and sides of the cake with cream. Decorate the sides and top so that the whole cake is covered with strawberries. Refrigerate for at least an hour before serving. Serves six.

MRS. CYRIL LANSELL suggests serving this with after-dinner coffee instead of a sweet:

APPLE APPETISER RING CAKE

Four ounces butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups plain flour, 1 level teaspoon each of salt, nutmeg, and mixed spices, 1½ cups unsweetened apple pulp, ¼ cup milk, 1 cup raisins, ¼ cup chopped walnuts, extra ¼ cup plain flour.

Cream butter and sugar until light. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to the mixture alternately with the apple and the milk. Stir in the chopped raisins and walnuts, which have been mixed with the extra flour. Turn into a well-greased 8in. ring tin and bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour. Cool slightly in the tin and turn on to a rack to cool. Top with lemon-flavored icing and chopped walnuts.

MRS. LINDSAY PLANT'S recipe is for a famous French dish:

BOEUF BOURGUIGNONNE

Four pounds of beef (rump), 1-3rd cup flour, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 6 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons brandy, 3 medium onions (sliced), 3 sprigs parsley, 2 bayleaves, dash of thyme, 1 clove

garlic (minced), 3 cups dry red wine, 3 slices bacon (half cooked), 1 cup fresh or canned mushrooms, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 3 carrots (sliced).

Cut meat in 1½in. cubes. Combine flour with salt and pepper and coat meat. Melt 4 tablespoons of butter in a saucepan, add meat, and brown on all sides quickly. Pour brandy over meat and set it aflame. In separate pan, saute onions and carrots in remaining butter for 3 minutes. Add to meat. Add parsley, bayleaves, thyme, and garlic; stir. Add red wine and just enough water to cover meat. Add bacon, cover, and cook over low heat for 2½ hours. Add mushrooms and tomato paste and cook another 30 minutes. Serves eight to ten.

MRS. FRANK OSBORN contributed this rich seafood dish:

SCAMPI A LA CREME

Eight large prawns or 2 crayfish tails, 1oz. butter, 2½oz. dry sherry, 1 teaspoon paprika, 2 or 3 firm tomatoes, 2 egg-yolks, ¼ pint cream.

Cut the tails or prawns into thick slices and heat through in butter. Flame with the sherry. Add paprika, previously fried in a little butter and allowed to reduce. Beat egg-yolks with cream, strain into pan, and cook carefully over a low heat until thick. Add the concassed tomatoes* and season to taste. Plain boiled rice could be served with this dish. Serves four.

*To concass tomatoes, plunge into boiling water and then skin. Quarter and take out the pulp and seeds, leaving the outside fleshy part.

MRS. MAX SHAW devised a subtly amusing name for a simply prepared but attractive fish dish which should, perhaps, be dedicated to Professor Afterbeck Lauder:

FISH A LA STRINE

Take two 8oz. tins of red salmon or tuna (or one of each), drain, and place flaked fish into casserole. Save liquid to add to 1 pint of good white sauce. (Optional, but an improvement to the sauce, is the addition of a large teaspoon of french mustard and ½ cup of finely diced raw celery.) Pour sauce over fish in casserole, completely masking it.

This dish will serve 4 or 5 generously, so hard-boil 4 or 5 eggs (according to the number to be served), remove shells, and halve. Spoon out yolks in a small bowl and mix with curry powder, chutney, pepper and salt to taste. Blend with cream or mayonnaise to a smooth consistency. Fill the whites of eggs with mixture, top each with a small sprig of parsley, and place on top of casserole. Heat in moderate oven, and serve with rice or canned shoestring potatoes.

CLASSIC Italian recipe is a favorite of Mrs. Nicholas Holt:

VEAL PARMIGIANA

Six thin veal cutlets, 1 cup bread-crumbs, 1 cup grated parmesan cheese, butter, 1 egg, 1 small can tomato paste, cream or milk, mozzarella cheese, dry white wine, marsala wine, garlic.

Beat cutlets until very thin, trim. Dip in cream or milk, then in beaten egg. Mix parmesan cheese with breadcrumbs and dip cutlets in the mixture. Fry in butter with crushed garlic (to taste) until golden brown on both sides. Arrange in casserole with a thin slice of mozzarella cheese between each cutlet. Mix tomato paste, ½ cup cream, ½ cup dry white wine, dash of marsala, salt, and pepper, and pour over cutlets. Cover casserole and cook slowly for 45 minutes. Serve with jacket potatoes and french salad.

CHICKEN Cacciatore is one of Mrs. Bert Orloff's favorite recipes:

CHICKEN CACCIATORE

Two frying chickens (about 2lb. each), 1-3rd cup olive or salad oil, 2 onions (finely diced), 1 large green pepper (chopped), 1 large clove garlic (minced), 3 medium fresh tomatoes (skinned and diced), 1½ cups canned tomato soup, 3 tablespoons white wine, 1 teaspoon salt, dash white pepper, 1-8th teaspoon paprika.

Cut chickens into serving portions, pat each piece dry with a paper towel. Heat oil and brown chicken on both sides. Add onions, pepper,

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and garlic, and stir until nicely browned. Add tomatoes, tomato soup, wine, and seasonings. Simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ hour or until chicken is tender. Serve with sauce poured over chicken.

MRS. MAURICE ASHKANASY chose this mornay combining asparagus and corn, suitable for a luncheon or supper party:

MORNAY A LA SOPHIA

Six hard-boiled eggs, 1 can asparagus tips, 1 can corn kernels in liquid, parmesan cheese, white sauce.

Cut eggs in quarters. Add eggs, drained asparagus, and corn kernels to white sauce, stir gently. Place in casserole dish and sprinkle with parmesan cheese. Heat just before serving.

White Sauce: 1oz. butter, 2oz. flour, 1 pint liquid (equal parts of asparagus liquid and milk), salt to taste.

To make roux melt butter in heavy-bottomed saucepan, add flour. Cook for 2 minutes. Gradually add liquid, stirring constantly until mixture is thick and smooth. Add salt to taste.

MRS. PETER SCOTT'S fondue recipe is ideal for a small party, can be served with a variety of delicious sauces.

FONDUE BON APPETIT

Select some pork or well-hung beef fillet. Skin and remove fat, then cut into 1in. cubes. Allow 5 to 7oz. per person. Season the meat with salt and pepper and place on the table with various sauces, relishes, and condiments. Fill your fondue pot with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint vegetable oil, heat. It is then ready for each guest, using a fondue fork to dip the meat into the boiling liquid until cooked to taste. (The fondue forks become very hot, so it is advisable to change the meat to another fork before dipping into the sauces.)

Suggested sauces are tartare sauce, sauce Bearnaise, sauce Hollandaise, tomato sauce, mustard sauce, mayonnaise flavored with curry.

Serve with a crisp green salad, mixed pickles with cocktail onions, and garlic bread, with a good red wine to drink.

Tartare sauce: 2 hard-boiled egg-yolks, 2 raw egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint olive oil, 1 to 2 tablespoons vinegar, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped capers, 1 teaspoon chopped gherkins, 1 teaspoon chopped herbs, shredded white of 1 hard-boiled egg, a little cream (optional).

Sieve hard-boiled yolks into a bowl. Working with a wooden spoon, add raw yolks gradually. When well incorporated, drop in the oil gradually, stirring constantly; add oil more quickly as mixture thickens, diluting with vinegar when necessary. Season to taste, then add the capers, gherkins, and herbs and, lastly, the egg-white. A little cream may be added if liked.

Bearnaise sauce: 4 tablespoons white wine vinegar, 6 peppercorns, $\frac{1}{2}$ bayleaf, 1 sprig each of tarragon and chervil, 1 small chopped shallot, 2 egg-yolks, 3oz. butter (softened), an extra nut of butter.

Put the vinegar, peppercorn, bayleaf, tarragon, and chervil sprigs and shallot into a small saucepan. Cook until reduced to a good dessertspoon. Cream the egg-yolks together thoroughly with a nut of butter and a pinch of salt. Cook, stirring, over hot water until slightly thickened; strain in the vinegar. Mix well, and add the softened butter piece by piece. As the mixture thickens, stir continually with a spoon and gradually increase the heat of water in which it is cooking. When all the butter is added, stir in chopped tarragon and chervil and seasonings.

Hollandaise sauce: 2 egg-yolks, 1 small teaspoon arrowroot, 1 gill cold boiled milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. butter, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Put the egg-yolks, arrowroot, half of the milk, and 1oz. of the butter into a small saucepan. Work well together off the fire. Now stir over gentle heat or in top of a double saucepan until beginning to thicken. Draw aside, add another nut of butter, and when this is dissolved return again to the heat to thicken slightly. Warm the rest of the milk and add to the sauce with the remaining butter in small pieces. Finish with seasoning and enough lemon juice to give a pleasant acidity.

READERS' RECIPES WIN PRIZES

● A recipe for a delicious and unusual mandarin jelly wins the £5 main prize in our regular cookery contest this week.

MAKE this mandarin jelly now, while the citrus fruits are at their best.

A marbled afternoon tea cake, with a chocolate flavor and made

in a ring tin, wins the £1 consolation prize.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in these recipes.

MANDARIN JELLY

Two pounds mandarins, 1 lemon, water, and sugar.

Cut lemon and mandarins into slices, cover, add water, and leave several hours or overnight. Bring to the boil and allow to simmer until peel is soft. Strain through jelly bag or fine muslin. Allow 1 cup of sugar to every 1 cup of strained juice, bring to the boil, making sure the sugar is dissolved.

Boil rapidly until mixture jells when tested on a saucer. Pour into sterilised jars and seal immediately.

First prize of £5 to A. Hastings, The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, "Ave Maria" Retreat House, 22 Vida Street, Essendon W5, Vic.

CHOCOLATE RIPPLE RING

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2-3rd cup milk, 1 tablespoon cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1-3rd cup chopped walnuts, extra $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter or substitute. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs and

beat well. Sift together dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk. Spoon 1-3rd of the batter into well-greased ring tin. Mix cocoa, sugar, and walnuts together, sprinkle half over the batter in tin, then dot with half the extra butter. Repeat layers, ending with cake batter. Bake in moderate oven 35 minutes. Allow to stand 5 minutes before turning out of tin.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Russell, 31 Selkirk Street, North Perth.

Note: Please send entries in this contest to A.W.W. Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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PEEK FREAN'S VITA-WEAT

"Well, that's that," Harry said. "I don't quite understand you, Mr. O'Neill."

"You know what is in there, don't you?"

"Proceeds of the post office robbery, presumably," Grayson was very formal. "Whoever put it there had a key, obviously, and there are only two keys in existence, Mr. O'Neill."

"There were," Harry said. "One could have been copied."

"Mine never goes out of my possession, sir."

"I once thought mine didn't," Harry said stiffly.

"Mr. O'Neill," Grayson said, "the police will have to be informed of this. You realise that, don't you?"

"Haven't you told them?"

"I thought that should be left to you."

Continued from page 56

"I see," said Harry. "You know who—"

He broke off at a commotion in the outer office, with a girl's voice raised: "You mustn't!" The door of his office opened and Dr. Cellini, looking a little angry, came in. Just behind him Harry's secretary was still protesting.

Harry said quietly: "It's all right, Joan. Close the door, please. Come in, Doctor. I don't think you've met my office manager, Mr. Grayson." The two men nodded. "You met Mr. Asherton this morning." Harry went to his desk and sat on the corner, swinging one leg. "There was no urgent appointment, Dr. Cellini."

"Indeed?" Cellini sounded surprised.

"Mr. Grayson and Mr. Asherton found the bulk of the post office money hidden in my safe," Harry said. "They have, of course, jumped to the obvious conclusion that I put it there or else knew that my son had, Dr. Cellini."

"I would most certainly like to explore the other possibility first—that the man Brockway put it there. Mr. Grayson, I wonder if you and Mr. Asherton would allow me to have a quiet discussion with Mr. O'Neill. It will not last long."

Grayson said firmly: "The police must be informed, sir. You understand that, don't you?"

CUNNING AS A FOX

"Unless they are, then Mr. O'Neill's standing as an accountant, mine as a doctor, and even yours, Mr. Grayson, would be forfeit. I don't think anyone can be in doubt about that." Cellini contrived to usher the couple to the door. When the door was closed he turned to Harry.

"I thought you were about to say that if Brockway put the money and securities here only you or your son could have given him access."

"I was."

"I don't know Grayson very well," Cellini said. "I imagine that he is an excellent accountant in a strictly conventional manner, and yet singularly lacking in imagination."

"Yes," agreed Harry. "That's Grayson."

"When he is questioned by the police and possibly by prosecuting counsel, he will answer literally and factually," Cellini said. "I don't think it necessary or wise to say too much in front of him, do you?"

Harry said: "Does it make any difference? For years I've had a relentless conflict with my wife. She told me over and over and over again that my son wasn't worth my trust, that he was cruel, vindictive, malicious, and dishonest. I came to hate her for it. I was so sure that she was more than wrong, that she bore a terrible malice toward my son."

"And now—"

"And now," choked Harry, "what do I find? I've heard him lie. I've seen him go to his mother like a helpless child in need of her, and I've seen the gloating in his eyes when she has lied for him because he is the flesh of her body. I've watched and listened as he talked to the police, twisting and turning like a fox from the hounds. My own son, cunning as a fox. He has been a thief and an associate of thieves, he has exerted the viciousness in him on his seven-year-old sister. My wife has told me so time and time again, but I have closed my eyes to her warning."

"And now—"

"And now he uses me, and this office, and the people who work loyally for me to serve him. It wasn't until I realised how he had used me and this office, not until he put me in danger so that I could see just how his mind worked, that I accepted the truth. My wife was mentally sick, my daughter was hopelessly spoilt, the neighbors were spiteful gossips—everyone else was wrong, not I. Not I," he repeated hoarsely. "How can a man be so blind?"

GENTLY, Cellini said: "It is easy to see what one wants to see, easy to conceal what one doesn't. You are one of millions who have done that. When you begin to punish yourself, remember those others, remember how human all failings are."

"Punish myself? Don't you see what I've done? I'm Ronald's victim now. I must tell the police. But Cathy was prepared to lie for him, prepared to be damned to save the son who has never really been a son to her, who treats her as callously as a man would treat a slave. How can anything I do, any punishment on myself, make amends to her?"

"Now I think you are talking nonsense," Cellini said more briskly. "All your wife needs is the realisation that you desire to make amends. It is really even simpler than that," Cellini went on with a deprecatory smile and a wave of his hands. "She wants to know that she has your love. If she will do what she did for Ronald, who is evil, what will she do for you, who are good?"

"How does a boy become evil? Where does he get the corruption from unless from his father? Or his mother?"

"Now, that is where I differ from a lot of my colleagues," Cellini said briskly again. "If you see a child born with two thumbs on each hand, do you blame the parents? Or a child with a humped back. These come from physical malformations. And what is the brain? As physical as a foot or the heart surely. A slight malformation and the wrong cells are joined together. In some it creates genius, in others idiocy, in others, again, what we call evil. If you attempt to blame yourself or your wife you will be a fool. You have accepted the truth, ugly though it is. There is evil in your son, and you have been blind to it. Now—what is to be done?"

After a long silence Harry said: "I must call the police."

"Oh yes, yes, of course," agreed Cellini with a touch of impatience. "I wasn't thinking of the obvious. What is to be done about your son, I mean. Good or bad, right or wrong, he is your son. There is always some good mixed with the bad in the human being. Are you going to try to find that good in your son?"

"If it's there," Harry said. He

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CUNNING AS A FOX

moved to the far side of his desk and picked up one of two telephones. When the operator answered, he said: "Ask Mr. Grayson to listen in to this call, please. Get me the police — Chief Inspector Ibbotson if he's at the local police station."

Soon, Harry was saying: "Inspector, I would like you to come to my office, if you will."

"I'll come at once," Ibbotson said.

Ibbotson lifted the last of the security boxes out of the big safe and placed it on Harry's desk with three others. He began a count in an unemotional voice as Redman checked against the list of stolen securities and money.

At the end of five minutes he put a packet of notes down, looked hard at Harry, and said:

"There is no reasonable doubt that these came from the local post office, Mr. O'Neill."

"I didn't expect any doubt."

"Always have to be sure, sir. You state that you did not put these here and do not know how they were placed here."

"And I repeat that."

"Only you and Mr. Grayson had keys, however."

"Yes."

"Mr. Grayson states that he had no prior knowledge of the money and securities being here until this morning."

"And I repeat that," Grayson interpolated hurriedly.

"Has anyone access to your keys, Mr. O'Neill?"

"Not with my approval," Harry said.

"Not to put too fine a point on it — could your son have taken your keys to the office, this room, and the safe?"

HARRY hesitated, but then replied firmly, "Yes, I usually change out of office clothes when I get home at night. I put the keys with other things out of my pocket into a drawer of my dressing-chest. Anyone in my household had access to them. My son's room is next to mine, as you know."

"Mr. O'Neill, have you any reason to believe that your son put this money and securities here?"

"I was as surprised as Mr. Grayson on finding it."

"You understand that as a result of this discovery and your statements I have no option but to charge your son with receiving the money and securities, and that further, graver charges may follow."

"I understand."

"Is there any message you would like to telephone to your wife, sir?"

Harry said huskily: "No, I'll come with you." He turned to Grayson. "I won't be in for the rest of the day and probably not for several days. Make my apologies and take all my appointments yourself, will you?"

"Very good, Mr. O'Neill."

"Mr. O'Neill?" Cellini had not spoken for such a long time that his interjection carried a note of surprise. "I'm sure this is the time to consult a lawyer and to make sure your son doesn't answer questions which may be incriminating."

"Grayson, telephone Mr. Nicholas Graham, White, and Nicholas and ask him to go to my house as quickly as possible," Harry said. "I don't think he will need telling why. Dr. Cellini, will you come, please?"

"If I can be of any help, of course," Cellini said. "Of course."

Catherine thought: I wonder where Ronald is.

She had not seen him for half an hour, nor had she heard him.

She looked in the garden, both back and front. There was no sign of him. There were two men on the other side of the road, and she knew they were police, stationed there to keep an eye on Ronald. So he couldn't go far. Helen Calbury's car stood outside the driveway next door. Thank heaven for Helen! It would have been an impossible ordeal had she had to look after him today. She was more than a little anxious about Elsa's arm, in the stitches left a scar, but

reassured herself as best she could.

She hadn't heard Elsa for a little while, either. Probably she was indoors, having lunch. As for Ronald — it was hard to feel anything for him now; she was almost numb. The last she had heard of him was on the telephone — for some reason he had called Harry's office. Someone must have told him the police were there, for he had said heavily: "Oh, are they? Don't worry my father, then."

"Hello, Jenny," Ronald O'Neill said. "How do you like being nursemaid to my kid sister?"

Jenny King jumped wildly at the sound of his voice, for she had not heard him come from the next-

door garden. Elsa was indoors, "helping" with lunch preparations; in a few minutes she would come running out, ignoring the handicap of having her arm strapped to her side and in a sling.

Ronald was only a yard or two away from Jenny, smiling.

Her heart began to beat quicker, as it always did when she was close to Ronald, even when she watched him from this garden or one of the upstairs windows. One of the reasons for her careful make-up was the hope of attracting his attention. He was the most handsome boy she knew. He had a lovely voice, too, and a beautiful smile,

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LULUBELLE



"I can't decide whether to marry a diplomat, a millionaire, or George Harrison."

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and in spite of what she knew she could not help being excited about him. Now they were standing closer than they ever had before. That fact and the way he smiled at her made her heart race.

"Don't you like it much?" he asked.

"Like—like what?"

"Nursemaiding to Elsa."

"Oh, I don't mind that!"

"How's her arm?"

"It was ever such a nasty cut."

Ronald glanced toward the bushes where the accident had occurred. "Where did it happen?"

"Just over there. It was a rip-hook left out by the boy who did some work in the garden on Saturday. He was absolutely hopeless, really he was."

"Just like boys!"

"Oh, some are all right," Jenny said coyly. Her heart was beating

Continued from page 75

with a delicious rhythm, and the excitement of his nearness was a warming thrill. "I bet you wouldn't do a careless job."

"Not if I could help it. I'd like to see this weapon, though. Is it still there?"

"As a matter of fact I was going to get it and put it in the garden shed," Jenny said. "The shed's in the corner behind the shrubbery."

The rip-hook, its edge still darkened by Elsa's blood, lay on an old garden seat, where it could be seen and could do no harm.

"Jenny," Ronald said.

"Yes—yes, Ron."

"Scared of me?"

"Goodness, no!" The denial was only half true. "Why should I be?"

"Haven't you heard all the heasty things they've said about me?"

"Oh, that. I never believe rumors."

"I'm having a hell of a time. No one really believes in me—no one has an ounce of understanding. I know I was a fool to get mixed up with rogues, but I thought they were decent chaps. Just because they hadn't had such a good education and didn't come from a wealthy home didn't mean they were beyond the pale. I'm not a snob."

"I hate snobs," Jenny said.

"I bet you do," Ronald said. His smile took on a touch of sadness. He took her arm, holding it lightly, and as if absently pushed the rip-

hook along the seat. "It's nice and quiet here."

"Yes, isn't it?"

"Like to sit down?"

"Well, I shouldn't really," Jenny said. "Mrs. Calbury will be wondering where I've got to."

He slid his hand up her arm and placed it against her shoulder, then slowly drew her closer. "Jenny."

"Yes, Ron?"

"Do you like me?"

"Oh, yes! Ever so much."

Now his other arm was round her and quite suddenly his hands moved, quite suddenly his fingers encircled her neck, quite suddenly she felt a hard pressure on her throat. That was the first moment of terror that she had ever known, and she could

not even gasp or utter a single cry.

When Jenny's body was limp, Ronald lifted her and carried her to the shed, opened it, bundled her in, and closed the door. He had not troubled to find out whether she was alive or not; she certainly wouldn't raise any alarm for a long time. He went out of the shed, and hooked the padlock into position, locking it mechanically. Then he went back to the garden seat. His appearance of casualness and composure had gone; he looked tense and impatient.

At last he heard Elsa call out: "Jenny! Jenny, where are you?"

She came toward the bushes, and her brother waited for her. When she was near, no longer running but walking slowly and puzzled by the quiet, he called: "Jenny's not here, Sis, but she'll be back soon."

He went forward far enough to see her but not far enough to be seen by Catherine, who was looking out of the window at that moment. Catherine saw Elsa moving toward the bushes, probably after a ball, and hoped Jenny was near. Then the telephone bell rang, and she hurried downstairs to answer the call.

"Elsa, how would you like a ride in Mrs. Calbury's car?" Ronald asked. "She wants me to go to the shops for her."

"All right," Elsa said. "I'll come. I love riding in the car."

"Yes, I know," Ronald stretched out for her hand, and she slipped hers into it, after a barely perceptible pause. He held her firmly but with no hint of pressure; the last thing he wanted was to make her cry out. At the gate, he paused, glancing up and down, but Elsa saw nothing wrong in this.

OVER the top of the car, Ronald saw the detectives, standing together and exchanging notes. He lowered his head as he stepped to the car and opened the driving door.

"In you get and slide across," he said. "Off we go then. Here's a sweet—one of your favorites, marshmallow." He handed her a square of silver paper containing the marshmallow, and also containing one of the tablets like those he had taken to send him to sleep. He started the engine and eased off the clutch. The car moved off so quietly that it attracted no attention. Detective-Officer Ross Mortimer did actually see it as it turned the corner, but all he thought was that Mrs. Calbury had driven off.

Helen, in fact, was beginning to wonder why Jenny was so long. If she was keeping Elsa amused, however, that was the main thing. She would call them in twenty minutes or so, and Jenny could lay the table and get Elsa ready for lunch.

Catherine said into the telephone: "Yes, I understand, Mr. Grayson."

"I thought you should be forewarned," Grayson said.

Catherine said mechanically, "Thank you."

She put the receiver down. The police were coming to arrest Ronald, and Harry was coming with them. So her lie had been of no avail.

Where was Ronald?

Should she tell him about the message? If she did, what would he do? He might decide to run away, in spite of the policemen who were watching and in any case foreknowledge might drive him to some desperate course of action. It was better to wait until the police arrived. Soon there was a knock at the door. She went through the hall as Inspector Ibbotson and a man whom she did not recognise came along the path, and Harry and Dr. Cellini followed from Harry's car.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. O'Neill," Ibbotson said, grave-voiced. "Will you ask your son to come and see me, please?"

"I'm not sure where he is," Catherine said. "He may be in the garden."

Ibbotson raised his voice. "Ronald O'Neill."

There was no answer. "Nip upstairs and see if he's there," Ibbotson ordered a young man who had come with him. He himself went to the downstairs rooms and looked around. There was

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- 2½ cups water
- 1½ teaspoons salt

- Pinch cayenne pepper
- 3 dessertspoons flour
- 2 cups milk
- 15 oz. can GREENSEAS chunk style Tuna
- 1 tomato, chopped
- Chopped parsley to garnish

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 29, 1965

Azaleas and rhododendrons — continued from page 65

MANY SHAPES, SIZES, COLORS

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Azaleas and rhododendrons are among the elite of the plant world. In late winter and spring they produce a fantastic burst of color in vivid or pastel shades, varying from white to purple, crimson, yellow, and orange, or flushed or striped with different colors.

IN size they vary from six-inch dwarfs to small trees, and although rather slow-growing they are very long-lived.

They can be grown as specimen plants, or in shrubberies, or massed in borders, and make a magnificent display in the informal garden when growing in filtered sunlight under deciduous or open-headed trees.

They are at their best in groups, as the right conditions can be uniformly maintained. Few plants are more decorative in informal hedges, or in large containers.

Azaleas, strictly speaking, are only a section of the genus *Rhododendron*. Originally, they were regarded as a separate genus, differing from *Rhododendron* in being deciduous and in the flower having five stamens instead of ten. But so many intermediate forms were found that the two genera were merged into one.

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There are between 600 and 800 species (mostly from Asia and North America) and a huge number of cultivated varieties.

For all practical purposes, the azaleas and rhododendrons cultivated in Australia can be divided into the following groups:

KURUME AZALEAS. These are a special group of azaleas, usually of smaller growth but some as high as 4ft., with mainly smaller leaves and flowers. The flowers are borne in great profusion over a long period.

Kurumes originated in Kurume in Japan from wild azaleas growing on Mt. Kirishima and other nearby mountains. They were introduced into Europe and America in the early part of the present century, and in recent years have become popular in Australia.

Their compact growth and the small size of most varieties make them ideal for bedding, borders, and containers. They will stand more cold than many of the *Indica* varieties.

Pruning

Little pruning usually is required; merely remove dead or dying wood or obstructing branches. But the pruning may be quite heavy without injury to the plants; a compact head can be formed by cutting back some of the heavier growth almost to ground level to encourage strong basal shoots.

Pruning is usually done after flowering has ceased.

Planting, transplanting

Evergreen azaleas, especially when in containers, can be planted out at almost any time, provided ordinary care is taken, but preferably do it from autumn to late spring. Deciduous species are best planted when bare of leaves from late autumn to early spring. Avoid deep planting.

Azaleas and rhododendrons are not fast-growing, so correct spacing which allows for future growth can give the ground too open an appearance. You can plant more closely to give quick coverage, then transplant some later.

Obtaining plants

Plants are usually bought in containers or sometimes balled in hessian, or open-rooted for a few deciduous species. Make sure the plants are not root-bound in the pots. As a general rule it is cheapest and best to get small plants from 6in. to 15in. tall.

Sometimes the nursery-raised plants are in flower, which gives a sure basis for choosing the varieties you like.

Growing in containers

Azaleas make very good plants for containers, either in tubs outdoors or in smaller containers for the house.

It is easier to control the soil mixture and acidity than in the garden; also the plants can be shifted about to

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get the right conditions of sunlight and shade. Most varieties flower for six to eight weeks.

Being shade-tolerant plants, they make good house plants; but they dislike draughty conditions and prefer a temperature of 60-65 degrees.

Propagation

Propagation of azaleas and rhododendrons is from cuttings, layering, graftings, seed, and by division.

Indica and Kurume azaleas are most often grown from cuttings, using 2in. to 3in. of the terminal current season's growth in November and December.

The advice usually given is that the cutting should not be soft enough to bend readily and not brittle enough to break. Ones taken from short shoots coming from below the spent flowers are better than those taken from new thick shoots.

The best cuttings for deciduous species are mature ones taken with a heel in February and March.

Cuttings of both types should have the leaves removed from the lower half and inserted in clean, moist sand or a mixture of 60 percent sand and 40 percent peat, or vermiculite may be used.

Keep the cuttings moist and shaded if necessary, and covered with plastic or glass jars, or rooted in a glasshouse. Usually they will root in four to eight weeks, and can be transferred to small pots.

Propagation by layering is often used, taking branches low enough to the ground to be bent down and pegged with wire into the soil.

Preferably two-year-old wood is used; make a slit or tongue on one side about 1in. long and 1/2in. from the tip of the branch. Bury with 2in. of soil, taking care not to break the branch; mulch, and keep moist until rooted. Then cut from the main plant.

INDICA AZALEAS. These evergreens are the azaleas most commonly grown. They have a bewildering range of color and form in singles, semi-doubles, and doubles.

GUMPO AZALEAS are dwarf plants, seldom exceeding 1ft. high, also from Japan. They have a dense habit of growth, are rather slow-growing, have large single flowers, mainly pink, salmon, or white, and are very useful for cool spots in rockeries.

DECIDUOUS AZALEAS, including *Mollis* and *Ghent* hybrids. These are more suited to cold climates and heavier soils, are sensitive to dryness, and often perfumed.

The *Ghent* hybrids originated in Belgium and were later developed in England, but their family tree is rather mixed. They are somewhat harder than *Mollis* and the terminal clusters of flowers are rather smaller. Colors range from creamy white to yellow, orange, and red.

The so-called *Knap Hill* hybrids originated at Knap Hill in England and were developed at other nurseries in England and in New Zealand.

RHODODENDRONS. These are evergreen and, on the whole, are taller-growing and larger, although some species are dwarf. The leaves are generally larger, smooth without hairs, and the trusses may measure up to 12in. and have 20 individual flowers.

Site and soil

Azaleas and rhododendrons do best where there is some shade and protection from wind. Growth is satisfactory in sunny positions, but light shade lengthens the life of the flowers. (Most rhododendrons prefer a cool climate and do well in hilly country.)

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Good drainage is necessary, and in places where heavy frosts occur some protection by overhead cover is desirable. The ideal soil is an acid porous loam with plenty of organic matter and an absence of lime.

In all such soils organic matter in the form of well-rotted manure, compost, peat moss, or leafmould is desirable for best results.

Cultivation and mulching

The roots of azaleas are fine and fibrous and mainly in the top few inches of soil, although in deep, well-dug soils they may go down to 15in. Because of the surface roots it is advisable not to cultivate too close to the plants.

It is far better to use mulches, which keep the roots cool and moist and suppress weed growth.

Watering

The roots of azaleas and rhododendrons like a free, moist run and should not be allowed to dry out completely. Regular watering during dry weather, and especially when the buds and new growth are forming, is necessary, but it should not be overdone.

Overhead watering when the plants are flowering can spoil the blooms, but moisten the roots when necessary by a slow-running hose on the ground.

Fertilising and manuring

Well-rotted animal manure or compost in moderate amounts is helpful, and complete general fertilisers can be used. Foliage fertilisers (one heaped teaspoon to a gallon of water) are usually safe and beneficial.

Don't overfeed. It's a good idea to mulch the plants in spring with well-rotted cow manure and apply a fertiliser in autumn.

Pests and diseases

Lace bugs and thrips cause considerable trouble and must be controlled.

Lace bugs are tiny winged insects three-sixteenths of an inch long, which attack the under-surface of the leaves and suck out the sap. The leaves acquire a silvery or greyish mottled appearance. Eggs, like small black dots along the veins, hatch out from September to April.

This pest can be controlled by spraying during this period with Dieldrin (one fluid ounce of a 15 percent concentrate to two gallons of water), or DDT (one fluid ounce of a 20 percent concentrate to ten pints of water), or Rogor (one fluid ounce of a 40 percent concentrate to ten gallons of water).

Spray at the first appearance of this disease in spring, and follow up with regular spraying during the danger season if there are any signs of the disease appearing.

Direct the spray in a fine but strong mist on to the underside of the leaves.

Thrips cause similar damage and can be controlled in the same way as lace bugs. Thrips are especially troublesome in coastal areas.

Damage by **red spiders** is similar to that caused by lace bugs and thrips. They can be distinguished, however, by the minute webs on leaf under-surfaces. Spray with Rogor, Malathion, or Selley's Complete Garden Insecticide.

Leaf miners are small yellow caterpillars about 1/2in. long when fully grown, which burrow into the leaf under-surfaces. Brown scorch-like patches appear on the upper surfaces, and the caterpillars migrate to the leaf tips or edges, which roll back to make shelters.

Spray with DDT or Dieldrin.

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Alternatively, a combined spray of DDT and Rogor, or of Selley's Complete Garden Insecticide, should control all the pests mentioned above.

Flower blight or petal blight has appeared in Australia only during recent years. It starts as small round spots on the petals, pale-colored on dark flowers, and usually brown on light-colored flowers. The flowers become a shapeless mess. The disease is most prevalent in mild, damp weather.

Spray the flowers with Zineb (1oz. to four gallons of water) or Thiram (1oz. to five gallons). Thorough coverage of all parts of the flower is necessary, and it may be necessary to spray two or three times a week if conditions favor the disease.

Powdery mildew may also affect azaleas. Spray with wettable sulphur every fortnight.

Root rot, caused by a soil fungus, may cause whole plants to wilt suddenly and die. It appears to be most common in wet, poorly drained soil. Affected plants should be removed.

Chlorosis, or yellowing of the leaves, is frequently seen in azaleas. It can usually be corrected with sulphate of iron.

Apply this either as a foliage spray (1oz. to one gallon of water) or to the soil at the rate of 4oz. per square yard. The foliage spray produces better results, but it needs to be repeated every month.

If in a week or two there are no signs of improvement, the trouble may be a deficiency of magnesium. Magnesium sulphate (Epsom salt), at the rate of one teaspoon to four gallons of water, will help to correct this deficiency.

The effect of chlorosis is somewhat like that caused by thrips and lace bugs, which also cause change of color in the leaves, so don't forget to check for these as well.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book



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MARK STRIZIC

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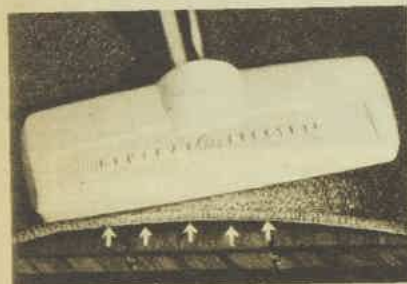
Push-button interlocking wands

Swivel top

Exclusive deep grooming head

Smooth rolling castors

Here are just 4 of the reasons...



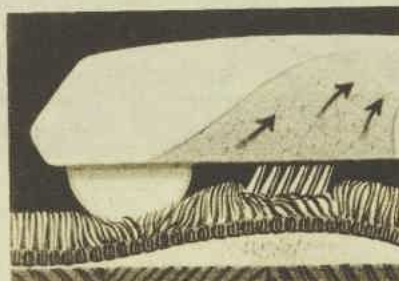
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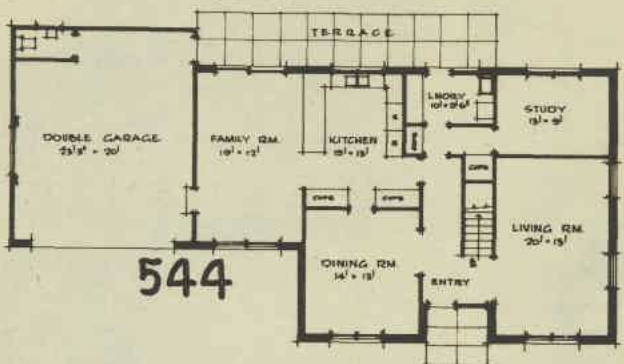
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Home Plans Service

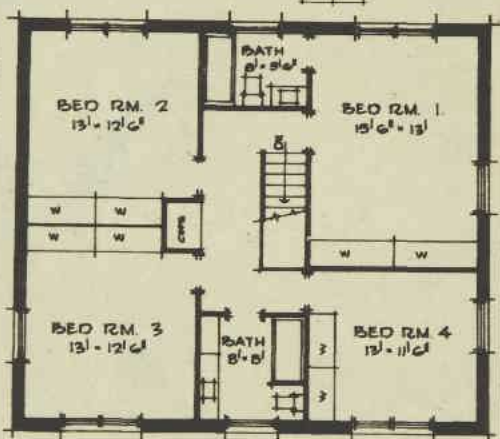


PERSPECTIVE (above) shows house built in face brick with tiled roof. Windows are double-hung.

GROUND PLAN (right) shows strategic placement of family room between kitchen and double garage.



UPPER PLAN (right) shows large sleeping area with private bathroom adjoining master bedroom. Note extra large built-ins in all rooms.



● This week's Home Plan No. 544 would be suitable for a business or professional man with a large family who require generous space for home entertaining.

FLOOR area of this two-storeyed design, which lends itself to colonial or Cape Cod adaptation, is 144 squares. Garage comprises extra 4.9 squares.

Wide entry hall separates living- from dining-room and gives spacious feeling to reception area. Dining-room is tiled to accommodate full-size dining suite, and is conveniently linked to the family-size kitchen.

Counter divider for informal meals separates kitchen from extra large family room, which would be suitable for teenage parties and dancing.

Sliding glass doors open family room on to terrace spacious enough for pleasant outdoor living. Terrace also provides sheltered access to double garage, which contains small toilet block with its own washbasin.

An interesting ground-floor feature is the study placed well away from traffic areas. It would be ideal for student members of the family or could be used as a home office or sewing-room.

Laundry is well equipped with built-in cupboards and utility bench, opens on to terrace, which would make a convenient drying area on wet days.

Upper floor contains four large bedrooms and two bathrooms, one of which adjoins the master bedroom.

Bedrooms have built-in wardrobes located to give maximum sound insulation.

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AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 29, 1965

Continued from page 76

a glitter in his eyes when he returned to the hall and he glowered at Catherine.

"If you've helped him get away—"

"I didn't help him. I've no idea where he's gone," she said.

"Don't make any mistake, no lies can help him now. The other Brockway's talked—he gave everything away when he realised who had killed his brother. Your son was involved in the post office crime—he drove the car, he knew about the murder, he undertook to hide the money. He was to have £250 for his share and give the rest to the Brockways when the hue and cry had died down. Sam Brockway didn't trust him and came here to get it. You know what happened then."

"Nothing doing up here, sir," called the officer from upstairs. "He certainly didn't leave the house for the street."

"What about the back way?" Ibbotson shouted back.

"We'd have heard if our men there had seen him," the young officer said.

"Have you tried the garden?" asked Cellini quietly.

Ibbotson turned toward the kitchen, but before he reached it Helen Calbury appeared from it. Catherine saw the pallor of her face and read the fear in her eyes, and fresh terror struck at her.

"Helen," Catherine said. "Is it—Elsa?"

Helen said desperately: "My car's gone. I can't find Elsa. And—I heard Ronald speak to her. I thought it was from your garden."

SUDDENLY, almost strangely, Catherine turned to Harry. She felt the strength of his arm as he held her, and she read the dread in his eyes—dread for Elsa, dread as great as hers.

"And Jenny's missing, too," Helen said.

The police broke open the toolshed. They found Jenny lying limp on a pile of sack- ing, and she looked as if she were dead.

Catherine sat unmoving in a chair in the living-room, staring into the distance, trying to clear her mind of the greatest fear.

Ronald had always hated Elsa.

Ronald had killed a man in this house.

Ronald had choked Jenny until she was near death if not already dead.

Where had he taken his sister?

She knew with half of her conscious mind what was going on. She heard Ibbotson giving instructions to his men, and talking over the telephone.

"Yes, a general call—you have his description... The child is seven years old, dressed in a white frock with roses embroidered round the hem and sleeves. She has her left arm in a sling. A call to all air and sea ports... A description of the car will follow."

Catherine began to rock slowly to and fro in her chair.

"I don't think there is any immediate cause for anxiety about your daughter, Mr. O'Neill," Dr. Cellini insisted. "After all, there is nothing at all to indicate that Ronald injures people without a cause. Hurts, perhaps, bruises, perhaps, but injuries—no."

"There is a very strong reason why he should do no harm at all to Elsa. What phrase did you use, Mr. O'Neill? Cunning as a fox. I agree absolutely. And how

CUNNING AS A FOX

does a fox escape his pursuers? By running, of course—by outrunning them. This your son will try to do. But how can he run, without money?"

The telephone rang. Harry moved nearer the hall, but Ibbotson reached it before him.

"Hullo?" After a pause, his voice hardened. "Who wants him?"

"He says he's a friend of your son's," Ibbotson said. "I think it is Ronald."

Catherine snatched the telephone and spoke in a quivering voice.

"Ronald! Don't do any harm to your sister. Do you understand? Don't hurt her, don't—"

She broke off and put the telephone down slowly. "He's gone. He says he's given Elsa a drug, in a marsh-mallow. He promises not to harm her if we will give him two thousand pounds in cash. He says he—he will telephone Dr. Cellini at four o'clock this afternoon to arrange for the exchange."

She stopped. Harry on one side, Helen Calbury on the other, moved toward her. As she collapsed, Dr. Cellini took a hypodermic syringe from his pocket, wasted neither words nor time, but moved forward and pushed up the sleeve of Catherine's dress.

Ibbotson was on the telephone again, talking to a superior at Scotland Yard. Cellini thrust in the needle with deceptive vigor. "Now you must take her upstairs," he said. "There is a time for drugs, and this is it." She was dazed from shock but able to move, and Harry helped her up the stairs while Helen Calbury followed. She took no notice as Ibbotson turned back from the telephone.

"Well, that's one good thing. The maid from next door has come round. She'll be all right."

After a pause, Cellini said quietly: "That is indeed good news. Inspector, I know, of course, what you will say and I know what the formal police attitude must be, but I shall have to act in spite of and even in defiance of you and your superiors."

Ibbotson said: "You want to pay the money?"

"Can we take any chance? I must get the money and be ready to exchange it. If you or any of your colleagues interfere you may well have the death of this child on your conscience."

"Do you think he'll keep his word?"

"That is what I have to try to ensure," Cellini said quietly. He heard Harry coming quickly down the stairs and smiled faintly at the father said: "I've time to get to the bank before they close. You'll do this, Cellini, won't you?"

"I will most certainly try," Cellini promised.

"Cellini?" Ronald said softly into the telephone.

"This is Dr. Cellini," Cellini said.

"Have you got the money?"

"I have it."

"In one-pound notes?"

"Yes."

"Bring it to the telephone kiosk at the corner of Allerton and Square Street, Hampstead," Ronald ordered. "Leave it under the coin box."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Cellini. "If you really need the money I am the only person you can get it from. So listen to me. In no circumstances whatsoever will I give you the money before I have your sister in my care. Is Elsa still under the influence of a drug?"

"She is!"

"Have you still got the car?"

"No. I ditched it and pinched another car."

"So you are not altogether a fool."

"What the hell do you mean by that?"

"You hid the money where it was sure to be found," Cellini glibed.

"It wouldn't have been if it hadn't been for my mother. I'd have had it out in time. And I knew Brockway would come for it if I kept it at home. A fool? Me? Why, I could have fooled the lot of them. I even let the police get their hands on the two-fifty to make it look as if it was all I knew about. You call me a fool again, and I—"

"Ronald, listen to me," interrupted Cellini. "Put Elsa in whatever car you have and come with her to Wimbledon Common, by the windmill. Do you know that?"

"I know it. But—"

"When you are there I will drive and join you. I will not have the money with me. I will take Elsa away. If she is suffering only from the effect of the drug I will tell you where to get the money, which will be close by."

"How do I know the police won't be waiting to pounce on me?"

"Let me tell you exactly why you can be sure of that," Cellini said precisely. "I am convinced that you are an utterly callous person to whom the life of other people is quite unimportant. If you saw the slightest indication that the police had followed me and were waiting to move against you when your sister was safe you would kill her without hesitation. Your intelligence would tell you that one more murder would make no difference to whatever punishment was meted out to you if you were caught. If I am to save the child, it is imperative that I should come alone, and without the fear of interference from the police. That is why I shall come in a borrowed car, not in my own. Is this all clear?"

"It had better be true."

"Shall we say five-thirty?" suggested Cellini. "That should give us both ample time to reach Wimbledon Common."

CELLINI rang off and went to his small laboratory, little more than a dispensary, and put four glass phials into a small box lined with cottonwool. He smiled as he put the box into his pocket. Then he borrowed a car which was owned by a friend and always available for his use.

The wide open spaces of Wimbledon Common looked serene and lovely in the bright sun. Most of the cars nearby were parked near the road, and these were few.

One, a grey small car, was half-way between the main road and the trees which hid the windmill, with its restaurant and its comfort. Cellini drove toward this car, stopped fifty yards away from it, and got out. No one who had ever seen him could mistake him. He moved away from the car. The other car seemed empty. Nearby were bushes, clumps of hawthorn and of bramble.

"That's far enough," Ronald O'Neill said. He was behind a clump of brambles. "She's in the car."

Cellini reached the car. A car rug was spread over the back seat. As Cellini drew nearer he saw the top of a child's head. Her face was covered lightly by the rug. He opened the door and threw the rug away.

To page 84

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FROM THE FASHION WORLD OF KAYSER INTERNATIONAL

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Elsa lay as if sleeping, her arm still bandaged to her side.

He squeezed inside the front of the car, leaned over, felt first the child's uninjured wrist; her pulse was beating evenly but slowly. He raised one eyelid; there was the pinpoint pupil, indicative of morphine or one of the hypnotic drugs. Her color was quite good, so was her respiration.

He had heard nothing, but suddenly Ronald O'Neill's voice sounded behind him, very close.

"The money," Ronald rasped. "Where is it?"

"Take Elsa and put her in the back of my car," Cellini ordered. "After you have done that I will tell you where to find the money."

"You're not taking the brat out of that car until I've got the two thousand."

"I will not leave the child," he

Continued from page 83

said. "But you can get the money while I stay here. It is in the back of my car. Go and take out the parcel and satisfy yourself. I will take Elsa out and walk with her to a safe distance. You will have plenty of time, and you can make doubly sure that we are not being watched."

For a moment he thought that Ronald would attack him, but as he reached into the car he heard the youth hurrying across the rough grass. He drew Elsa out, put her down gently, and took the small box from his pocket. He glanced round as Ronald reached the boot of the bigger car, then leaned inside the front of the small car. Each phial from the box had a small piece of

adhesive plaster attached, protected by a plastic strip. He pulled off the strip and stuck the phials to the underside of the accelerator pedal. He straightened up, breathing rather heavily.

Ronald was straightening up from the boot, with a cardboard box in his arms. The box was open, and the money he had demanded was right under his nose. Cellini picked Elsa up. He and Ronald passed, each with his burden.

By the time he had put Elsa in his borrowed car, Ronald was slamming the door of the small car. Cellini took the wheel of his car and watched the other. He saw the movements of Ronald's shoulders and arms as he handled the controls,

then saw him jerk backwards as if he had been struck.

"You will find Ronald O'Neill in or near a small car on Wimbledon Common near the windmill," Cellini said to the Information Room at Scotland Yard after dialling 999. "He is half-blinded and half-suffocated by tear-gas and I would say it will be at least half an hour before he can hope to drive the car. He is likely to try to escape on foot but cannot possibly get far."

He left the telephone kiosk near the top of Putney Hill and went back to the borrowed car. Before long, he turned into Benison Street. By the time he reached Number Eight, Catherine was at the front door, with Harry just behind her.

He watched Catherine's face as she saw her sleeping child, and the radiance in her eyes was a benediction for him. He looked at Harry, a foot or two behind, and saw the way the husband gazed upon the wife. It was enough to reassure him that despite the hurt of the trial which would follow and the sadness born out of their past the future would bring some happiness to this home.

Detective-Sergeant Redman came striding across the road and leaned into the car.

"We got him, Doctor."

"That's very good. Does Mr. O'Neill know?"

"They both know, sir."

Redman opened the door for him and he got out as Catherine lifted Elsa out and carried her indoors. Harry O'Neill was waiting at the side of the car, asking silent questions. Cellini put a hand on his arm, and they walked into the house. Harry turned into the study and stood by the window with his back to it and spoke very quietly.

"Our son is under arrest, and almost sure to be convicted of murder, yet I've not felt so free from depression for a long time. And I haven't heard such a tone in my wife's voice for years."

"I can imagine," Cellini said. "How well I can imagine what you both feel. I must tell you that I talked to your son long enough to convince myself that he is quite beyond redemption and that he pictured himself as the intellectual driving force behind the crime. He was prepared to sacrifice his accomplices as well as his parents."

QUIETLY Harry asked, "What are you trying to say?"

"I am trying to convince you that there was nothing you could have done to change him. I hope that will help you. Mr. O'Neill, all this began in the life of you and your wife after the death of your daughter Marion. That was the beginning of unhappiness and anxiety. Is that not so?"

"It's quite true," Harry agreed.

"What are you getting at?"

"I think you already know," Cellini said. "Your wife blamed herself for Marion's death and would never accept its inevitability as an accident. And she was right. It was no accident. Ronald, at that time, was seven. Seven."

"No!" breathed Harry.

"I can only give an opinion for what it is worth," Cellini said. "My opinion is that you should keep this truth to yourself until such time as you are positive it will help your wife to know. Perhaps that time will never come. I hope indeed that it will not. Meanwhile you have your wife and you both have Elsa to think about. I do not believe that this experience will greatly affect a child so healthy in both mind and body. If she is disturbed emotionally, I will come and see her."

"One other thing," he said as he turned away. "Let yourself talk to your wife, and encourage her to talk. You may never have another chance to get to love and to know each other again."

"But where is he?" Catherine wanted to know. "Why on earth did you let him go without telling me? I'll never be able to thank him, but I must try—Harry, can't you get him back?"

"Whenever he's needed, he'll come," Harry said. "Cath, can you ever forgive me?"

"I don't think forgiveness comes into it," Catherine said. "I feel as if I know where I'm going, after being lost for a long time. Is that how you feel?" Words spilled out of her; she had not talked with such freedom for years. "I suppose I knew the truth about Ron. I knew you couldn't understand, that it must seem impossible to you. Honestly, I didn't blame you, I didn't hate you, I just hated the situation I was in."

It still hurt her, that was plain from her face and her expression, but the very act of speech seemed to act as a salve.

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The novel "Cunning As A Fox," by Michael Halliday, published by Hodder and Stoughton, is available in Australia.



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Your bust of a sleeping girl is made of "Parian" porcelain. It was probably made by Copeland's of Stoke, Staffordshire. It was one of the prizes in the "Crystal Palace Art Union" of 1875.

THIS pretty little dish caught my eye in an antique shop, and having purchased it I am now anxious to know something about it. — Mrs. J. B. Cain, Nelson, N.Z.

This attractive dish is English, made in the year 1890. It is Staffordshire by the Devon porcelain company and is transfer printed in color as is seen by the dot formation. It is gilt edged.

● Devon porcelain.



Household hints

● Readers win £1/1/- for each of these useful household hints.

AN easy dessert: Make up a packet of instant pudding and top with a mixture of crushed corn cereal and coconut. Trickle honey over and leave to set. — Mrs. D. Moore, 1147 Pittwater Rd., Collaroy, N.S.W.

To remove a piece of broken key in a door lock, wrap adhesive tape on the end of a pair of tweezers and insert into lock. The broken key will stick to the tape. — Mrs. K. Furness, 18 Park Ave., Kangaroo Pt., Qld.

Should pink underwear become faded and shabby, add a few drops of cochineal to the final rinsing water after washing. This will brighten and freshen the color. — Miss A. Jack, 9 Waters Rd., Glenbrook, N.S.W.

After knitting a garment of unusual color, if you cannot buy buttons to match, get a set of make-your-own button moulds. On fine needles, knit squares of stocking-stitch in your wool, and cover the button moulds with them as you would with a fabric. — Mrs. B. Morling, 40 Stockdale Ave., East Bentleigh, Vic.

An easy way to iron a pleated skirt is to slip a piece of folded newspaper inside the skirt, pin the pleat to the paper, then press. This prevents the other side of the skirt from creasing under the iron. — Miss N. Umbach, "Riverside," Rocky Hall, via Bega, N.S.W.

A really tasty way to serve spinach is to add a few tablespoons of mint sauce to the cooked spinach; mix well. It improves the flavor and aroma. — Mrs. P. Helps, 24 Stonehaven St., Pennington, S.A.

Before crocheting an edging on any material, run the sewing machine round the edges with needle unthreaded. This will give evenly spaced holes into which to place the hook for the first row of crocheting. — Miss L. Koehler, 72 North St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Pure icing-sugar left over from birthday cakes, etc., need never be wasted, even if lumpy. Add a little when stewing fruit. You will not know the difference from ordinary sugar. — Mrs. A. Beier, Billyard, Bundaberg, Qld.

Sprinkle a few drops of eau-de-cologne or your favorite perfume on a piece of cottonwool and place in the bag of vacuum cleaner. The perfume lingers for several hours and freshens the air. — Mrs. J. Gillett, 15 Tardent St., Downer, M.C.T.

To obtain a really thick, tasty crust on baked potatoes, first boil for about five minutes, then roll in seasoned flour. Bake as usual with the roast. — Miss F. Blyth, 5 Casey Ave., Rosanna N22, Vic.



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Page 86

KIDNEY AID FOR RHEUMATISM

If your back aches like sin and rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CYSTEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get Scientific. Laboratory-tested and Certified CYSTEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 6/6.

Continued from page 31

"Cereal or grapefruit, then?" "Oh, Mummy, what does it matter? Either!" Sue wandered away restlessly.

Some slimming craze, Jane thought with vague exasperation. She, too, glanced at her watch. Exactly ten minutes to go. The postman was always on time. Punctually at a quarter to eight you could hear his firm step.

The few moments that followed had developed a distinct pattern, she mused. You sat very still, heart beating heavily, mouth dry. You stared at the window, dreading that terrible moment when he passed straight by and you knew he had failed you once again.

Prolonging the agony, you usually let Sue get there first. She seemed eager enough. You watched her swiftly sorting, and so far you had known every morning, with deadly accuracy, that there was nothing for you. Then, the pretence of breakfast was over. Another fragment, and you would choke on the disappointment, the near-despair, the sheer torture of having to wait another twenty-four hours ...

Jane sat down at the table and looked round vaguely for Sue. "Breakfast, darling!" she called. Sue wandered in from the hall, and dropped the morning paper on the table.

I couldn't even swallow a spoonful of grapefruit this morning, she thought. Mummy won't notice, though. She's too wrapped up in herself these days. Perhaps that's one of the reasons why I can't talk to her. It's good to confide in someone when you're desperately worried, but it has to be someone who can understand.

"Don't you want the radio on?" Jane asked.

"No—no, I don't, thanks." You could miss hearing the postman with that thing on, she thought. He doesn't knock.

Yesterday her mother had said in a strange tone: "Years ago, I suppose it was before the war, the postman always knocked." Now she said suddenly, in a funny jerky voice: "The paper — there's never much news, nowadays."

"No."

Why did her mother have to talk? She wanted to be quiet and still: to remember.

Life is funny, she thought. You leave home one fine summer morning, happy and excited because you are going on holiday with a party of friends your own age. You know you'll have fun, but there is nothing to warn you that during this holiday you will meet a person more wonderful than anyone you have ever dreamed of.

Falling in love for the first time is one of the most important things in a woman's life, she thought solemnly. Whatever else happens, that remains unique. But surely it must mean a lot to a man, too? I know, I absolutely know, she told herself fiercely, that it meant as much to him as it did to me. Then why doesn't he write?

How selfish young people

are, Jane thought resentfully. When I told her I had applied for a new job while she was away, she seemed interested enough; but she never mentions it now. Of course, it isn't as if she has any idea how desperately I need it!

She doesn't know how deeply I've delved into that small nest-egg I never meant to touch. And what does she know about the endless frustration of trying to live on a shoestring?

Three pounds a week extra, she thought longingly. Nobody knows what those three pounds would mean to me.

Suddenly two heads lifted together, two pairs of eyes focused on the window. Two pairs of ears had detected the postman's tread.

I know all there is to know about this waiting game, Sue reflected. There's being almost hilariously gay in the evening because you're confident you'll hear the next morning; then there's waking to a sparkling morning, still sure that this is it. Then the doubts start creeping in.

There's one that warns: Don't be too optimistic: that's the way to get hurt. And one that mocks: Pooh! Holiday romances never come to anything. And, before you know where you are, you're certain the postman will go by.

And yet when he does, do you let it rest there? You do not. You sit on, waiting for him to come back. The letters were wrongly sorted, you tell yourself. He'll come back with it.

"I'm not much of a letter-writer as a rule," Colin had said when they were saying goodbye at Euston. "But I'll write to you."

AND the money is only the half of it, Jane was thinking. Just you ask anyone who has a deadly dull job what it feels like to get the chance of doing work they would really enjoy! Why, it's like freedom offered to a caged bird.

Footsteps, evenly paced and steady, were treading the next-door path from door to gate. He's coming ... no, he isn't, he's just hesitating. Oh, get on, man!

He is coming — but wait for it. Steady, Jane, she told herself. Let Sue go. But Sue had gone already.

And suddenly Jane had thought: What are you doing, just sitting here this morning when it might be your lucky one? And with a lightning movement she was out of her chair and sprinting up the hall.

Two letters on the mat. Two women racing, bumping each other, making sounds between a laugh and a cry. Sue plunging, snatching, coming up crimson-faced; then standing quite still, hugging a blue envelope, tears suddenly spilling down hot cheeks.

Jane saw the tears, and her mind registered: You must find out what ails the child. But not now. Whose is that square, white envelope in her other hand?



THIS COULD BE THE DAY

Now it was in hers, and she was facing the last hurdle of all. What if it said: Regret your application has been unsuccessful?

Outside in the sun, the postman plodded up the path to number thirty-six. He didn't care. Why should he? One letter was much the same as another, to him. But inside number thirty-four, a type-written letter trembled in a woman's hand while she read: "We now have pleasure in informing you that your application for the post has been successful ..."

And young fingers smoothed a blue sheet sprawled over with a large, masculine hand. "Here I am at last," he had written, "the world's worst correspondent, but thinking of you all the time ..."

Two pairs of eyes met above the white sheet and the blue. She said breathlessly: "Mummy! I've had a—Colin, the boy I met on holiday, he's—he's written to me!"

"Oh, darling, how lovely. But you knew he'd write, didn't you?" "Yes, I did, really. And it wasn't long to wait, after all."

No, of course it wasn't long, Jane thought. "Sue ... I've had a letter, as well."

"Yes? Oh, what is it? Come on, tell me!"

"It's my wonderful new job, darling. I've got it!" "Mummy! How fabulous! But I knew you would. Oh, I never had the slightest doubt."

Number thirty-four echoed with laughter as two women wandered around, not quite aware of what they were doing. Suddenly, a young, joyous voice was saying: "Can't we have a proper breakfast? I'm starving!"

And in a voice made deep by thankfulness, the older woman replied: "Me, too. We'll both be late, but who cares, now?"

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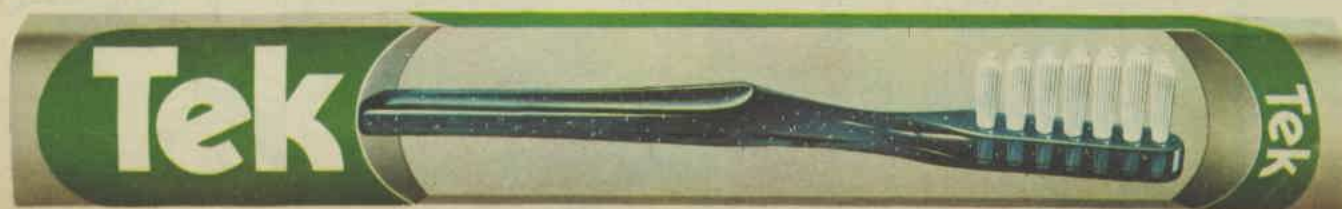
SHE'S A TWICE-A-DAY-TEK GIRL



REMEMBER TO REPLACE YOUR WORN-OUT
TOOTHBRUSHES REGULARLY. CHECK NOW!

She has the twice-a-day TEK habit. Uses a TEK Anti-Germ — the only toothbrush with built-in germ fighting action to keep bristles free from germs. She knows it's smart to ask for TEK — it's the best toothbrush money can buy!

Johnson & Johnson



the CROYDE look



Warning cards for drivers

AS none of the punishments now in practice seem to deter drivers from their negligent ways, it might be worth considering the introduction of a warning card to be imposed on people driving dangerously.

The card could bear the words "Beware — Dangerous Driver," or "Donkey Driver," and be fixed to the rear window of the offending driver's vehicle. This could be enforced under threat of imprisonment, and the embarrassment resulting from the wary and disgusted stares from other motorists would surely deter people from dangerous driving. — Lynnette Campbell, Burwood, Vic.

With love

I AM a Japanese girl now 17 years old. Last year I was in Sydney with my family, and used to go to public high school. I enjoyed very much, but it was only three months.

The other day one of my friends sent me the page for teenagers about some Japanese exchange students. They were beautiful pictures and I was very glad to receive.

Now Australia and Japan are good friends each other. I love both countries very, very much. Hope Australia, Japan, and all other countries are in peace always and for ever.

From Japan with lots of love. — Yoshiko Funaishi, Tokyo.

Giving presents

MANY children tend to give their parents presents which can be bought in any of the many stores. Often the money comes from the parents themselves.

Why can't teenagers make something for their parents? A girl could bake a cake or make homemade sweets, a boy could carve something or otherwise make a gift. My sister tried this by making homemade sweets, and my parents were delighted. — Nicholas Hugh, Cobram, Vic.

Color bar

RACIAL prejudice has existed ever since man first realised that some human beings had more pigment cells than others.

Ask the average Australian his opinion on the question of prejudice, and his answer will be something like this: "I have no racial prejudice myself. But just look at the United States and South Africa, they're a disgrace to humanity. Of course, we're different in Australia."

I beg to disagree with the average Australian. There is plenty of racial prejudice here. This fact was brought home to me recently when I gave a speech urging the youth of Australia to help remove the White Australia policy.

Immediately I was verbally set upon by every student in my class — proving they had just as much racial prejudice as any American or South African.

According to psychologists, any person who considers himself better than another human being because of a color difference is mentally unsound. — Ann Hilsz, Floreat Park, W.A.

School dances

A LARGE number of school dances are always a flop. The boys huddle around one end of the room and the girls feel wretched as wallflowers, yet won't get up in a ladies' choice.

If dancing were taught at school as an extra activity it would solve a lot of these problems. If the boys knew how to dance they would not be so shy, and the dance would not take half the night to warm up.

Girls enjoy dancing with a boy who can dance well. Also, many girls themselves don't know much about dancing. In addition, school dancing lessons would help give students more confidence in their later social life. — "Jonnie," Coolangatta, Qld.

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK



"Don't tell me I'm the first to arrive in evening wear?"

Nurse call-up

DO any other teenagers agree with me that girls between the ages of 17 and 20 should be called up for basic nursing training?

Not only would they be of great service to the country in the event of war but the training would also benefit them in their daily lives, and then later on in married life. — Louaine Lewis, Liverpool, N.S.W.

Office conditions

WHILE office workers have to put up with horrible conditions, factory workers (and good luck to them) have the most modern and up-to-date facilities. The office girl usually works in some scruffy little den full of Victorian furniture, ancient typewriters, and old-fashioned lighting.

When will the experts who plan factory layouts turn their attention to the Australian office? I realise we can't have music while we type, but surely we poor down-trodden office girls could enjoy some of the benefits which our sisters in the factory take for granted.

And when, when, when will the boss find someone else to make the tea? — Lynn McAlister, Rockdale, N.S.W.

NEXT WEEK

Boys will soon have spots before their eyes — when their girls start sporting the spotted look that's "in" for spring. There's a story about the new fashion and a page of sparkling color pictures. You'll be completely dotty about them.

Opera club

PERHAPS teenagers who are unable to meet people and make new friends, or are bored, might like to try my cure and join an amateur light opera company.

In our company people of various ages and employments are brought together by a common interest in the theatre, and the result is a group of friendly and interesting people who are always ready to welcome newcomers.

It is not necessary to be a Joan Sutherland to become an active member, and everyone joins in to paint scenery and make costumes. Profits from our shows are given to charity, which makes it a worthwhile interest. There is fun in learning to apply theatrical make-up and attending rehearsals.

Who knows, you may even discover that you have a natural leaning toward the theatre, and could eventually make it your career. While those who are merely looking for a new hobby and friends will find both in a light opera company, where the main requisite for success is enthusiasm. — T. Smith, Ballarat, Vic.

Helpful teens

RECENTLY my sister was in a car accident, and by far the most helpful people were teenagers! Two teenagers, quite uninvolved in the accident, drove to our home to tell Mum what had happened.

In the meantime a young medical student, after comforting my sister, rode to hospital in the ambulance with her. She was not seriously hurt, but he stayed until we arrived, and left without waiting to be thanked.

What a fabulous example of man's humanity to man. Teenagers DO have hearts of gold! — Lynette Everingham, Dolls Point, N.S.W.

OVERHEARD AT SCHOOL

JANE: "This you'll not believe. Alan is going steady with Helen."
MARY: "You're joking — that gorgeous man! Doesn't he look at her face — poor Helen — she's had a rotten time with that awful skin — pimples, eruptions, blackheads — she's had the lot and was getting terribly nervy and self-conscious."

JANE: "I know — but her mother heard about the new American lotion Bonne Bell TEN-O-SIX — tried it — and you should see her now. Lovely complexion and she's really very pretty."

MARY: "Sounds too good to be true. Fancy being dated by Alan — lucky so-and-so."

YOUR FACE NEVER HAD IT SO CLEAN

All chemists and stores 10/6, 8 oz. economy size, 18/-.
Bonne Bell — Cleveland 7 — Ohio.

PONYTAIL

BY LEE HOLLEY



THE LONDON LOOK (short, with side-burns)

● **IT'S HERE!** The latest hep hairstyle to sweep Europe has arrived for spring. It's The London Look.

At least that's the opinion of a young and talented Sydney hairdresser, Lloyd Lomas, who chose these styles for four of his young clients.

"The Look is very, very short and boyish and terribly with-it," said Lloyd, 18, who is a fourth-year apprentice at a Sydney salon. "Side-burns, both severe and soft, are a big feature of the style."

"Created by Vidal Sassoon, London's famous young hairstylist, it is a good example of his geometric look, which has proved so popular."

"I first started doing similar cuts at the beginning of the year, but until now not very many Sydney girls have been game to wear such short hair."

But as The London Look (Mary Quant-type dresses, white lacy stockings, chunky shoes, ankle-length skirts) is the thriving theme for spring fashion girls are wanting hairstyles to match.



"Actually, these styles go right back to the famous Eton crop of the 'twenties," said Lloyd. "In Germany, I believe, the traditional, severe crop is back, but in London, Paris, and America (Barbra Streisand is a good example) the addition of a softer line and sometimes curls make it much more girly."

Lloyd thinks The Look will be ideal for Australian girls because there's very little setting needed. The

style is all in the cut. "Surfing fans will love it," he said. "And before summer's out I predict it will be as big as the Beatles."

NOTE: Lloyd gives this word of warning to girls wanting the new London Look: "Don't say to your hairdresser, 'I want a haircut like a boy's,' because remember most boys are wearing much longer hair than you want."

—KERRY YATES

YOUNG 'hairstylist Lloyd Lomas (above), who created these London Look hairstyles. Most of the styles only needed a few jumbo-rollers on the top, and were kept flat and in place under the dryer with strips of sticky-tape.



HAIRPIECE adds glamor for the evening to Suzanne Schadel's short, short haircut (above). For all the styles on this page, Lloyd blunt-cut the hair with very small scissors as Vidal Sassoon does.



PARIS added curls to The Look for a more feminine, flattering style (right). Here Yvonne Borrett locks pretty with a hairstyle which features soft side-burns and a bunch of topknot curls.



SIDE-BURNS are the cute feature of Margaret Molloy's London Look (above). Her hair is cut at about four inches on the top, tapering down to nothing at the nape of the neck.

VIDAL SASSOON, this style (right and far right) is typical of the famous London Look. Toni Ferrari's hair is two lengths—short on one side with a little side-burn and longer and straight across on the other.



For recipes for teenage parties see page 67.

ROCK AROUND VLADIVOSTOK **ROUND ROBIN**

● I see that a Russian newspaper called for "bolder" new local dances so that the Twist will not influence Soviet kids.

THIS is an interesting development. The old Russian Steppes haven't changed for years.

There is plenty of Russian music for dance inventors to play round with.

Think of the good old ever-reds—Molotov Cocktails For Two, There's No Place Like Omsk, Rock Around Vladivostok . . .

Not to forget Your Lips Tell Me Nyet Nyet, But There's Da Da in Your Eyes . . .

And what about Stalin, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup?

A famous Russian dancer—Red Astaire—is working on some new dances.

Though not related to Fred, Red was in Soviet films—his partner was the beautiful May Day.

To find out how he was progressing, I recently rang him at his studio in Moscow. (His number is Moscow 1-2-3, 1-2-3.)

"It's all goink fine," he told me. "I've already invented the Watuski and the Vodka—one go at that and you shake, rattle, and roll over."

"I'm currently workink on the Kruschev—at the end, you take off a shoe, bang it on the table, then go into limbo."

"That all sounds pretty king," I said.

There was a long silence, then Red said coldly: "Robin, comrade baby, nothink's been king here since 1917."

Then he hung up.

Well, it all sounds pretty commissar.

With new dances like Red's Watuski, Soviet cats should no longer want to cut a Frug.

These dances should put paid to the Twist—and even the Swim.

If a Russian girl can't

Swim she can always go

out with a Volga boat-

man.

—Robin Adair

Beauty in brief

PRETTY-UP TRICKS

● These random make-up and grooming notions are all of handy, do-it-yourself persuasion.

ALWAYS check your daytime make-up in daylight as well as artificial light. It's different.

Old — and good — grooming trick that still works: wear a dress in the exact shade of your eyes.

Humidity has turned your topknot into a mess; how to cope? Set your hair dry in rollers, tie the lot in a coarse net, and get into a steamy tub or shower.

When you get out, leave the rollers in until your hair is bone-dry. Then remove

rollers—but wait ten minutes before combing hair out.

For a quick pick-up in shine and vitality, take your hair-brushing seriously. Brush, brush this morning, tonight, all the week — three minutes does 100 strokes.

It's almost magic how quickly hair takes on new gloss and glow with deep scalp-to-tip brushing.

Cut down your height by wearing a bright belt or scarf at your waist.

Don't forget to give your feet a thorough sudsing in the bath. Scrub toenails with a brush and give them their share of after-bath care as well.

—CAROLYN EARLE

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Looking older

"WE are two girls in third year at high school, but we look as if we are in sixth class. When we are dressed to go out (in heels and a little make-up like our friends) we look like children trying to appear much older than we really are. We like to follow current teenage fashions, but we always look as though we borrowed the clothes from an older sister. Two boys from fifth class recently had crushes on us. This goes to show that we look very young. We are both quite small and slim, but we have fashionable hairstyles. Our glasses are babyish, though. How can we look as old as we really are?" "Teenies," A.C.T.

Be very careful that you are not,

even without knowing it, wearing clothes that ARE a little too old for you. Trying to look older nearly always has the opposite effect. Go for trim suits and simple accessories, little heels, and very careful, light make-up. And ask your parents if you can get better glasses. However, no amount of care with dressing will help if your posture is childish. Sit, walk, and stand gracefully, and don't shriek and yell. Time will take care of the rest.

He likes ballet

"I AM 18 years old and next year, at my own expense, I would like to take a course in classical ballet. My mother is adverse to this idea and implies

that males who dance ballet are effeminate. She also worries about what her friends will say when they hear about it. I have told her I'm going to learn ballet no matter what anyone else might think or say, but at the same time I have no wish to quarrel with my mother. She also tries to put me off by saying it takes many years to become a successful dancer. I know this, and at present only wish to take it up as a form of recreation. What should I do?"

"Undecided," W.A.

It would be a pity to persuade you not to do something you want to do so much, but I don't think you can avoid a quarrel. Ballet requires a great deal of physical strength. A love of beauty in movement (or anything else) isn't purely a feminine trait. However, many people do share your mother's viewpoint. You will have to decide if you can put up with the teasing and prejudice. Suggest to your mother that you attend classes for six months, then discuss it again.

High-handed sister

"MY sister is four years older than I and she thinks she is just wonderful and that I am just a silly little baby. Practically everything I say is received with a look which plainly shows that she thinks I am a fool who knows nothing about anything (even my personal life!). She always refuses to go out with the family by making some petty excuse, and because my parents disapprove of her staying home alone, none of us go. Even if she is forced to join us, she completely ignores us. My family feels the same as I do and a suggestion from you might help pull her down from her pedestal."

"Slighted," Qld.

This is something younger sisters often have to put up with, but it is perfectly natural. How, for example, do you regard someone four years younger than YOU? She does sound rather selfish and unpleasant about it, though. The best thing is probably to try to be nice to her and to understand her, even when she gets nasty. Don't get upset when she treats you like a baby—count to ten and remind yourself that you'll be grown-up yourself soon. Suggest to your parents that you arrange to include something that will interest her when you all go out together.

Mother's problem

"MY daughter will be 15 and 10 months old next January and a group of young folk will be going by car to a rodeo. My daughter wants to go, and as we have been very strict with her and don't allow car rides (or dates) I was wondering if she will be old enough by then, or should we wait until she is nearly 17?"

"Country Mother," N.S.W.

It depends on much more than your daughter's age. How well do you know all the people she will be going with? Are they responsible and trustworthy? Who will be driving? Do they intend to come straight home after the rodeo? What kind of people will be at the rodeo?

If you can satisfy yourself about these things I think you should let her go. Going to a rodeo is pretty harmless, but a car in the hands of unreliable teenagers is not. It is also important that she and her friends be sensible enough not to be led into mischief by other teenagers there. If any adults you know are going you could ask them to keep a quiet eye on the group. This is a good chance to talk with your daughter and explain to her that growing-up and being given more freedom involve responsibilities.



Is it really fair
to wear Frenzy
all over?



All's fair in
love and war

Declare total war.
Always wear Frenzy wherever a pulse beats.
It's wickedly fair. A teasing, tantalizing, tormenting whisper.
Any wonder the girl in a Frenzy is unforgettable!
(Perfume, skin perfume, or caressing body talc)
Frenzy, by Goya

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE STRANGER leads Mandrake and Lothar by helicopter to where he believes his native land is. He finds it covered by three miles of ice. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

Anniversary of a declaration in 1776 (6, 2, 4).

Austere rents (5).

If you draw it, you exaggerate (4, 3).

Shuffling excuse surrounded by backward noise (7).

Wiser indicates a small finch (5).

Starvation with fine outside (6).

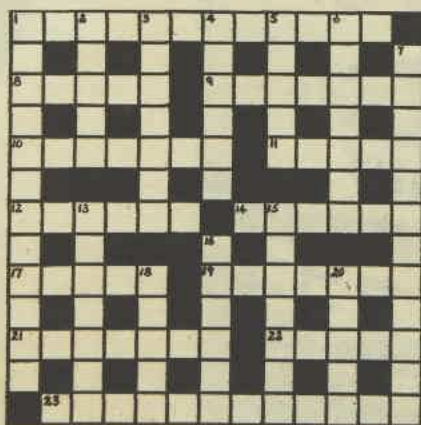
Lawyer has a red pal (6).

Implied, but not expressed, when the it turns with it (5).

Famous French explorer of the South Polar region (7).

Anchorage with a very small amount of ending (7).

He met a subject about which to write (5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Rest of her fat (anag., 6-6).
- Mohammedan theologian owns a mule (5).
- I in a sonnet make a strain (7).
- Longer than broad (6).
- Two-faced god of doors (5).
- Bear ill (anag., 7).
- They are like boys (4, 8).
- Tragedy about Duncan's successor (7).
- Springy, though the top of it could be stale (7).
- Partition used in cinematic projection (6).
- German city in Rhineland Palatinate (5).
- I believe in the first word of the Nicene Creed (5).

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3568.—Useful step-in shirt shift, "prettied-up" with lace trim. Sleeveless version also in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

3243.—Semi-fitted sleeveless dress with pockets in panel front. Bust sizes: Sub-Teen 28, 29, 31, 33in. Young Junior 30½, 31½, 33in. Teen 30, 32, 34, 36in. Price 5/- inc. postage.

3516.—Semi-fitted sleeveless dress and front-buttoned long-sleeved blouse with tie collar. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

3543.—A-line dress with braid and button trim, giving effect of diagonal front opening. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

3560.—Little girl's high-yoked dress with button and loop shoulder closing. Sizes 2 to 6X (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 25in. chest). Price 5/- inc. postage.

3133.—Swinging, full-skirted dress with bloused bodice, self-tie belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES.

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME _____	DESIGN _____	SIZE _____
ADDRESS _____		



Bushells put flavor *first!*

with thousands of FLAVOR-BUDS in every spoonful



This week put flavor first — buy Bushells. Bushells FLAVOR-BUDS give you the rich hearty flavor of freshly-roasted coffee beans — and plenty of it.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents

DRESSMAKING

for children
with

Bridget Maginn

● Bridget Maginn, whose sewing demonstrations and TV appearances were immensely popular during her recent tour of Australia and New Zealand, gives practical advice on making inexpensive children's clothes.



3520—A dress of two-color combination features flower trim. Butterick pattern in girls' sizes 2-6X, price 5/- includes postage.



3559—High-necked, sleeveless, checked dress has larger checks in skirt, rick-rock trim at dropped waist. Matching scarf features bias tape tie. Butterick pattern in girls' sizes 2-6X, price 5/- includes postage.

HOW TO MEASURE CHILDREN

● The most important single factor in successful sewing is buying the right-size pattern. Take measurements carefully.

OBVIOUSLY there can't be a size to fit exactly every body type and shape — the combinations would be infinite.

Paper-pattern manufacturers have settled on standard measurements to keep to a wide but reasonable size range. These standard sizes were arrived at after measuring thousands of individuals within each category, from toddlers, girls, boys, right up to adults.

Because standard measurements resolve themselves into average figures, you need to know the key measurements of your child:

- a. Chest or breast.
- b. Waist.
- c. Back waist length.
- d. Garment length.

The illustrations below show where to take these measurements on a toddler and a child.

Do not make any extra allowances for ease. Butterick Patterns include the proper ease allowance required over body measurements for physical comfort. It has also been taken into consideration that some garments are worn either under or over other clothing, so that you may purchase the same pattern size for all garments, whether coat or dress.



Page 2 — SEWING FOR CHILDREN

Table of measurements

TODDLERS				
Size	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	2	3
Chest	19	20	21	22
Waist	19	19½	20	20½
Neck Base to Hem	13	14½	16	17

CHILDREN								
Size	1	2	3	4	5	6	6x	8
Chest	20	21	22	23	23½	24	25	26
Waist	19½	20	20½	21	21½	22	22½	23
Neck Base to Hem	17	18½	19½	20½	22½	24½	25½	28½

GIRLS					
Size	7	8	10	12	14
Chest	25	26	28	30	32
Waist	22½	23	24	25	26
Hip	27	28	30	32½	35
Back Waist Length	11	11½	12½	13	13½

BOYS										
Size	1	2	3	4	5	6	8	10	12	14
Chest	20	21	22	23	23½	24	26	28	30	32
Waist	19½	20	20½	21	21½	22	23	24	25½	27
Hip				24	25	27	29	31	33	
Neck Base Girth					11½	12	12½	13	13½	

Don't be confused by figures

CHILDREN of the same age are not necessarily the same size. Very often they differ in weight and contour as well as in height — any school-class photograph will bear this out. Select the correct-sized pattern for children by measurements, and not by age.

The size range for Toddlers', Children's, Boys', and Girls' patterns does not necessarily refer to age. For instance, a short, chubby six-year-old may need a size 8, while a tall, slender six-year-old may need only a size 4. The length adjustment required in both instances is far simpler than altering an entire pattern.

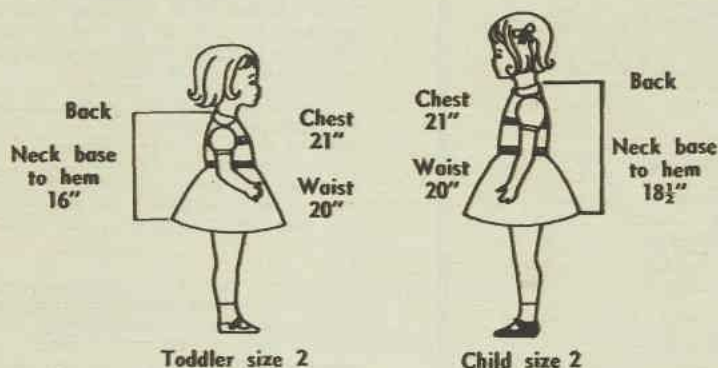
Toddlers' patterns are designed for a figure between that of an infant and a child. The figure is taller than an infant, but shorter than a child.

A Butterick Toddler's pattern has the same chest and waist measurement as a child's in the same size, but the Toddler's is about 2½ in. shorter. The bodice of the Toddler's is about 1 in. shorter and the shoulders about ½ in. narrower than the Child's pattern in the same size (see illustration of Toddler Size 2 related to Child Size 2).

Here is a comparison of dress lengths from back neck base to lower edge:

	Size 1	Size 2	Size 3
Toddler	14½	16	17
Child	17	18½	19½

Patterns for children other than Toddlers may be selected from either the 1-to-8 Child's or the 7-to-14 Girls' range. For example, any Size 8 pattern may be used for a child with a 26 in. chest measurement, but the styling for the 7-to-14 range would be a little older than for the 1-to-8.



A word from Bridget . . .

CHILDREN'S clothes are a delight to make. The most attractive results can be achieved with so little effort. This book will prove invaluable for children's sewing.

Pattern and Fabric Choice:

If you are a beginner, select a simple style. There is a wide range of Butterick Quick'n'Easy Designs available. Most of these contain only four pattern pieces, with the minimum construction detail. Be sure to buy the correct size. (See page 2 for chart.)

On the back of your pattern envelope you'll find suggested materials for the design which are specified because of their suitability to the cut of the garment and for the type of wear. The yardage required is listed on the back of the envelope.

Your Sewing-room:

If you have a spare room, this is ideal. If not, clear yourself a quiet corner for your first dressmaking assignment, where you can sort things out quietly and methodically. See our list of essential tools on page 11.

Familiarise Yourself With Those Sewing Terms:

Don't come to a full stop when confronted with such terms as "baste," "stay-stitching," "ease," and the like. To make life a little easier for you, we've explained the most common of these on page 7.

Get To Know Your Pattern:

Butterick Patterns are easy to follow. Don't make the mistake of taking shortcuts—this has been the downfall of many. The most efficient and simple construction methods are set out on the instruction sheet, and when followed accurately are foolproof. On your instruction sheet are all the pattern markings with detailed explanations. It may take a little extra time and concentration the first time, but that little extra application will enable you to sail through the second time around.

Press As You Sew:

Never, never cross one seam with another before pressing. Careful pressing results in perfect finish and fit.

How To Solve That Problem:

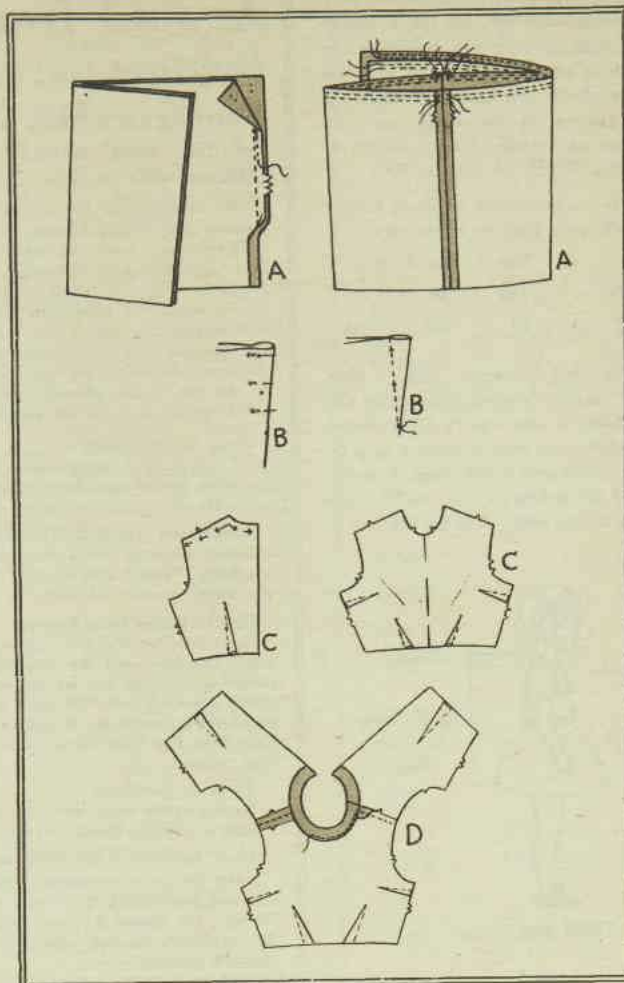
Even the most experienced dressmaker has to stop and think! Have a cup of tea and come back to it with a fresh approach. Don't be horrified at the first fitting. It's bound to look unattractive with unfinished hems, pins, and basting. Be accurate with any adjustments that are necessary and you'll be proud of the finished product.





3345.—Butterick basic dress has fitted bodice, gathered skirt, elasticised sleeves with frill trim. Girls' sizes 4-12, price 5/- including postage.

Making a child's dress . . .



FOR little girls' dresses, sports skirts, or smocks, when accurate fit is not a matter of great importance, a flat construction method can be used.

The pieces are assembled so that everything is joined together before the under-arm seams are stitched. By this method of sewing you can press much better because the hard-to-get-at sections are opened out in front of you.

When there are three pieces in the skirt, with a centre back and two front seams, the flat construction is only used in the bodice, and the skirt is joined at the waistline as a last step. The illustrations show a step-by-step method to make your children's sewing and fitting easier.

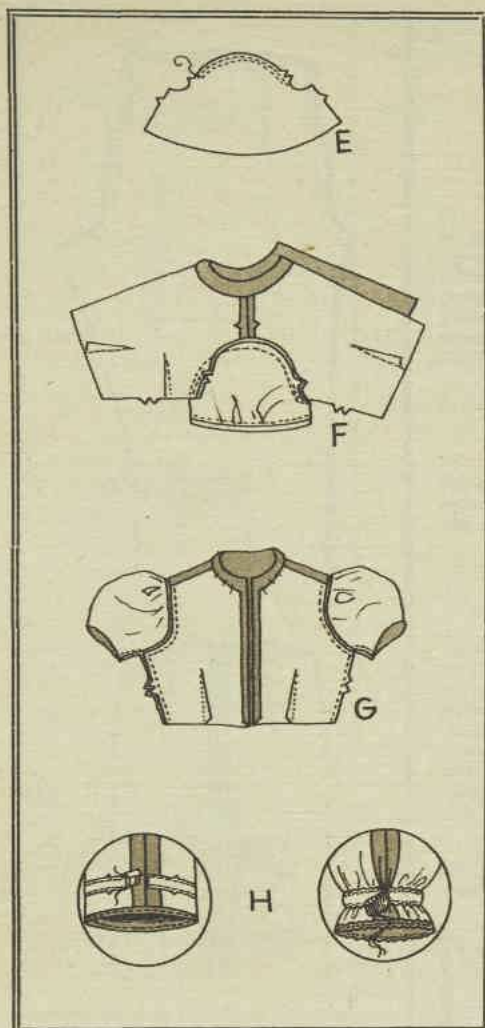
After making any necessary pattern alterations, select the cutting layout suitable for the view you have chosen and for the width of your fabric.

Working on a large flat surface, place the pattern pieces accurately on the fabric. Pin each pattern piece along the perforated grain line first of all, measuring to be sure you have the accurate grain of the fabric. Then pin along the seam line, placing pins at right-angles to the edge.

Your pattern piece has notches cut in to the edge; remember to cut these notches outward in to the seam allowance. These notches will match up when seams are sewn together. Before removing the pattern, mark all darts, fold lines, and sleeve markings with tailors' tacks or tracing paper.

A. Stitch skirt back and side sections together from hem edge up, leaving seam opening for zipper. Press seam open. Stitch front to back and side, press seams open. Make a row of gathered stitches at upper edge of skirt along seam line; add another row $\frac{1}{4}$ in. inside seam allowance.

the quick and easy way



B. To make darts in bodice, fold along the centre of the dart markings, bringing the small perforations together. Pin as shown. Starting at the widest part of the dart, stitch through to the point of the dart, then reinforce at this point by taking several stitches backward.

C. On the bodice back and front, stay-stitch shoulders from neckline to armhole on seam line. Stay-stitch neckline from shoulders to centre front or centre back as shown. Press darts toward centre; press underarm darts down.

D. Stitch front to backs at shoulders, easing the back to fit the notches. Press seams open. Pin the facing to the neck edge with right sides together, matching centre fronts and notches. Stitch neck edge, trim seam, clip, and turn to inside. Slip-stitch facing to bodice.

E. Gather top of sleeve with a row of stitching along seam line between dots, another row $\frac{1}{4}$ in. inside seam allowance.

F. With right sides together, pin sleeve to armhole edge, matching notches. Pull gathering from both ends to adjust, ease evenly to fit. Pin and stitch from the notch to the underarm. Stitch another row $\frac{1}{4}$ in. from the first row, inside the seam allowance. Trim seam between notches and underarm close to the second row of stitching. Press seam toward sleeve.

G. With right sides together, join entire underarm seam from waistline to lower edge of sleeve. Press. Turn seam allowance at centre back in preparation for zipper.

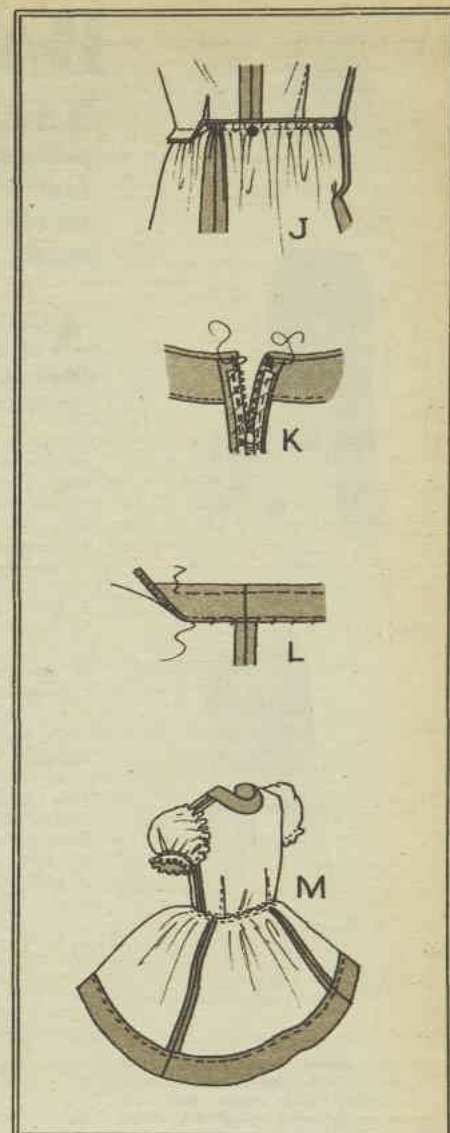
H. Cut a piece of bias tape 1 in. longer than the measurement of the lower edge of the sleeve, or use purchased bias binding. Pin bias to inside of sleeves 1 in. up from lower edge, turning in ends of tape at underarm seam. Stitch in place close to long edges, forming a casing. Cut a piece of elastic the measurement of the child's upper arm. Slip elastic through opening in casing; lap ends and sew securely.

J. With right sides together pin skirt to bodice, matching centre fronts and front seams and front bodice darts, back opening edges even. Adjust gathers to fit; baste. Stitch, trim seam, and press up.

K. Sew zipper in back opening following the manufacturer's instructions, turning upper ends of tape. Sew upper edge of seam allowance in place. Sew hook and eye above zipper.

L. Mark length of hem. Turn up lower edge to inside; baste close to fold, as shown. Measure depth of hem, trim evenly if necessary. Turn under $\frac{1}{4}$ in. on raw edge; stitch or finish with seam binding, blind-hem.

M. Garment is completed except for thorough pressing and any little fashion trims such as rick-rack or lace on the hem.



BASIC CONSTRUCTION FOR

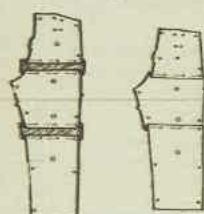
● The slacks illustrated require only one main pattern piece, no side seams, and can be made in four lengths. The same construction procedure should be used for slacks or shorts with side seams, simply by joining them in your first step.

ACTIVE children need freedom of movement, and the fit and fabric play an important part in your preparation.

Stretch fabrics are ideal for slacks and require no special handling. These suggestions will help you get the full benefit of the stretch qualities:

1. Loosen sewing - machine tension slightly and use smaller stitches.
2. When hand-sewing (slip-stitch, blind-hemming, etc.), use a loose stitch.
3. In pinning pattern to fabric, use more pins than with non-stretch.

To find the correct length for slacks, compare the length taken at the side from the natural waistline to the leg hem with the pattern measurement. Should the pattern require lengthening, slash pattern and spread apart and pin to paper as illustrated. To shorten, take a tuck in the pattern as shown.



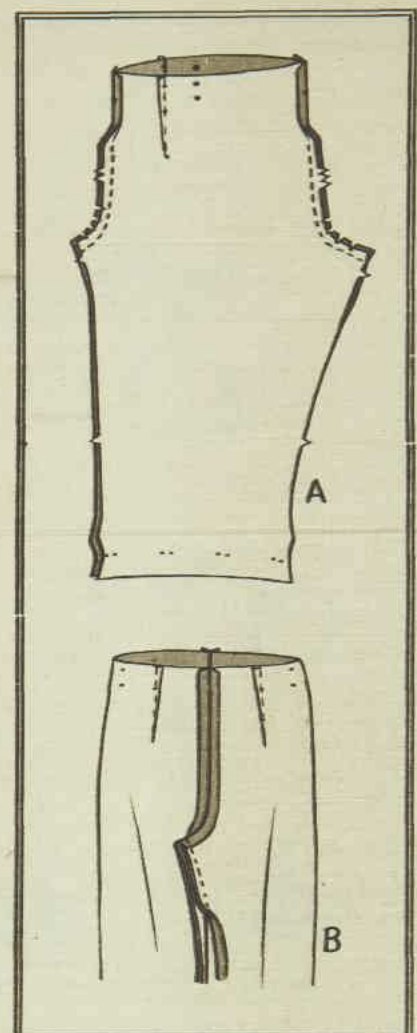
A. Having cut your pattern, cut notches out and mark in all points of assembly, prepare to make dart in pants by bringing small dots together. Stitch from the top of the dart to the point; press. Stitch the pant sections together along the centre back and centre front seams. Clip all curved seams and press seams open.

B. Stitch the inner-leg seams from the cuff up the leg, making sure all seams are even. Clip at hemline and press seams open.

C. To make the casing for the elastic, work with the slacks inside out and turn under $\frac{1}{2}$ in. seam allowance at the upper edge and press. Turn the inside along fold line and medium and small perforations to form a casing, matching centre front and back seams, press. Stitch close along the upper edge and lower edge of casing, leaving $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. open at side sections for insertion of elastic.

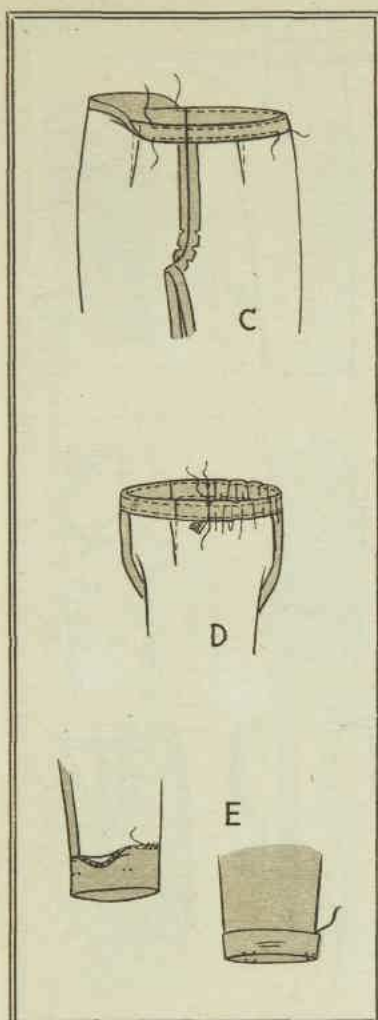
The length of elastic required will vary with the pattern size, as shown below:

Size	4	6	8	10	12	14
Elastic	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	11 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.



3563.—Girl's long pants with turn-up cuffs and mulders with elasticated back waist. Butterick pattern in sizes 4 to 14. Price 5/- includes postage.

GIRL'S SLACKS



D. Insert the elastic through casing as shown, extending ends $\frac{1}{2}$ in. over medium perforation. Stitch through all thicknesses of elastic and slacks to secure elastic at side of slacks. Close opening at lower edge of casing by hand.

E. To make the hem and cuff of the slacks, turn in $\frac{1}{2}$ in. on lower edge; machine or hand-stitch on folded edge, trim close. Now turn to inside along hemline, slip-stitch in place. Turn lower edge to outside along roll line and double small perforations to form a cuff; press. Tack cuff invisibly at seams.

Matador Pants:

Matador pants are made the same way as slacks, but they are shorter and require a different hem finish. For the hem, cut a bias strip $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide or use purchased bias tape $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. longer than the measurement of the lower edge of the pants. To apply the bias on the inside, work with right sides together and pin bias to pants, easing around curve, turning and lapping in one end at the seam. Stitch in $\frac{1}{2}$ in. seam, trim, and clip. Turn bias to inside, press, then turn in $\frac{1}{2}$ in. on raw edge, and slip-stitch in place.

Shorts:

Shorts are made the same way as slacks, and can be finished with a cuff or hemmed as matador pants.

What the terms mean . . .

A GLOSSARY OF SEWING TERMS

BASTE: Sew temporarily by hand.

Bias: The diagonal grain of fabric. The true bias of a fabric is at an angle of 45 degrees to selvedge.

Clip: Cut with one short stroke. Used particularly on curved edges and corners.

Cording: Used as trim in seams. Consists of fine cord enclosed in bias strip.

Ease: Indicates slight fullness in seam. There is always ease at the top of a set-in sleeve.

Ease-in: To hold in a slightly longer edge to fit a shorter one without showing any gathers.

Facing: A shaped section to finish an edge, usually stitched to outside and turned inside.

Grain: Lengthwise grain — threads run parallel to the selvedge. Crosswise grain — threads run from selvedge to selvedge.

Interfacing: Fabric used to give strength, firmness, and shape. Usually seamed between outside and facing.

Layout: Required pattern pieces arranged on fabric ready for cutting. Butterick instruction sheet shows various layouts, according to pattern size, width, and nap of fabric.

Nap: Napped fabrics have definite surface textures and must be cut with pattern pieces all lying in the same direction to avoid shading.

Notch: Indicates matching points for joining seams and should always be cut out into the seam allowance.

Notions: Listed on the back of your Butterick pattern envelope are details of such essential extras as zippers, thread, seam binding, buttons, hooks and eyes, fasteners, braid trims, etc.

Perforations: Pattern markings indicating grain lines, fold lines, stitching lines, seam allowances, notches, and darts.

Pile: Surface of fabric having upright ends, as in velvet, velveteen, or fur fabric. Should not be confused with nap. However, always use "with nap" yardage and cutting chart for pile fabrics.

Seam allowance: Seam allowance on all Butterick patterns is $\frac{1}{2}$ in. This is the allowance parallel to the stitching line.

Selvedge: Narrow woven border on lengthwise edge of fabric.

Staystitch: Line of regular machine stitching with matching thread done through a single thickness of fabric. Staystitching prevents curved edges from stretching, preserves the pattern line by holding grain threads in position, and eliminates many self-caused sewing and fitting problems.

Tension: Device on sewing-machine for regulating pull of needle and bobbin threads. Must be adjusted for different fabrics.

Tuck: Fold made in fabric for decoration, or in paper pattern for shortening.

Welt: Strip of fabric inserted in a slash for a pocket, to strengthen it and to conceal the opening.



2123. — Boys' long tailored pants with turned-back cuffs, zippered front opening, and side pockets. Butterick pattern in sizes 4 to 14. Price 5/- includes postage.

Making boys' pants...

● It is much cheaper to make boys' pants than to buy them ready-made, particularly if you cut them out of a pair of Dad's, or from an old skirt which is out of fashion but still contains serviceable fabric.

HERE are the basic steps:

Inside Back:

A. Make dart by bringing dots together as shown; stitch. Press toward centre.

Pocket Lining:

B. Cut a strip of pants fabric 8in. long x 2½in. wide to face pocket lining. Turn in one long edge ½in. and press. Baste to right side of pocket lining at curved edge and trim to shape of curve. Top-stitch long edge in place.

Stitch faced edge of pocket lining to outside front to small dot as shown. Clip to small dot. Trim seam to ½in. Turn pocket lining inside; press.

C. Top-stitch ½in. from edge on outside front as shown.

Side and Pocket:

D. Stitch side and pocket to pocket lining, as shown. Press seam. Baste upper edges of pocket to front along seam line.

Stitch outside leg seam, small dots and notches matched. Press open. Pin or edge-stitch seams.

Stitch the inside leg seam. Press open.

E. Stitch centre back and centre front seam to medium dot in front in one operation. Clip to medium dot and clip curve at intervals. Press open.

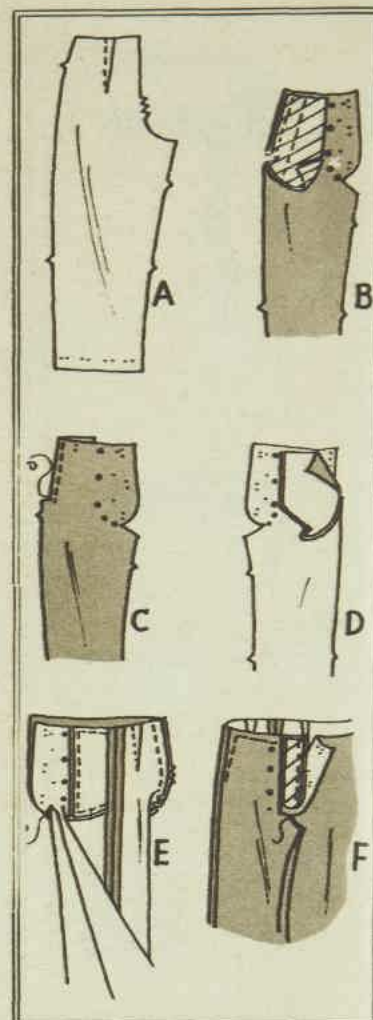
Fly Closing:

F. Turn in the straight edge of right fly facing ½in., stitch. Stitch to right edge of front to small dot. Trim seam. Clip curve at intervals. Turn facing inside, press.

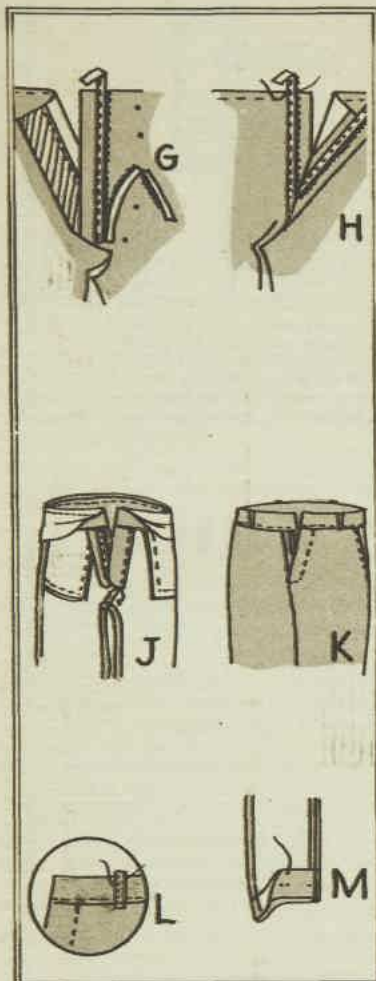
G. Place zipper face down with teeth on left edge along small double dots on left front edge; with the bottom stop ½in. above fly opening. Baste. Double-stitch tape as shown.

H. Turn left front edge to inside at small dots; press. Place teeth on right edge along small double dots on right front edge as shown. Double-stitch tape. Cut off ends of zipper.

(Because fly openings in trousers and shorts vary in length due to variations in the cut of the trousers and in the measurements of the figure, the zipper may be too long for the opening. To cut it off, pull the slider down below the waistline seam. Apply one edge of the waistband. Then, before turning the band for completion, cut off the excess tape at the



and boxer shorts



waistband seam allowance. When waistband is completed it acts as a top-stop for the zipper.)

On outside, top-stitch left front of fly through medium dots. Make a bar tack across lower end of fly through all thicknesses.

Waistband:

To make belt carriers, cut four strips of fabric, each 2½ in. long and 1½ in. wide. Turn in edges ½ in., press. Fold in half; stitch close to edges. Baste to outside of pants at upper edge of small double dots and back darts.

J. Fold waistband, stitch ends. Trim seam, turn, and press.

Pin notched edge to inside of pants, centre backs and notches matched with medium dots at centre front; ease pants to waistband. Baste. Stitch seam. Press up.

K. Turn in free edge of waistband; baste over seam. Top-stitch close to edge.

L. Turn up belt carriers. Turn in ends ½ in. Stitch at upper edge as shown.

Trouser cuff:

M. Turn under at hemline. Press, catch-stitch. Turn lower edge up at small double dots for cuff. Press. Tack at seams. Crease and press front and back along medium dots. Make buttonhole in waistband at small dots.

BOXER SHORTS

BOXER shorts, with an elasticised waistband, are ideal for sports or casual wear.

If alteration to pattern is necessary, test the length of pants before cutting fabric. It is advisable to cut the pants from muslin or any fabric on hand, baste together, following pattern instructions, and test depth of crotch for both sitting and standing position. The method of construction is the same as for tailored pants, except that the front opening is closed above the slide-fastener. The waistband is then used as a casing for the elastic. Leave a small opening in the waistband seam, insert elastic, and close seam. To finish the lower edge, turn up hemline, turn in ½ in. edge. Stitch. Blind-hem and press.



2122.—Boy's boxer shorts (illustrated at right) with elasticised waistline, zippered front opening, and side pockets. Butterick pattern in sizes 2 to 8. Price 5/- includes postage.



How to alter children's patterns

● If your child's measurements correspond with the measurements in the chart on page 2, the pattern will fit. If your child is short- or long-waisted, it is important to adjust the bodice pattern before cutting out the garment.



EVERY Butterick pattern includes an alteration guide in the instruction sheet that was planned for the very pattern you are using.

To Shorten the Bodice: Crease pattern at right angles to grain line; pleat the required amount and pin.

To Lengthen the Bodice: Cut pattern at right angles to grain line; place paper underneath. Spread the required amount. Pin pattern to paper. Correct seamline and dart lines.

To Lengthen Skirt: Simply add to the lower edge.

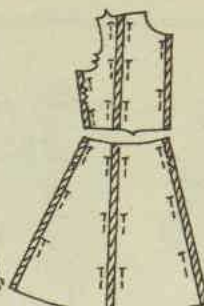
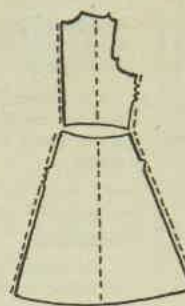
To Lengthen Sleeve: The elbow is indicated by darts or gathers, the centre of these being the elbow point. Fit this point to the elbow. Cut pattern horizontally above and below elbow and lengthen with a sheet of lightweight paper. Trim the paper to continue the pattern line.

Remember — ease for action is built into the pattern.

A careful study has been made of children's habits to determine the amount of ease needed for physical comfort.

Allowances have been included over the body measurements to account for vigorous play activities. Girls' dresses, for instance, have about two inches of ease at the waistline. Skirt bands, however, are fitted more tightly because they are not attached to a bodice and consequently would not restrict movement.

Coats and jackets are planned to be worn over other clothes, so there is no need to get a larger size. This has been taken care of.



DIAGRAMS show easy adjustment of patterns for chubby children. Extra size can be added simply by allowing extra at front and side seams, and at sleeve seam. With a very chubby child, it may be necessary to slash the pattern as shown, adding to neck, breadth, and underarm.

THE CHUBBY CHILD

ORDINARY chubbiness can often be taken care of by selecting a design that has fullness in the places where you especially want it, but special alterations to the pattern will be needed for a very chubby child.

It is not enough to increase the size at the underarms, because often a chubby child has a thick neck and larger shoulders.

To obtain this extra size, it is neces-

sary to cut through the pattern as shown and add at that particular place.

Additional size can be added at the centre front, centre back, and at the underarm and sleeve seams.

Remember that your pattern represents only one-half of your dress, so that if you want to increase the size two inches, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. should be added to the centre front and back; $\frac{1}{4}$ in. should be added when you cut the pattern through the shoulder line, and $\frac{1}{8}$ in. should be added at the underarms on both front and back.

HELPFUL HINTS

for sewing success

● Children's clothes should be hardwearing, washable, and easy to iron. Unnecessary frills are not worth the extra trouble of pressing them and they become grubby and tattered quickly. There are many tricks of the trade in sewing for children:

● Use iron-on vilene to back applique on little girls' dresses. Then when the applique is zig-zagged on by machine (or blanket-stitched by hand) it will not lose its shape.

● When making a round collar, scallop, or petal trim, trim the seam allowances to $\frac{1}{2}$ in., notch the seam frequently and understitch the raw edges to the under-collar for a perfect turn.

● To cut velveteen, place the pattern tissue on the fabric with the smoothness of the nap running from the hemline to the neck.

● For an easy opening (instead of the placket off a seam) of a boy's long-sleeve shirt, try this. Slash the sleeve the length of the opening required. Then slash $\frac{1}{2}$ in. on each side of the slash (the slash will now look like a letter T). Hem the slashed edges narrowly down each side. This leaves an open box effect. Take one hemmed side and lap over the other. Stitch across the top of the lap. Attach cuff, sew on buttons, and make buttonholes.

● When stitching elastic on to pants, use a zig-zag stitch on your machine. This saves doing a special hem to thread the elastic through and will allow the elastic to stretch without breaking the machine stitches.

● Always put three buttonholes on the end of skirt or play pants straps, as well as longer-than-usual straps. Then, as the child grows, simply use a lower buttonhole.

● When sewing buttons on children's clothes, run the sewing thread through beeswax to strengthen the thread.

● Sew small button on the inside of children's jackets or coats to reinforce the outside button.

● In dresses or skirts put a small square of material between the garment and the facing, and then sew the outside buttons on through all these thicknesses. This adds greater strength to the button area.

● Choose styles that will allow for a child's growth, e.g., raglan sleeves, skirts with adjustable straps, action pleats. Leave extra-wide seams and deep hems. Machine-made buttonholes survive many launderings better than bound buttonholes.

● Always allow a 4 in. or 5 in. hem on a straight-cut skirt (and a substantial hem on boys' playclothes) and machine with a blind-hemstitch. This can be removed and the hem let down as required.

● Use trims on children's clothes to give the finished garment a really individual touch. Ribbons, rick-rack, braids, bias trims, cordings, and embroideries (which can be done by the latest automatic machines) add pounds of interest value to the children's homemade wardrobe.

● Select fabrics that do not show wear too readily — checks and plaids for dresses and shirts, as well as easy-to-care-for synthetics. Today's fabrics are ideal for children's clothes because of their drip-dry, mini-iron qualities. Use them

wherever possible, to save time and upkeep. (Don't forget to use the special terylene threads when sewing synthetics to avoid puckered seams.) Reinforce stress points, such as underarm seams.

● A wise mother can save herself mending later on by reinforcing, as she makes them, the parts of a garment which take the greatest strain. Curved underarm seams should be strengthened by oversewing with tape. Reinforce corner cuts by taking a right-angle of tape across base of turning points (useful in revers, collars, or sleeves cut with bodice yoke). Reinforce buttons by stitching tape the reverse side. Cut tape 1 in. longer than row of buttons to allow for neatening. Place behind buttons on wrong side, resew buttons through both fabric and backing. Turn in top and bottom edges of tape to neaten. In magyar sleeves, shorten machine stitches through the armhole curve, clip seam allowances, press open, and sew a narrow strip of bias self fabric over the seam, attaching bias to each seam allowance (raw edges).

● To ensure accurate cutting and to prevent the fabric moving off the grain line, cut with the selvedge of the fabric toward you, holding the two selvages between the thumb and first finger.

● To thread a needle, always pass the free end through the eye and knot the end cut from the spool. This prevents knotting and tangling.

Essential tools

Tape-measure: Must be accurate—60 in. long, with metal tips and made of non-stretch material.

Shears, scissors, pinking shears: Should all be made of the finest quality steel. Heavy shears for cutting out, lighter scissors for using while making up, pinking shears for use only on seams.

Thimble: Must fit your middle finger.

Pins: Rustproof, sharp, and fine.

Thread: Must match your fabric, one shade darker on the spool will match after stitching.

Basting thread: Contrast thread for basting is easy to unpick.

Tracing wheel, tracing paper: To transfer pattern markings easily and quickly.

Tailor's chalk: Have both white and colored chalk for marking light and dark fabrics.

Needles: In different sizes for machine and hand work. Keep ample supply so sharp ones will always be on hand.

Ruler and yardstick: The yardstick is for making long, straight lines, and for measuring hemlines. A 6 in. or 12 in. ruler is handy for measuring widths of hems, tucks, etc.

Press cloth: Have a heavyweight cloth for pressing woollens, a lightweight for pressing silks and synthetic fabrics.

Iron and ironing-board: A well-padded ironing-board and a good iron (steam and dry) are essential.

Sleeve board: For pressing sleeves and small areas.

Press mitt: For pressing shoulders, darts, and rounded areas.

Needle board: For pressing pile fabrics.

Sewing-machine: Use it with care, keep it clean and in good running order.

Spring and summer styles for



3488.—Back - buttoned A-line dress with contrast yoke and frill trim features scarf and bloomer pantees. Butterick pattern in Toddlers' sizes 1-3, price 5/- including postage.



3057.—Dress with fitted, back-buttoned bodice and gathered skirt, short sleeves or sleeveless. Butterick pattern in sizes 2-12, price 5/- including postage.

3590.—Topless swimsuit (left) with elasticised back waist and halter strap buttoned at front. Butterick pattern includes a sheer cover-up with back closing. Girls' sizes 1-6, price 5/- including postage.

the youngest set



3452.—Smart, low-waisted dress has box-pleated flounce with bias inset band, short sleeves, large contrast collar, and ribbon bow. Butterick pattern in Toddlers' sizes 1-3, price 5/- including postage.



3591.—Toddler's overalls for girls or boys with snap crotch and leg closing. Butterick pattern also gives instructions for short version. Sizes 1-3. Price 5/- including postage.



3489.—Brother-and-sister outfits of boy's playsuit and pinafore dress, buttoning at shoulders. Butterick pattern in Toddlers' sizes 1-3, price 5/- including postage.



3483.—Semi-fitted A-line jacket dress features fake pockets and braid trim. Boxy jacket has three-quarter-length sleeves. Butterick pattern in Girls' sizes 4-14, price 5/- including postage.

● Should the nap run up or down on pile fabrics?

● Suggest a style for a teenage problem figure.

● What material could I use for facing velvet?

What's your sewing problem?

● Bridget Maginn answers questions about children's clothes sent to her by home dressmakers.

"I HAVE a 13-year-old daughter with quite a problem figure. She is 5ft. 2in. tall and her measurements are: Bust, 34in.; hips, 38in.; waist, 27in. What sort of clothes would be best for her figure and age?"

Vertical and diagonal lines are slimming and create the illusion of height. Princess-line garments are ideal. Avoid horizontal detail, which cuts the figure, making it look plumper. Shift dresses are flattering and easy to make.

"When dressmaking for my family, I am often at a loss as to which fabric is best suited to some designs. Can you advise me?"

Look on the back of your Butterick envelopes under "suggested fabrics." You can also note the fabrics used in the illustrations on the front of the envelope.

"Why is stay-stitching so important?"

To prevent the fabric from stretching out of shape. Refer to page 5 for actual methods.

"Napped fabrics always confuse me. Should nap run up or down?"

On pile fabrics such as velvet, corduroy, or velveteen the nap should run up for richer color. Other napped wools should run down.

"I love to dress my daughter in velvet. I find, however, that self facings are often too bulky. What would be a successful alternative?"

Matching taffeta and bemberg twill are ideal for facing velvet.

"When a pattern has several versions, how do I know which pattern pieces I'll need for the version I wish to make?"

On your Butterick instruction sheet, circle the cutting layout for the view you wish to use. Listed above the layout you will find the numbers of the pattern pieces you'll need. Mark off each number as you take it from the envelope.

"Can you suggest suitable trims for velvet?"

Ruched lace purchased by the yard (for collars and inserts) is attractive and most suitable, so are the newest delicate hand-crocheted collars and cuffs. Dull satin or taffeta is sometimes used as contrast texture trim.

"Should notches be cut outward or inward?"

Always outward. Otherwise the cut into the seam allowance could weaken the seam and not allow for letting out if necessary.

"In what direction should a waistline seam be pressed?"

Press waistline up in a gathered skirt. Press waistline down in blouson styles.

"How do you adjust a skimmer dress to make it longer waisted?"

Lengthen the bodice between the bust and the waistline in both the front and back of the bodice.

"My daughter has a very pretty dress which is now too small in the bodice, but there is not enough seam allowance at the side seams to let it out. Can you suggest a way to enlarge it?"

Two vertical rows of 1in.-wide lace insertion can add an extra 2in. to the dress. Unpick the shoulder seams and the waist, and cut the bodice from a point midway between the shoulders and the neckline down to the waist, back and front, on both sides. Turn under the cut edges ½in. and stitch to the lace. Sew up shoulder seams. Ease some of the gathering in the skirt before sewing the waist seam. (N.B.: Lace insertions can also be used to add length to a bodice. In this case the insertion should be horizontal. Cut across bodice back and front horizontally from points between the armhole and waist and insert lace.)

"How can I lengthen the skirt of a little girl's dress when there is no more hem to let down?"

Add a contrasting band of material at the waistline, half-way down the skirt, or at the hem, or add a frill to the bottom of the skirt.

QUICK AND EASY TIPS

- Children's clothes can be made economically from remnants or fabric left over from your own dressmaking. Printed and plain fabrics can often be combined in one design.



THE dress illustrated at left is ideal for combinations of fabrics and for effective use of trims.

The yoke section takes $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. fabric; the skirt section $1\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. Often you'll find this yardage in your left-over pieces, and remnants with this quantity are readily available in stores.

Combinations of fabrics, in plains and fancy types, are limitless. The idea is a practical one, too. If an active child tears a dress, replace the skirt with a new piece of fabric. You obtain extra wear from the dress as well as a brand-new look.

In the pattern illustrated, use a sharp check, stripe, or floral for the skirt, but make the yoke from plain fabric. You could make a bow and pipe neckline with fabric from the skirt; or you can reverse the process.

Braids—Laces and Trims:

Fancy braid, lace, or rick-rack trims at the neckline, yoke seam, or armhole add a pretty touch to a little girl's dress.

Buttons are also an attractive trim.

Ribbon can be attached at the yoke-line and allowed to fall away in a soft-flowing bow.

Hemlines:

Always allow a generous hem for letting down the garment. To make a false hem buy special bias binding, 2in. wide, in required quantity. Unpick the

original hem and press out crease. Stitch binding to skirt (right side to right side) through the crease mark of the binding. Press binding to inside of skirt and slip-stitch in place.

Another tip on lengthening: Machine-stitch almost on the fold of the hem. When the hem is unpicked this will form a pin-tuck and disguise the line usually left by a let-down hem. Another pin-tuck half an inch above will provide a decorative trim.

Lengthening at the Waistline:

In cutting, remember to allow extra length on the bodice. It will be a simple task to unpick the waistline to add extra length. In a shift-type garment allow for the extra at yoke bodice. Lace could be inserted here to provide a fresh, new look.

Disguises:

Some holes and tears defy all attempts at mending, however neat and trim. Here are some ways to disguise the trouble spot:

A scattering of applique leaves hides one or many holes.

Patch pockets will cover damage in a skirt.

Bold patches will repair, reinforce, and brighten girls' and boys' overalls.

Lengthening Sleeves:

Where a sleeve bottom has just been "turned up," unpick and let down hem. Press creased edges flat. Face round bottom of sleeve with bias binding.

Add a contrast cuff. To lengthen sleeves 1in. and make a 2in. finished cuff to cover join: you'll need a piece of material the width of sleeve plus 1in. for turning and 7in. deep. Join cuff ends to form circle. Place right side of cuff to wrong side of sleeve, matching seams, and stitch.

Press turning down. Fold cuff on to right of sleeve. Turn raw edge under $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and hem to stitching line. Turn up cuff 2in. on to right side of sleeve (covering join). Press and catch in place.

Long sleeves can be made short by cutting to required length and hemming, or making cuffs.

Adjustments in Slacks:

When girls' or boys' slacks are too short in the legs, hems can be let down and faced with bias binding. Bold rick-rack braid will disguise any crease or wear marks at the fold. Or add gingham cuffs for a bright and practical look.

Slacks can be shortened to matador or above-knee length. Bobble or fringe trims are effective.

To ease pants that are too short from waist to crotch, let down at the waist by replacing waistband with 3in.-wide wind-cheater elastic. Unpick waistband and let out darts, centre seams back and front. Cut a length of 3in.-wide elastic 2in. longer than waist measurement (to allow overlap for hook-and-eye fastening) and stitch to top of slacks, stretching frilled edge of elastic as you sew.

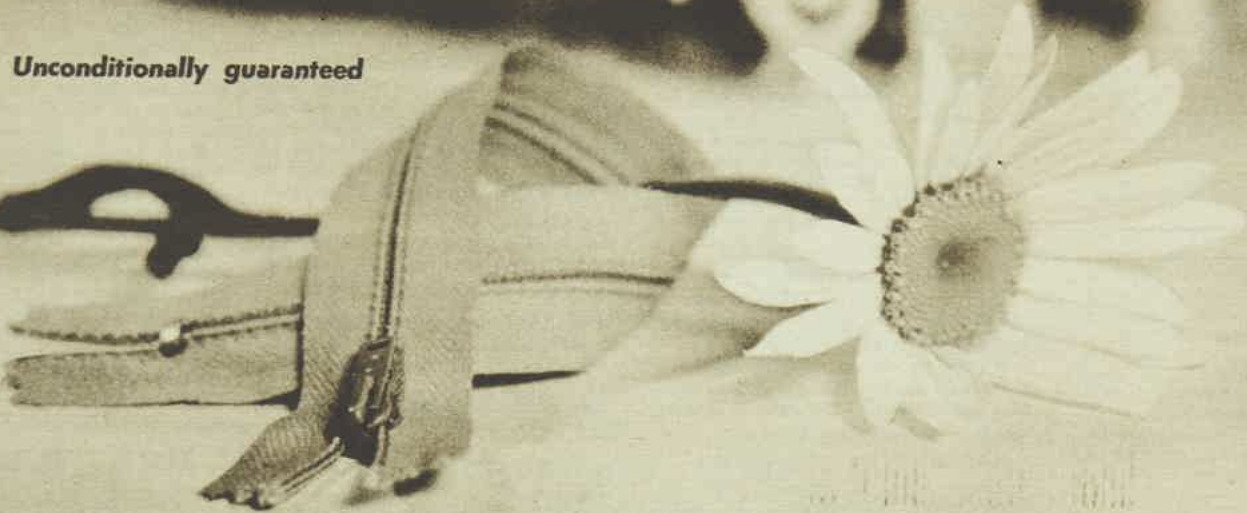
HOW TO ORDER

Patterns illustrated in this book are obtainable from Pattern Service, P.O. Box 4, Croydon, N.S.W. (New Zealand readers: P.O. Box 11-084, Ellerslie S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

3560.—Quick 'N' Easy But-terick Pattern combines different fabrics, can be made up from remnants.

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